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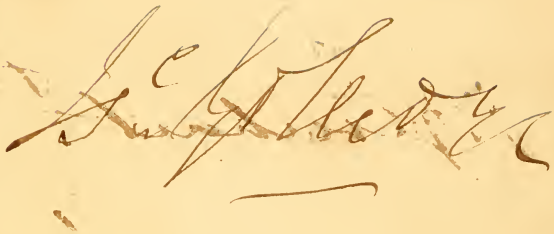

G. Vertue Sculp.

JAN 30 1936

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

IN

PROSE and VERSE

OF

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

THE

Greater Part now first published, by her Order, from her ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS,

By Mr. *THEOPHILUS ROWE.*

To which are added,

POEMS on SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By Mr. *THOMAS ROWE.*

And to the whole is prefix'd,

An Account of the LIVES and WRITINGS of the AUTHORS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON,

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ERRATA in the Firſt Volume.

IN the Life, p. iii. l. 11. for *diminitive* read *diminutive.* P. ix. l. 4. for *acccount* read *account.* P. xxii. l. 2. for *his* read *this.* P. xxvi. in the note, l. *penult.* for *eſclaee* r. *eſclave.* P. xxx. l. 1. f. *deconte* r. *docente.* P. xxxvii. in the note, l. *ult.* after *day,* add *of the week.* P. lix. l. *penult.* f. *not* r. *no.* P. lxvi. in the note, l. *penult.* f. *novetur* r. *movetur.* P. lxx. l. *ult.* f. (*who ſhe* r. *who* (*ſhe* p. ci. l. 9. f. *muſe* r. *muſe.* In the Poems, p. 5. l. 10. f. *diſtructive* r. *deſtructive.* P. 23. l. 13. f. *ſupriz'd* r. *ſurpriz'd.* P. 30. l. 20. f. *their* r. *its.* P. 90. l. 17. f. *uumov'd* r. *unmov'd.* P. 116. l. 21. f. *harmonius* r. *harmonious.* P. 121. l. 1. f. *unmete* r. *unmeet,* l. 4. f. *were* r. *where.* P. 148. l. 7. f. *herdſmen* r. *herdſman.* P. 178. l. 8. f. *thy* r. *my* P. 199. l. 19. f. *ſinks* r. *ſink.* P. 202. l. 9. f. *Redeember* r. *Redeemer.* P. 221. l. 4. f. *preſented* r. *prevented.*

ERRATA in the Second Volume.

PAGE 5. l. 18. after *teach,* add *you.* P. 54. l. 8. f. *qu'ils* r. *qui le.* P. 78 l. penult. f. *uexperienc'd* r. *unexperienc'd.* P. 83. l. 23. f. *peneration* r. *penetration.* P. 108. l. ult. f. *grateful* r. *graceful.* P. 140. l. 11. after *to,* add *the.* P. 232. l. 22 f. *thought* r. *thoughts.* P. 267. l. penult. f. *griefs* r. *grief.* P. 269. l. 28. f. *lov'd* r. *lov'ſt.* P. 273. l. 14. f. *ther* r. *there.* P. 319. l. 25. f. *there* r. *thee.*

POEMS

THE LIFE OF *Mrs.* ELIZABETH ROWE.

AMONG other illuſtrations of that vanity to which all things under the ſun are made ſubject, *Solomon* mentions this as one, *That the wiſe man dieth as the fool, and that there is no remembrance of the wiſe more than of the fool for ever; ſeeing that which now is, in the days to come ſhall all be forgotten:* And in another place, *The living know that they ſhall die; but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward,* (as to this world) *for the memory of them is forgotten.* I believe it will be allow'd, that this is the uſual way in which the

preſent generation of men treat thoſe that are paſt. But the queſtion is, *How far it is right?*

THE *ſluggiſh*, the *indolent* part of mankind, whoſe *life* it ſelf differs little from *death*, being but one degree above the *animal*, are juſtly condemn'd to oblivion: They come in with vanity, and depart in darkneſs, and their names are cover'd with darkneſs. As to the *vitious*, the kindeſt thing we can do, is never to ſpeak or think of them more; ſince, if they are remember'd, it muſt be to their diſadvantage, with contempt and infamy affix'd to their characters. Nor is it of much importance to the public whether the *worldly-wiſe* are deliver'd over to *fame*, or ſunk in *ſilence*; unleſs for a warning to others not to imitate their egregious folly, in ſpending the whole of a ſhort life in things which cannot profit them in the next and longeſt ſtage of their exiſtence. But, ſurely, the *truly-wiſe*, the *virtuous*, perſons equally eminent for *great* and *good* qualities, for their extraordinary accompliſhments, and the uſe they made of them, to the honour of the ſupreme Being, and the benefit of mankind, *theſe* ought not to be ſwept away into forgetfulneſs with the *common rubbiſh* of the ſpecies. While their reward is with God in the regions of immortality, the world is concern'd, not more out of gratitude to thoſe that have been ſuch benefactors to it, than for its own ſake, to perpetuate their memory, if poſſible, to all poſterity, for the ſervice of the example, which hath a ſtrangely animating and attractive

attractive force, where it meets with any latent ſeeds of goodneſs and ingenuity in the tempers of men. The care with which they ſhunn'd the applauſe they merited, is an *additional reaſon* why they ſhould be drawn out of their lov'd obſcurity, after they have left our world; eſpecially, as there is no danger now of offending their *modeſty*, or awakening their *pride*; who, if they know ought of what is done here below, are too well ſatisfied with the honour that cometh from God to need the concurring ſuffrage of ſuch diminitive beings as we are to complete their happineſs. All that they can be ſuppos'd to rejoice in is, that their *uſefulneſs*, not that their *fame*, ſurvives them.

BUT is there no ill conſequence to be apprehended as to the living, leſt the proſpect of the reſpect and veneration that will be paid to their memory ſhould corrupt their virtue, undermine their humility it ſelf, and, by having too much influence in the performance of actions, which ought to be entirely deriv'd from higher motives, leſſen the value of them. Whatever weight there be in this objection, it cannot countervail the reaſons before given for conſecrating *deceaſed merit*; but tis really of little or no force. A common goodneſs *cannot* expect to be taken notice of in this public manner, and an eminent one *will not*. The perſons moſt deſerving this diſtinction, will be the leaſt apt to think ſo of themſelves, and moſt above the fond deſire of it, being ſecur'd by the

ſuperior pleaſure they immediately perceive in the ſteady practice of virtue and piety, and the glorious hopes from hence ariſing of future everlaſting rewards. The *following life* will furniſh an example that very much confirms this reaſoning.

Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE, not more admired for her fine writings by the ingenious that did not know her, than eſteemed and lov'd by all her acquaintance, for the many amiable qualities of her heart, was born at *Ilcheſter* in *Somerſetſhire*, *Sept.* 11. 1674. being the eldeſt of three daughters of Mr. *Walter Singer*, a gentleman of a good family, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Portnell*, both of them perſons of very great worth and piety. Mr. *Singer* was not a *native* of the town now-mentioned, nor an *inhabitant*, before his impriſonment there for his non-conformity in the reign of King *Charles* II. Mrs. *Portnell* thinking herſelf oblig'd to viſit thoſe that ſuffer'd for the ſake of a good conſcience, as a teſtimony of her regard, not to them only, but alſo to our *common* Lord, agreeably to the repreſentation he himſelf makes of ſuch kind and chriſtian offices: It was from hence that acquaintance firſt commenc'd between theſe two virtuous and well-pair'd minds, which afterwards proceeded to a union that death alone could diſſolve. And this it did too ſoon for the mournful ſurvivor, if the tendereſt affection might be judge, and for the world, which can badly bear to loſe any, and much more ſuch eminent examples of

virtue

virtue and religion in the ſeveral ſcenes and relations of life. Till her death Mr. *Singer* reſided at *Ilcheſter*, but not long after removed into the neighbourhood of *Frome* in the ſame county, where he became ſo well known and diſtinguiſh'd for his good ſenſe, primitive integrity, ſimplicity of manners, uncommon prudence, activity and faithfulneſs in diſcharging the duties of his ſtation, inflexible adherence to his principles, and at the ſame time truly catholic ſpirit, as to be held in high eſteem, even by perſons of ſuperior rank: My Lord *Weymouth*, who was reckon'd a very good judge of men, not only writing to him, but honouring him with his viſits; as did the devout Biſhop *Kenn* very frequently, ſometimes once a week; ſuch a charm is there in unaffected goodneſs, and ſo naturally do kindred ſouls, warm'd and actuated by the ſame heavenly paſſion, and purſuing the ſame glorious end, run and mingle together with the greateſt pleaſure, after they are once acquainted, notwithſtanding any accidental diverſity of ſentiments in ſome ſmaller things. I mention this to the honour of that venerable Biſhop as well as of Mr. *Singer*. But the public will be beſt pleas'd with the character of this good man, as drawn by his daughter, after her beautiful and eaſy manner, in one of her familiar letters to a friend. " I have eaſe and plenty to the extent " of my wiſhes, and can form deſires of nothing " but what my father's indulgence would procure; " and I aſk nothing of Heaven but the good old

" man's life. The perfect ſanctity of his life, and " the benevolence of his temper, make him a " refuge to all in diſtreſs, to the widow and " fatherleſs: The people load him with bleſſings " and prayers when ever he goes abroad; which " he never does but to reconcile his neighbours, " or to right the injur'd and oppreſſed; the reſt " of his hours are entirely devoted to his private " devotions, and to books, which are his per- " petual entertainment."

He was religiouſly inclin'd, as he ſaid himſelf, when about ten years old, and never from that time neglected prayer; and, as far as he knew his own heart, had ſincerely endeavour'd to keep a good conſcience; and he dy'd as he had liv'd, *April* 18. 1719. full of that bleſſed calm and peace of mind, and humble confidence in the mercy of God, through a Redeemer (for there was his truſt) which a long courſe of active virtue, and conſtant lively devotion, join'd with the moſt generous and exalted ideas of the divine goodneſs, free from all mixtures of a gloomy, ſullen ſuperſtition, may be expected to produce: For he was not of thoſe who confine that infinite benignity which loves to diffuſe itſelf abroad, unreſtrain'd in its ſalutary influences by every thing elſe but the wilful oppoſition of reaſonable and free beings, to the methods uſed for their recovery and happineſs. And this it was that help'd, no leſs than a happy natural temper, to make him ſo chearful a chriſtian.

A worthy

A worthy and intimate friend of his, and witneſs to the heroic and chriſtian manner in which he finiſh'd life, obſerves, that he ſettled his affairs, and took leave of the world with the ſame freedom and compoſure, as if he had been ſetting out on a journey; was peculiarly careful that the widows and orphans, with whoſe concerns he was entruſted, might not be injur'd after he was gone; convers'd, tho' under great bodily diſorders, with thoſe that came to ſee him, who were not a few, in the eaſieſt, freeſt manner; ſpent his time in praiſing and bleſſing God, and praying to him, and giving good counſel to thoſe about him; ſhew'd an uncommon ſweetneſs and patience in his behaviour; and was exceeding thankful to thoſe who did the leaſt thing for him, tho' they ow'd him a great deal more. In a memorandum, relating to her father's laſt ſickneſs and death, Mrs. *Rowe* herſelf hath theſe words, *My father often felt his pulſe, and complain'd that 'twas ſtill regular, and ſmil'd at every ſymptom of approaching death: He would be often crying out, Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; Come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the converſion of a ſinner, come and conduct my ſoul to the ſkies, ye propitious ſpirits; and then would add, But thy time, Lord, not mine, is beſt. When ſhall I awake, and be ſatisfy'd with thy likeneſs? What is death? I never made the experiment, and no body about me knows when perſons are dying. I have heard of jaws falling, and eye-ſtrings cracking, but where are the tokens? And yet nature fails, and I am dying. I have*

seen people die without half so much ado, just lean back, and, having fetch'd a calm sigh, expire. If I may use the expression, how lovely and tempting is such a death! What an instance of the power of religion, and the true dignity of human nature, when rais'd and supported by the grace of God, and the hope of immortality! The sight was so affecting, that a person listed among the *free-thinkers* of the age, as they are pleas'd to compliment themselves, being present, was exceedingly struck with it, and ready to say, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian*; as every one who rightly considers such examples, and how naturally they arise out of the principles of the gospel, firmly believed, and steadily practised upon, must be *entirely persuaded* by them; persuaded to embrace it, not merely as a pleasing imagination, but a most sacred truth, which all that allow it to be the former, have reason to wish it may prove; and which no man that wishes it to be true, so far as to examine the evidences of it with candor and sincerity, can pronounce to be false. And thus the suppos'd confession of the infidel, on a like occasion, * "That, tho' he thought religion a "delusion, yet it was the most agreeable delusion "in the world; and the men who flattered them-"selves with those gay visions, had much the ad-"vantage of those that saw nothing before them "but a gloomy uncertainty, or the dreadful hope

* *Friendship in death*, Letter 1.

"of

" of annihilation :" This confeſſion, I ſay, if he be true to himſelf, muſt end in his being a thorough convert to Chriſtianity.

I HAVE been the larger in this acccount of Mr. *Singer*, not only in juſtice to ſo deſerving a character, but becauſe of the ſingular veneration which the perſon who is the chief ſubject of theſe papers, had for it ; which was ſuch that ſhe frequently pleads her relation to it, and, as it were, glories in it, in her private devotions. A ſingle inſtance may ſerve for a ſpecimen. † *I humbly hope I have a rightful claim. Thou art my God, and the God of my religious anceſtors, the God of my mother, the God of my pious father : Dying and breathing out his ſoul, he gave me to thy care ; he put me into thy gracious arms, and delivered me up to thy protection : He told me thou wouldſt never leave nor forſake me ; he triumph'd in thy long-experienc'd faithfulneſs and truth, and gave his teſtimony for thee with his lateſt breath.*

OF Mrs. *Rowe*'s two ſiſters, one died in childhood ; the other ſurvived to her twentieth year, a lovely concurrent in the race of virtue and glory. She had the ſame extreme paſſion for books, chiefly thoſe of *medicine*, in which art ſhe arriv'd to a conſiderable inſight ; and if it could not be ſaid of them in the *letter*, as of the virtuous

† Vid. *Devout Exerciſes of the Heart*, publiſhed by Dr. *Watts*, pag. 129.

woman

woman in the *Proverbs*, that *their candle went not out by night*, yet it frequently burnt till after the middle of it; ſo great was their thirſt of knowledge, and the pleaſure they had in gratifying it! What from a laudable emulation, from the ties of blood and friendſhip, and the advantage of perpetually converſing together, the improvements which two ſuch minds received from each other, could not be little; and, had Heaven ſeen fit to ſpare both, would have been ſtill growing. But the ſovereign Diſpoſer of human affairs, who hath ſo ordered it, doubtleſs in infinite wiſdom, that few of our bleſſings in the preſent life ſhould be enjoy'd without ſome abatement, was pleas'd to determine otherwiſe; yet we have no reaſon to repine, but with grateful joy ſhould own that goodneſs which, while it ſummon'd one of theſe *ſeraphic ſpirits* to the ſkies, continued the other for ſo many years after, as a *miniſtring angel* here below.

THOSE who were acquainted with this extraordinary perſon in her childiſh years, could not but have obſerved a great many things not common in that age of life, which promis'd the bright day that afterwards enſued; and it muſt have been with peculiar ſatisfaction that Mr. *Singer*, in whom parental affection, conſpir'd with a penetrating diſcernment to heighten the pleaſure, beheld the early dawnings of a great and good mind in his charming daughter.

WHEN

WHEN ſhe receiv'd the firſt ſerious impreſſions of religion, does not appear; not unlikely it might be as ſoon as ſhe was capable of it, at once *perceiving* her obligations to the author of her *being*; and, in the ſame meaſure, as her opening reaſon diſcover'd theſe to her, *feeling* the force of them. A lady of character for good ſenſe and piety, who began her life with her, thinks ſo; and in one of her pious addreſſes ſhe herſelf thus ſpeaks to God: * *My infant-hands were early lifted up to thee, and I ſoon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers.* To this, with a prudent and pious education, the felicity of her natural diſpoſition, under the heavenly influence, conſpir'd; for though ſhe had an unuſual ſprightlineſs in her temper, which held out to the laſt, yet ſhe was at the ſame time bleſt with a turn of mind to noble and elevated ſubjects, that gave her a high reliſh for the pleaſures of devotion. It would be exceeding unjuſt to draw a contrary concluſion from the ſeverity of ſome expreſſions concerning her ſelf, that occur in her *Devout Exerciſes*; for, beſides that, this ſort of language was dictated by her profound humility, it might partly be owing to a notion of *converſion* (by which is meant religion's becoming a reigning principle in the mind) not ſo well grounded as 'tis common, as if it always conſiſted in a ſenſible, and ſort of inſtantaneous revolution in the ſoul, attended with an over-turning of what-

* *Devout Exerciſes*, pag. 36.

ever

ever favourable ſentiments perſons had of themſelves, and their condition before; a notion which, for ought I know, might take its riſe from not diſtinguiſhing between the change which the firſt converts to chriſtianity underwent, or which paſſes on thoſe who having led a vitious life, enter at length into quite a new way of thinking and acting, which hath ſomething of the violence of a ſtorm in it; and that ſenſe of piety which often ſilently ſteals upon tender and uncorrupted minds, like the light of the morning, hardly perceivable when it breaks, or in its gradual encreaſe, and yet ſhining more and more unto the perfect day; and which, I doubt, is not very properly expreſſed by the word *converſion*. Nor, while the duties of religion are regularly perform'd, and every thing plainly criminal in the conduct of life is avoided, and this from a principle of conſcience, and an inward approbation of what is good; will ſome little ſallies, ſuppoſing ſuch occaſion'd by the vivacity of youth and thoſe paſſions, which though weaker in elder perſons, they find it no eaſy matter, with all their reaſon to govern, prove any more than the imperfection of the good principle, which, notwithſtanding this, may by many degrees have the ſuperiority in the ſoul.

THERE's a ſtory, which, becauſe it hath been confidently reported by ſome, and credited by a great many others, I ſhall mention for the ſake of the reflection it will afford me, and the opportunity

tunity of assuring the world, after enquiring of persons best able to inform me, that it is entirely without foundation; though, were it ever so true, it could not be made an argument against Mrs. *Rowe*'s early piety, as it hath been thought by some to be. The story is this: Mrs. *Rowe*, then Miss *Singer*, being dangerously ill, and under visible distress at the apprehension of her approaching change, her sister, who observed it, ask'd her tenderly, whether she was not willing to die? and Mrs. *Rowe* frankly confessing she was not, the other said she would retire then, and pray to God that she might be taken in her room, being as willing to leave the world as the other could be to continue in it, which accordingly she did; and the consequence was, that Mrs. *Rowe* recovered, and her sister sickned and died. Now, supposing the truth of the story, what is there so very wonderful in a young person's being desirous to live longer, if it pleases God, when, with the natural love of life every thing concurs that can render life agreeable, easy circumstances, a good constitution, chearfulness of temper, the love and esteem of friends, and a rising reputation? Or is a modest diffidence of one's self such a crime, as to prove our not being prepared for death, because we doubt whether we are or no? When will persons learn to judge in a more rational way, and by other marks than the uncertain appearances of such mechanical and variable things as the passions, of their

their own moral ſtate and character, and that of others!

THERE is ſo great a ſimilitude between *painting* and *poetry*, as being each of them a pleaſing and judicious imitation of nature, and depending upon the beauty and ſtrength of the imagination, that 'tis no way ſurpriſing, one who poſſeſſed this faculty in ſo high a degree of perfection, did very early diſcover an inclination to theſe two ſiſter arts; which have often the ſame *followers*, perhaps always the ſame *admirers*, it having been, I believe, ſeldom known that thoſe who have excell'd in one of theſe arts, have not at leaſt had a taſte for the charms of the other, and been qualified to judge of its beauties, whether they have made any attempts in it or no.

SHE lov'd the *pencil* when ſhe had hardly ſtrength and ſteadineſs of hand ſufficient to guide it; and in her infancy (one may almoſt venture to ſay ſo) would ſqueeze out the juices of herbs to ſerve her inſtead of colours. Mr. *Singer* perceiving her fondneſs for this art, was at the expence of a maſter to inſtruct her in it; and it never ceas'd to be her amuſement at times, and a very innocent one it was, till her death. Perhaps (ſaith an ingenious gentleman, who knew her perfectly well) ſhe liked it the better for the opportunities it yielded her of pleaſuring her friends with

with preſents of the beſt of her *drawings*, and therein gratifying her beneficent diſpoſition; for ſhe kept very few of them her ſelf, and theſe only ſuch as ſhe judg'd unworthy the acceptance of any one elſe.

SHE was alſo, what every one acquainted with her writings will ſuppoſe of ſuch a well-tun'd ſoul, very much delighted with *muſic*; chiefly of the grave and ſolemn kind, as beſt ſuited to the grandeur of her ſentiments, and the ſublimity of her devotion.

BUT her ſtrongeſt bent was to *poetry* and *writing*. Poetry indeed was her favourite employment, in youth, her moſt diſtinguiſhing excellence. So prevalent was her genius this way, that her very *proſe* hath all the *charms* of *verſe* without the *fetters*, the ſame fire and elevation, the ſame bright images, bold figures, rich and flowing diction. She could hardly write a familiar letter but it bore the ſtamp of the poet. One of her acquaintance remembers to have heard her ſay, ſhe began to write verſes at twelve years old, which was almoſt as ſoon as ſhe could write at all. In the year 1696, the 22d of her age, a collection of her poems on various occaſions was publiſh'd at the deſire of two of her friends *, which we may ſuppoſe did not contain all that ſhe had by her, ſince the ingenious preſacer gives the reader to hope that the author

* *Vid.* Preface to the genuine edition of that collection.

might

might in a little while be prevail'd with to oblige the world with a *ſecond part*, no way inferior to the former.

THE occaſion of her poetical name, *Philomela*, which from this time ſhe was known by to the world, and whether ſhe aſſum'd it her ſelf, or was complimented with it by her friends, I have not been able to learn. The latter is moſt probable, and that it was given her at the publication of her poems, before which her modeſty not conſenting that her own name ſhould appear, this was ſubſtituted in the room of it, as bearing a very eaſy alluſion to it, and happily expreſſing the ſoftneſs and harmony of her verſes, not leſs ſoothing and melodious than the ſtrains of the nightingale, when from ſome leafy ſhade ſhe fills the woods with her melancholy plaints. *

THO' many of theſe poems are of the religious kind, and all of them conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt regard to the rules of virtue; yet ſome things in them gave her no little uneaſineſs in advanced life. To a mind that had ſo entirely ſubdued its paſſions, or devoted them to the honour of its maker, and endued with the tendereſt *moral ſenſe*, what ſhe could not abſolutely approve, appear'd unpardon-

* *Qualis populea moerens Philomela ſub umbra.* VIRG.

Sweet bird that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy. MILTON.

able;

able; and, not satisfied to have done nothing that injur'd the sacred cause of virtue, she was displeas'd with her self for having writ any thing that did not directly promote it. How were it to be wish'd, that none of our celebrated poets had any thing worse to answer for than the harmless gayeties of a youthful muse, for which too they had aton'd by more serious and instructive compositions; or, that after all the guilt they had contracted, by corrupting the manners of the age with their loose productions, they were conscious but of half the remorse the virtuous *Philomela* felt, for what no ingenuous reader will impute as a reproach to her memory.

WHAT first introduced her into the notice of the noble family at *Longleat*, was a little copy of verses of her's, with which they were so highly delighted as to express a curiosity to see her; and the friendship that commenc'd from that time, subsisted ever after; not more to her honour, who was the favourite of persons so much superior to her in the outward distinctions of life, than to the praise of their judgment and taste who knew how to prize, and took a pleasure to cherish such blooming worth. She was not then twenty. Her paraphrase of the 38th Chapter of *Job* was writ at the request of Bishop *Kenn*, who was entertain'd in that family, and gain'd her a great deal of reputation.

SHE had no other tutor for the *French* and *Italian* languages, than the honourable Mr. *Thynne*, ſon to the Lord Viſcount *Weymouth*, who willingly took that taſk upon himſelf, and had the pleaſure to ſee his fair ſcholar improve ſo faſt under his leſſons, that in a few months ſhe was able to read *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem* with great eaſe.

HER ſhining merit, with the charms of her *perſon* and *converſation*, had procur'd her a great many admirers. Among others, 'tis ſaid, the famous Mr. *Prior* would have been glad to ſhare the pleaſures and cares of life with her; ſo that, allowing for the double licenſe of the *Poet* and *Lover* in the manner of expreſſion, the concluding lines in his anſwer to the paſtoral on *Love and Friendſhip*, by Mrs. *Singer*, were not without all foundation in truth *. She was the nameleſs lady to whom the following copy of verſes in the ſame author is inſcribed. But Mr. *Thomas Rowe* was the perſon reſerved by Heaven to be the happy man; both to be made, and to make happy.

THIS gentleman was born at *London*, *April* 25, 1687. the eldeſt ſon of the Rev. Mr. *Benoni Rowe*, who, with a very accurate judgment, and a conſiderable ſtock of uſeful learning, join'd the talents of preaching, and a moſt lively and engaging manner in converſation. By both his parents he

* Vid. *Prior*'s Poems, pag. 32. Edit. in 12mo.

was

was creditably deſcended *; but, as he had too much perſonal worth to be under a neceſſity of borrowing from ſuch foreign aids, ſo he thought too juſtly to pride himſelf upon it, being able to ſay with the *Satiriſt*,

Et genus & proavos, & quae non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. JUV.

His ſuperior genius, and inſatiable thirſt after knowledge, made themſelves taken notice of at an age when the generality of mankind have ſcarcely out-grown the merely ſenſitive life. He was able to *read* as ſoon almoſt as he could *ſpeak*; had ſuch a pleaſure in books, as to take none at all in the diverſions which children are uſually ſo fond of; and, when he was prevail'd on by his companions, which was but ſeldom, to make one in their little parties at play, his unreadineſs and inattention plainly ſhew'd it was not out of choice he engaged, but purely from his good-nature and complaiſance, to which he ſhould offer too much violence, always to deny their importunity.

* He was the grandſon of *William Rowe*, Eſq; a gentleman of worth and conſiderable eſtate, and *Alice* (a lady of diſtinguiſh'd ſenſe, beauty and virtue) daughter of *Thomas Scot*, Eſq; member of parliament for *Aileſbury*, in the county of *Bucks*: And by the maternal ſide he was deſcended from the *Rowes* of *Devon*; ſome account of which ancient family is given by Dr. *Welwood*, in his preface to the tranſlation of *Lucan*, by *N. Rowe*, Eſq; Folio edit. pag. 18.

He commenc'd his acquaintance with the *Claſſics* at *Epſom*, while his father reſided there; and by his ſwift advances in this part of learning, quickly became the delight of his maſter, a man very able in his profeſſion, and was treated by him with a very particular indulgence, in ſpite of the natural ruggedneſs and ſeverity of his temper. When Mr. *B. Rowe* remov'd to *London*, he plac'd his ſon under the care of Dr. *Walker*, the eminently learned maſter of the *Charter-houſe* ſchool, juſtly famed for the great numbers of excellent linguiſts that have receiv'd their education in that ancient nurſery of polite literature. He was one of thoſe who, the Doctor could eaſily foreſee, would do him honour when they ſhould appear abroad in the world, and, we may ſuppoſe, did not pleaſe him the leſs on that account. His exerciſes never fail'd of being diſtinguiſh'd even among thoſe that had the approbation of the maſter, who, when he had finiſh'd his pupil in the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* tongues, would fain have perſuaded his father to ſend him to one of our *Engliſh* univerſities. But how honourably ſoever Mr. *Rowe* might think of the *learning* of thoſe noble ſeats of the muſes, not having the ſame advantageous notion of the *principles* in too much credit there, he would by no means truſt a ſon of his hopes in ſuch hands; but enter'd him firſt at a private academy in *London*, and, ſome time before his death, that he might not want any advantages which the moſt liberal

liberal education could give him, he had determin'd his going to *Leyden*, for the laſt hand of the great maſters there. And well did the fruit reward the expence of the culture. For, after having ſtudied *Jewiſh Antiquities* under *Witſius*, *Civil Law* under *Vitriarius*, the *Belles Lettres* under *Perizonius*, and *Experimental Philoſophy* under *Senguerdius*, and eſtabliſhed a reputation for capacity, application, and an obliging deportment both among the profeſſors and ſtudents; he return'd from that celebrated mart of learning with a vaſt acceſſion of treaſure, in books he had purchas'd, and knowledge he had amaſs'd, and no loſs in his *morals*, which he had preſerv'd as uncorrupt as he could have done under the moſt vigilant eye and ſtricteſt hand, though left without all other reſtraints but thoſe of his own virtue and prudence.

THE love of liberty had been always one of Mr. *Rowe*'s moſt darling paſſions. 'Twas a kind of *ideal miſtreſs*, to whoſe charms no one ever had a ſoul more ſenſible than his; the generous inclination beat ſtrong in his breaſt, and was not to be extinguiſh'd but with the vital flame. In theſe ſentiments, ſo natural to him, he was not a little confirm'd by his familiar acquaintance with the hiſtory, and the noble authors of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*, whoſe very ſpirit was transfus'd into him, and reſiding ſo long in a *republic*, where he had examples continually before him, of the ineſtimable value of freedom, as the parent of in-

duſtry, the nurſe of arts and ſciences, and univerſal ſource of ſocial happineſs; his made him, with ſo much anxiety for his native country, not very long after his return thither in the year 1708, obſerve, that a ſet of wretched principles, deſtructive of its liberties and welfare, were growing in faſhion under the countenance of ſome in power. To theſe he oppos'd himſelf with a zeal which might have had more influence indeed in a higher ſphere, but could not have been more honeſt and open. Tyranny of all ſorts he moſt ſincerely deteſted, but moſt of all *eccleſiaſtical*, in every ſhape; deeming the ſlavery of the mind, as the moſt abject and ignominious, ſo, in its conſequences, more pernicious than any other. His *Lives* will be a glorious monument of his love of liberty and public good; to which may be added his *Poems*, now firſt publiſh'd, and in both which this commendable ardor is very viſible. From the ſame cauſe proceeded his attachment to the illuſtrious houſe of *Hanover*, in which he had the ſatisfaction to ſee the proteſtant ſucceſſion to the *Britiſh* throne take place before he died, leaving the world more willingly after having been witneſs to this happy event.

It was with Mr. *Rowe*, in reſpect of his learned avarice, as with thoſe that love money; his deſires after knowledge enlarg'd with his acquiſitions, inſtead of abating. All his morning hours, and a large part of the afternoon, were devoted to

ſtudy

ſtudy, till the time of his being ſeiz'd with the diſtemper of which he died. His library, in collecting which he was aſſiſted by his great knowledge of the beſt editions of books, conſiſted of a great number of the moſt valuable authors; and as he was making continual additions to it, amounted at his death to above five thouſand volumes.

HE was a perfect maſter of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* languages, and, which is ſeldom known to happen, had at once ſuch a prodigious ſtrength of memory, and inexhauſtible fund of wit, the effect of a lively imagination, as would ſingly have afforded a ſtock of reputation for any man to trade upon, and much more united. This, with an eaſy fluency of words, the frankneſs and benevolence of his temper, a readineſs to communicate of his learned ſtore, and a life and ſpirit which nature muſt beſtow, ſince it can be but poorly imitated, made his company univerſally coveted and prized by thoſe that knew him. 'Twas impoſſible there ſhould be a drowſy ſoul where Mr. *Rowe* was preſent; he animated the converſation, every one was awake, and every one pleas'd. He had a penetration, and quickneſs of thought, hardly to be imagin'd, ſo as upon juſt glancing over an author, to ſee to the bottom of his ſentiments. None of the politer kinds of learning were neglected by him. He was a good judge in poetry, and had it in his power to have been himſelf an eminent poet; for he had actually the

moſt eſſential parts belonging to that character, the *vivid fire*, the *rich vein*, the *copious diction*; but, as poetry was not his predominant inclination, his genius had not all the poliſhing which art and conſtant practiſe might have added to nature. Hiſtory was his favourite ſtudy, for which his talents of a vaſt memory, before taken notice of, and an exquiſite judgment, for one of his years, peculiarly qualified him.

He had form'd a deſign to compile the lives of all the illuſtrious perſons in antiquity, omitted by *Plutarch*, and for this purpoſe read the ancient hiſtorians with great care. This deſign he in part executed. Eight lives were publiſh'd ſince his deceaſe, by way of ſupplement to that admired Biographer; in which, tho' ſo young a guide, he ſtrikes out his way like one well acquainted with the dark and intricate paths of antiquity. The ſtyle is perfectly eaſy, yet conciſe and nervous, the reflections juſt, and ſuch as might be expected from a lover of truth and mankind; and the facts intereſting in themſelves, or made ſo by the ſkill uſed in relating them. There's a preface by the reverend and learned Mr. *Chandler*, writ after the uſual manner of that agreeable and lively author, with great ſpirit and elegance, and worthy of the excellent perſon for whoſe memory he expreſſes ſo high an eſteem. *He muſt be inſenſible to true merit* (ſaith the ingenious preſacer) *and to all juſt regards to the public good, that can look over theſe valuable remains,*

remains, without finding in himself a due respect and esteem rais'd for the author, and his own heart inspir'd with an encreasing love to the liberties and welfare of his country. Besides these *Lives*, the author had finished and fitted for the press the life of *Thrasybulus*, which being put into the hands of Sir *Richard Steele*, for his revisal, was, some how or other, unhappily lost, and could never since be recover'd. Should this manuscript be yet in being, Mr. *Theophilus Rowe*, the author's brother, will acknowledge it as a very great favour, if the person into whose hands it is fallen, will be so good as to return it him, in order to its being communicated to the public. The famous Mr. *Dacier* having translated *Plutarch*'s Lives into *French*, with remarks historical and critical; the *Abbé Bellenger*, already known (saith the *Journal des Sçavans*) in the Republic of Letters, by some works that do him honour, added in 1734. a ninth tome to the other eight, consisting of the life of *Hannibal*, and Mr. *Rowe*'s Lives, made *French* by that learned *Abbé*; in the preface to which version he transcribes from the preface to the *English* edition, the character of the author, with visible approbation; and saith, the *Lives* were written with taste, tho' being a posthumous work, the author had not put his last hand to it. We may presume, from the fidelity with which the *French* translator follows his original, not omitting the freest passages, and boldest strokes against tyranny, or any way qualifying or correcting, and expressing his dissent from

from them, that he had no averſion to the author's notions of the unalienable rights and liberties of mankind. And I muſt own, it added not a little to the pleaſure this gave me, to find an approbation in form under the hand of the perſon appointed by the *Keeper of the ſeals*, to read that work. It looks as if there were ſome true *Frenchmen* ſtill in being, the remains of a *generous race* (to uſe a warm phraſe of Mr. *Rowe*'s *) *undebauch'd by ſlaviſh ſophiſtry, and juſtly ignorant of any power not guided by the laws, and accountable to them.* May Mr. *Rowe*'s being made to ſpeak *French* be one means of encreaſing the number, and rekindling their zeal in the glorious cauſe.

On occaſion of the honour done the memory of his dear brother, by this learned foreigner, Mr. *Theophilus Rowe* compos'd the following lines:

O Friend! O brother! can thy dear-lov'd name
Riſe to my view, nor pious ſorrows claim?
O early fled to thy congenial ſkies,
E'er I could know thy matchleſs worth to prize!
Now ripen'd judgment gives that worth to ſee,
And, next a father loſt, I mourn for thee;

* The life of *Ariſtomenes* thus faithfully tranſlated in the *French, Tels étoient les principes d'un peuple généreux, qui ne s'étoit point laiſſé corrompre par de fauſſes ſubtilites, qui n'obéiſſoit point en eſclaee, & qui ignoroit toute autre puiſſance que celle qui étoit dirigée & limitée par les loix.*

For

For thee, whoſe friendſhip had that loſs ſupply'd,
In youth my guardian, and in age my guide.
Thy voice had taught to bend my ſtubborn will
Lur'd me to good, and warn'd my wiſh from ill.
While virtue in thy life to ſight confeſt.
With heav'nly charms had vanquiſh'd all my breaſt,
With borrow'd vigour I had learn'd to tread
The path ſhe points, by thy example led:
Now, my guide loſt, I trace the arduous way
With feeble ſtep, and ſcarce forbear to ſtray.
O friend! O brother! — but why thus again
Will theſe dear names my tortur'd mem'ry pain?
For ever gone, thou wilt not leave the ſkies
For friendſhip's wild complaints, or nature's cries.
Ah! what avail'd with ſtudious toil t' explore
What ancient wit had taught, or modern lore,
Since not the treaſur'd ſtores of wiſdom ſave
The laurel'd head from the devouring grave!
Yet if, bleſt ſpirit, minds celeſtial know
To joy at honour paid their names below,
Hear *Philomela*'s ſtrains rehearſe thy praiſe,
While every muſe inſpires the moving lays;
Lays that ſhall laſt while virtue boaſts to warm
The generous breaſt, or ſacred verſe can charm:
And ſee thy works thro' foreign nations known;
France views their worth, and makes thy *Lives* her own,

And conſcious of their right to equal fame,
The rival volume joins to *Plutarch*'s name.

Nunquam ego te vita frater amabilior
Aſpiciam poſthac ? ac certe ſemper amabo,
Semper moeſta tua carmina morte legam.

CATULL.

BEING at *Bath* in the year 1709, Mr. *Rowe* was introduced by a gentleman of her acquaintance, into Mrs. *Singer*'s company, who liv'd in a retirement not far diſtant from that city. The idea he conceiv'd of her from report, and from her writings, charm'd him; but when he had ſeen and convers'd with her, he felt another kind of impreſſion from the preſence of ſo much beauty, wit and virtue; and the eſteem of the *Theoriſt* was converted into the rapture of a *Lover*. During the courtſhip, he writ a poetical epiſtle to a friend that was a neighbour of Mrs. *Singer*, and intimate in the family. I ſhall take the liberty to quote a few lines out of it, not ſo much for a ſpecimen of Mr. *Rowe*'s poetical genius (though that appears in them too) as his paſſionate veneration for Mrs. *Singer*.

Youth's livelieſt bloom, a never fading grace,
And more than beauty ſparkles in her face;
Yet the bright form creates no looſe deſires,
At once ſhe gives, and purifies our fires,
And paſſions chaſte as her own ſoul inſpires;

Her

Her ſoul, heaven's nobleſt workmanſhip, deſign'd
To bleſs the ruin'd age, and ſuccour loſt mankind;
To prop abandon'd virtue's ſinking cauſe,
And ſnatch from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe *.

Mrs. *Elizabeth Singer* was married to Mr. *Thomas Rowe* in the year 1710, on which occaſion a † learned friend of Mr. *Rowe*'s wrote the following beautiful *Latin* epigram:

In nuptias *Thomae Rowe* & *Elizabethae Singer.*

Quid doctum par uſque tuum, ſocioſque labores
Fabrae & Dacerii, Gallia *vana crepas?*
Par majus gens Angla *dedit, juvenem atque puellam,*
Quos hodie ſacro foedere junxit amor.

* Thus far was wrote by the late Mr. *Grove*, whoſe beautiful manner of writing, and long acquaintance with Mrs. *Rowe*, peculiarly fitted him to compoſe the hiſtory of her life. Since the ſudden death of this learned and ingenious gentleman deprived the world of the pleaſure of ſeeing this work completed by the ſame excellent hand which begun it, the editor found himſelf, by a moſt unhappy kind of neceſſity, obliged to attempt the finiſhing theſe memoirs; a taſk, which thro' decent reſpect to the public, and juſt regard to the memory of Mrs. *Rowe*, he undertook with inexpreſſible reluctance, and for which he cannot be inſenſible a conſtant ill ſtate of health is the ſmalleſt part of his incapacity.

Et veniam pro laude peto: contentus abunde,
Non faſtiditus ſi tibi lector ero. OVID.

† Mr. *John Ruſſel.*

Nam-

Namque ea quae noſtri Phoebo *cecinere deconte,*
Explicuiſſe tuis gloria ſumma foret.

Thus tranſlated by a young gentleman:

On the marriage of Mr. THOMAS ROWE *and Mrs.* ELIZABETH SINGER.

No more, proud *Gallia*, bid the world revere
Thy learned pair, *Le Fevre* and *Dacier*;
Britain may boaſt this happy day unites
Two nobler minds in *Hymen*'s ſacred rites:
What *theſe* have ſung, while all th' inſpiring *Nine*
Exalt the beauties of the verſe divine;
Thoſe (humble critics of th' immortal ſtrain)
Shall bound their fame, to comment and explain.

Mrs. *Rowe*'s exalted merit and amiable qualities could not fail to inſpire the moſt generous and laſting paſſion. Mr. *Rowe* knew how to value that treaſure of wit, ſoftneſs and virtue, which the divine providence had given to his arms in the moſt lovely of women, and made it his ſtudy to repay the felicity with which ſhe crown'd his life. The eſteem and tenderneſs he had for her is inexpreſſible, and poſſeſſion ſeemed ſcarce to have abated the fondneſs and admiration of the lover. 'Twas ſome conſiderable time after his marriage, that he wrote to her a very tender ode, under the name of *Delia*, full of the warmeſt ſentiments of connubial friendſhip and affection; in which the following

following lines may appear remarkable, as it pleaſed heaven to diſpoſe events in a manner ſo agreeable to the wiſhes expreſſed in them.

So long may thy inſpiring page,
And great example bleſs the riſing age!
Long in thy charming priſon may'ſt thou ſtay,
Late, very late, aſcend the well-known way,
And add new glories to the realms of day!
At leaſt heav'n will not, ſure, this pray'r deny
Short be my life's uncertain date,
And earlier far than thine the deſtin'd hour of fate!
Whene'er it comes, may'ſt thou be by,
Support my ſinking frame, and teach me how to die;
Baniſh deſponding nature's gloom,
Make me to hope a gentle doom,
And fix me all on joys to come!
With ſwimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
And claſp thee dying in my fainting arms:
Then gently leaning on thy breaſt,
Sink in ſoft ſlumbers to eternal reſt.
The ghaſtly form ſhall have a pleaſing air,
And all things ſmile, while heav'n and thou art there.

As Mr. *Rowe* had not a robuſt natural conſtitution, ſo an intenſe application to ſtudy beyond what the delicacy of his frame would bear, might, perhaps, contribute to that ill-ſtate of health, which

which allayed the happineſs of his marriage-life, during the greater part of it. In the latter end of the year 1714, his weakneſs encreaſed, and he appeared to labour under all the ſymptoms of a conſumption. This fatal diſtemper, after it had confined him ſome months, cut off the faireſt hopes of his doing great honour and ſervice to his country, and put a period to his life, *May* 13, 1715, when he was but juſt paſt the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died at *Hampſtead*, near *London*, where he had reſided ſome time for the benefit of the air; and was buried in the vault belonging to his family, in the coemetery in *Bunhill-fields*; where on his tomb are only mark'd his name, and the date of his birth and death. But an inſcription of greater pomp is rendered unneceſſary by the honour Mrs. *Rowe* did his memory in the Elegy ſhe wrote on his death, which is deſervedly ranked among the moſt admirable of her poetical works.

THE exquiſite grief and affliction Mrs. *Rowe* felt for his loſs, is deſcribed with ſuch beautiful and unaffected eloquence in the poem I have juſt mentioned, and ſeveral of the letters inſerted in the following collection, that I ſhall only add on this ſubject, that ſhe continued to the laſt moments of her life to expreſs the higheſt veneration and affection to his memory, and a particular regard and eſteem for his relations, ſeveral of whom ſhe honour'd with a long and moſt intimate friendſhip.

'Twas

'Twas alſo but a ſhort time before her death, ſhe ſhewed how incapable ſhe was of forgetting him, by ſhedding freſh tears on occaſion of the mention of his name.

'TWAS only out of regard to Mr. *Rowe*, that with his ſociety ſhe was willing to bear *London* during the winter ſeaſon; and as ſoon after his deceaſe as her affairs would permit, ſhe indulged her unconquerable inclinations to ſolitude, by retiring to *Frome* in *Somerſetſhire*, in the neighbourhood of which place the greater part of her eſtate lay. When ſhe forſook the town, ſhe determined to return to it no more, but to conceal the remainder of her life in an abſolute retirement; yet on ſome few occaſions ſhe thought it her duty to violate this reſolution. In compliance with the importunate requeſts of the honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, ſhe paſs'd ſome months with her at *London*, after the death of her daughter the Lady *Brooke*; and on the melancholy occaſion of the deceaſe of Mrs. *Thynne* herſelf, ſhe could not diſpute the commands of the Counteſs of *Hertford*, who earneſtly deſired her to reſide ſome time with her at *Marlborough*, to ſoften, by her converſation and friendſhip, the ſevere affliction of the loſs of ſo excellent a mother: And I think, once or twice more, the power this laſt illuſtrious Lady had over Mrs. *Rowe*, drew her, by an obliging kind of violence, to ſpend a few months with her at ſome of the Earl of *Hertford*'s ſeats in the country. Yet even

on theſe occaſions ſhe never quitted her retreat without very ſincere regret; and always returned to it again as ſoon as ever ſhe could, with decency, diſengage herſelf from the importunity of her noble friends.

'Twas in this receſs that ſhe compoſed the moſt celebrated of her works, * *Friendſhip in Death*, and the ſeveral parts of the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*. *The drift of the* Letters from the dead *is* (as the ingenious author of the preface expreſſes it) *to impreſs the notion of the ſoul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good conſequences, muſt fall to the ground; and to make the mind familiar with the thoughts of our future exiſtence, and contract, as it were, an habitual perſuaſion of it, by writings built on that foundation, and addreſſed to the affections and imagination.* It may alſo be added, that the deſign both of *theſe*, and the *Letters Moral and Entertaining*, is, by fictitious examples of the moſt generous benevolence and heroic virtue, to allure the reader to the practice of every thing that ennobles human nature, and benefits the world; and by juſt and lively images of the ſharp remorſe and real miſery

* The dates of theſe ſeveral pieces are as follow:

Friendſhip in Death, in twenty Letters from the Dead to the Living, 1728.

Letters Moral and Entertaining in Proſe and Verſe, PART I. 1729.

——— PART II. 1731.

——— PART III. 1733.

that

that attend the falſe and unworthy ſatisfactions of vice, to warn the young and unthinking from being ſeduced by the enchanting name of pleaſure, to inevitable ruin; the piety of which deſign is the more worthy of the higheſt panegyrics, as it is ſo uncommon. The greater part of the poets of our country have apparently employed all their wit and art to diſguiſe the native deformity of vice, and ſtrew flowers on the paths to perdition. But this excellent lady (as was obſerved of an * eminent genius of the laſt age) *poſſeſſed ſo much ſtrength and firmneſs of mind, and ſuch a perfect natural goodneſs, as could not be perverted by the largeneſs of her wit, and was proof againſt the art of poetry it ſelf.* The elegant *Letters* which gave occaſion to remark this diſtinction in Mrs. *Rowe*'s character as a polite writer, are not only chaſte and innocent, but greatly ſubſervient to the intereſt of heaven, and evidently deſigned, by repreſenting virtue in all her genuine beauty, to recommend her to the choice and admiration of mankind.

IN the year 1736, the importunity of ſome of Mrs. *Rowe*'s acquaintance, who had ſeen the *Hiſtory of Joſeph* in manuſcript, prevailed on her (though not without real reluctance) to ſuffer it to be made public. She wrote this piece in her younger years, and when firſt printed, had carried it on no farther than the marriage of the hero of the poem; but at the requeſt of her friends (particu-

* Mr. *Cowley.*

larly of an * illuſtrious lady, to whom ſhe could ſcarce refuſe any thing) that the relation might include *Joſeph*'s diſcovery of himſelf to his brethren; ſhe added two other books, the compoſing of which, I am inform'd, was no more than the labour of three or four days. This additional part, which was her laſt work, was publiſhed but a few weeks before her death.

THIS grand event, to prepare for which ſhe had made ſo much the buſineſs of her life, befel her, according to her wiſh, in her beloved receſs. She was favoured with an uncommon ſtrength of conſtitution, and had paſs'd a long ſeries of years with ſcarce any indiſpoſition ſevere enough to confine her to her bed. But about half a year before her deceaſe, ſhe was attacked with a diſtemper, which ſeemed to herſelf as well as others, attended with danger: Tho' this diſorder (as ſhe expreſſed herſelf to one of her moſt intimate friends) found her mind not quite ſo ſerene, and prepared to meet death, as uſual; yet when, by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of our bleſſed Redeemer, ſhe had fortified herſelf againſt that fear and diffidence, from which the moſt exalted piety does not always ſecure in ſuch an awful hour, ſhe experienced ſuch divine ſatisfaction and tranſport, that ſhe ſaid, with tears of joy, *ſhe knew not that ſhe had ever felt the like in*

* The Counteſs of *Hertford*.

all

all her life; and she repeated, on this occasion, Mr. *Pope*'s verses, entitled, *The Dying Christian to his Soul*, with an air of such intense pleasure, as evidenced that she really felt all the elevated sentiments of pious ecstasy and triumph, which breathe in that exquisite piece of sacred poetry. After this threatning illness, Mrs. *Rowe* recovered her usual good state of health; and tho' at the time of her decease she was pretty far advanced in age, yet her exact temperance, and the calmness of her mind, undisturb'd with uneasy cares and passions, encouraged her friends to flatter themselves with a much longer enjoyment of so valuable a life, than it pleased heaven to allow them. * On the day in which she was seized with that distemper, which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed, to those about her, to be in perfect health and vigour. In the evening of it, at about eight of the clock, she conversed with a friend with all her wonted vivacity, and not without laughter; after which she retired to her chamber. At about ten, her servant hearing some noise in her mistress's room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen off the chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but all the means used were without success; and after having given one groan, she expired a few minutes before two

* *Saturday, Feb.* 19, a day which she had set apart, to employ a large portion of it in extraordinary devotion.

of the clock, on *Sunday* morning, *Feb.* 20, 1736-7. Her diſeaſe was judg'd to be an apoplexy. A pious * book was found lying open by her, as alſo ſome looſe papers, on which ſhe had wrote the following unconnected ſentences † ;

O guide, and counſel, and protect my ſoul from ſin!
O ſpeak, and let me know thy heav'nly will,
Speak evidently to my liſt'ning ſoul!
O fill my ſoul with love, and light, and peace,
And whiſper heav'nly comfort to my ſoul!
O ſpeak, celeſtial Spirit, in the ſtrain
Of love and heav'nly pleaſure to my ſoul!

THUS it appeared, that in reading pious meditations, or forming devout ejaculations for the divine favour and aſſiſtance, Mrs. *Rowe* made the laſt uſe of the powers of reaſon below the ſkies.

AS ſhe was greatly apprehenſive that the violence of pain, or languors of a ſick-bed, might occaſion ſome depreſſion of ſpirits, and melancholy fears, unſuitable to the character and expectations of a Chriſtian, her manuſcript book of devotions

* It contained ſome meditations on religious ſubjects, but the book is loſt, and the title of it cannot be exactly remembred by thoſe who were about Mrs. *Rowe* at the time of her death.

† Theſe papers contain a few more lines which I have not tranſcribed, becauſe they are ſo ill written (occaſioned, perhaps, by the trembling of her hand at the approach of death) that it was not poſſible for me to make any conſiſtent ſenſe of them.

contains

contains frequent petitions to heaven, that ſhe might not, in this manner, diſhonour her profeſſion; and to her friends ſhe often expreſs'd her ſelf deſirous of a ſudden removal to the ſkies, as it muſt neceſſarily prevent any ſuch indecent behaviour in her laſt moments: So that the ſuddenneſs of Mrs. *Rowe*'s death may be interpreted as a reward of her ſingular piety, and a mark of the divine favour in anſwer to her prayers. Indeed (to borrow Mr. *Grove*'s expreſſions in a letter wrote to a friend, ſoon after this lady's deceaſe) *though her death be univerſally lamented, yet the manner of it is rather to be eſteemed a part of her happineſs. One moment to enjoy this life, the next, or after a pauſe we are not ſenſible of, to find our ſelves got beyond not only the fears of death, but death itſelf; and in poſſeſſion of everlaſting life, and health, and pleaſure: This moment to be devoutly addreſſing ourſelves to God, or employed in delightful meditations on his perfections; the next in his preſence, and ſurrounded with ſcenes of bliſs perfectly new, and unſpeakably joyous; is a way of departing out of life to be deſired, not dreaded by our ſelves, and felicitated, not condoled by our ſurviving friends. When all things are in a readineſs for our removal out of the world, 'tis a privilege to be ſpared the ſad ceremony of parting, and all the pains and ſtruggles of feeble nature.*

MRS. *Rowe* ſeemed, by the gaiety and chearfulneſs of her temper, to be peculiarly fitted to enjoy life, and all its innocent ſatisfactions; yet,

inſtead of any exceſſive fondneſs for things preſent and viſible, her contempt for what ſhe uſed to term a low ſtate of exiſtence, and a dull round of inſipid pleaſures, and the ardor with which ſhe breathed after the divine enjoyments of a future world, were inconceiveably great. When her acquaintance expreſſed to her the joy they felt at ſeeing her look ſo well, and poſſeſſed of ſo much health as promiſed many years to come, ſhe was wont to reply, *That it was the ſame as telling a ſlave his fetters were like to be laſting; or complimenting him on the ſtrength of the walls of his dungeon.* And the fervor of her wiſhes to commence the life of angels, irreſiſtibly broke from her lips in numberleſs other inſtances. This ſatiety of all things beneath the ſkies, and impatience after the perfect fruition of God, might, perhaps, be the occaſion, that in ſeveral periods of her life ſhe had flattered herſelf that ſhe was near that bleſſed ſtate on which ſhe had fixed all her hopes. And in particular, a little time before her death, ſhe expreſſed to ſeveral of her friends, her firm perſuaſion that her continuance on earth would be very ſhort; but without aſſigning any peculiar reaſon for this opinion. I would not preſume to lay any ſtreſs on ſuch ſuppoſed preſages; but as they have already been related to the public, I thought not proper to omit all mention of them.

She was buried, according to her requeſt, under the ſame ſtone with her father in the meeting-

place

place at *Frome*; on which occaſion her funeral ſermon was preached to a very crowded auditory, by the reverend and worthy Mr. *Bowden*. Her death was lamented with very uncommon and remarkable ſorrow, by all who had heard of her virtue and merit; but particularly by thoſe of the town where ſhe had ſo long reſided, and her moſt intimate acquaintance. Above all, the news of her death touched the poor and diſtreſſed with inexpreſſible affliction; and at her doors, and over her grave, they bewailed the loſs of their benefactor, poured bleſſings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condeſcending manner with which ſhe heared their requeſts, and the numerous inſtances in which they had experienced her unexampled goodneſs and bounty.

IN Mrs. *Rowe*'s cabinet were found the following letters to ſeveral of her friends, for whom ſhe had an high eſteem and affection, which ſhe had ordered to be delivered to the perſons to whom they were directed, immediately after her deceaſe, and by their obliging permiſſion I communicate them to the public *.

* Beſides the letters which I have here inſerted, Mrs. *Rowe* wrote one to Dr. *Watts*, which is already printed before her *Devotions*; and another to the author of theſe memoirs, which ſeemed of too private a nature to accompany the reſt.

To

To the Countess of HERTFORD.

Madam,

THIS is the last letter you will ever receive from me; the last assurance I shall give you, on earth, of a sincere and stedfast friendship. But when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and ecstasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is: Thither I have sent my ardent wishes, that you may be secured from the flattering delusions of the world; and after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy.

I AM now taking my farewel of you here, but 'tis a short adieu; for I die with full persuasion that we shall soon meet again. But oh! in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall find ourselves eternally possess'd! To him that lov'd, and wash'd us in his blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion and praise for ever.

THIS is all my ſalvation, and all my hope! That name in whom the Gentiles truſt, in whom all the family on earth are bleſſed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to ſtand juſtified before infinite purity and juſtice. How poor were my hopes, if I depended on thoſe works which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good; and which, examined by divine purity, would prove, perhaps, but ſpecious ſins! The beſt actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the teſt of that unblemiſh'd holineſs, in whoſe ſight the heavens are not clean. Where were my hopes, but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement! how deſperate, how undone my condition! With the utmoſt advantages I can boaſt, I ſhould ſtart back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemiſh'd majeſty. ----- O Jeſus, what harmony dwells in thy name! Celeſtial joy and immortal life is in the ſound! Let angels ſet thee to their golden harps! let the ranſom'd nations for ever magnify thee!

WHAT a dream is mortal life! what ſhadows are the objects of ſenſe! All the glories of mortality, my much-lov'd friend, will be nothing in your view, at the awful hour of death; when you muſt be ſeparated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

SOME-

SOMETHING perſuades me this will be my laſt farewel in this world: Heaven forbid that it ſhould be an everlaſting parting! May that divine protection, whoſe care I implore, keep you ſtedfaſt in the faith of Chriſtianity, and guide your ſteps in the ſtricteſt paths of virtue!

ADIEU, my moſt dear friend, till we meet in the paradiſe of God.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To the Earl of ORRERY.

My LORD,

THERE ſeems to be ſomething preſaging in the meſſage you order'd me to deliver to your charming *Henrietta*, when I met her gentle ſpirit in the bliſsful regions, which I believe will be very ſoon. I am now acting the laſt part of life, and compoſing my ſelf to meet the univerſal terror with a fortitude becoming the principles of Chriſtianity. 'Tis only thro' the great Redeemer's merits and atonement, that I hope to paſs undaunted thro' the fatal darkneſs.

Before him death, the griſly tyrant, flies,
He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

ALL

ALL human greatneſs makes no figure to my preſent apprehenſion; every diſtinction vaniſhes but thoſe of virtue and real merit. 'Tis this which gives a peculiar regard for ſuch a character as yours, and gives me hopes your example will not fall ſhort of thoſe of your illuſtrious anceſtors. The approaches of death ſet the world in a true light; its brighteſt advantages appear no more than a dream, in that ſolemn period. The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a cottage with leſs regret than it would leave the ſplendor of a palace; and the breathleſs duſt ſleep as quietly beneath the graſſy turf, as under the parade of a coſtly monument. Theſe are inſignificant circumſtances to a ſpirit doom'd to an endleſs duration of miſery, or bliſs. 'Tis this important concern, my Lord, that has induced me to ſpend my time in a peaceful retirement, rather than to waſte it in a train of thoughtleſs amuſements. My thoughts are grown familiar with the ſolemnity of dying, and death ſeems to advance, not as an inflexible tyrant, but as the peaceful meſſenger of liberty and happineſs. May I make my exit in that elate manner, thoſe charming lines of Mr. *Pope* deſcribe.

The world recedes, it diſappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes, my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

THE

THE nearer I am approaching to immortality, the more extenſive and enlarg'd I find the principles of amity and good-will in my ſoul: From hence ariſe the moſt ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs, and of the charming pledges your lovely *Henrietta* left. Oh! my Lord, if you would diſcharge the ſacred truſt, keep them under your own inſpection.

THIS will not reach you, my Lord, till I am paſt the ceremony of ſubſcribing

Your humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mr. JAMES THEOBALD.

SIR,

THE converſe I have had with you has been very ſhort, but I hope the friendſhip begun by it will be tranſmitted to the regions of perfect amity and bliſs. It would not be worth the while to cheriſh the impreſſions of a virtuous friendſhip, if the generous engagement was to be diſſolv'd with mortal life: Such a thought would give the grave a deeper gloom, and add new horrors to the fatal darkneſs.

BUT

BUT I confeſs, I have brighter expectations, and am fully perſuaded, thoſe noble attachments that are founded on real merit, are of an immortal date. That benignity, that divine charity, which juſt warms the ſoul in theſe cold regions, will ſhine with new luſtre, and burn with an eternal ardor in the happy ſeats of peace and love.

MY preſent experience confirms me in this truth; the powers of nature are drooping, the vital ſpark grows languid and faint; while my affection for my ſurviving friends was never more warm, my concern for their happineſs was never more ardent and ſincere.

THIS makes me employ ſome of the laſt part of my time in writing to three or four perſons, whoſe merit requires my eſteem, in hopes this ſolemn farewel will leave a ſerious impreſſion on their minds.

I AM going to act the laſt and moſt important part of human life; in a little time I ſhall land on the immortal coaſts, where all is new, amazing, and unknown. But however gloomy the paſſage appears

Sweet fields, beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſs'd in living green:
So to the Jews *old* Canaan *ſtood,*
While Jordan *roll'd between.*

Dr. WATTS.

NATURE

NATURE cannot but ſhiver on the fatal brinks, unwilling to try the grand experiment, whilſt the hopes of Chriſtianity can alone ſupport the ſoul in this ſolemn criſis. In this exigence the eternal Spirit whiſpers peace and pardon to the dying ſaint, thro' the atonement, and brightens the ſhadow of death, with ſome glimmering of immortal light.

TELL Mrs. *Theobald*, I hope to meet her in the ſhining realms of love and unmingled bliſs;

Where crown'd with joy, and ever-blooming youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endleſs round.

ELIZ. ROWE.

To Mrs. SARAH ROWE.

My dear Mother,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to your family, and leave you with the ſincereſt concern for your own happineſs, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be anſwered, when I am ſleeping in the duſt! O may the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal glory and pleaſure! I would collect the powers

powers of my ſoul, and aſk bleſſings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious anceſtors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bleſs you!

'TIS but a ſhort ſpace I have to meaſure, the ſhadows are lengthening, and my ſun declining. That goodneſs which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the laſt concluding act of life; that name which I have made my glory and my boaſt, ſhall then be my ſtrength and my ſalvation. To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holineſs of my own; for oh! in my beſt eſtate I am altogether vanity; a wretched, helpleſs ſinner: But in the merits and perfect righteouſneſs of God my Saviour, I hope to appear juſtified at the ſupreme tribunal, where I muſt ſhortly ſtand to be judg'd.

E. ROWE.

SINCE Mrs. *Rowe*'s death, agreeable to her requeſt, the reverend Dr. *Watts* has reviſed and publiſhed her devotions, under the title of *Devout Exerciſes of the Heart*, &c. In which, if ſome expreſſions (as the ingenious editor obſerves, and † Mrs. *Rowe* herſelf was not inſenſible) may ſeem

 a *little*

† In a letter to a lady to whom ſhe ſent one of theſe ſacred meditations, ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf: *You will find by the enclos'd,*

a *little too rapturous*; a just regard to the sex, and particular genius of the author, will, I hope, prevail for a gentle censure. It could scarce be expected that a lady should be vers'd in the arts of strict reasoning; and it ought to be easily forgiven, if she wrote on religious subjects, even in prose, rather with the fire and bold license of a poet, than the accuracy of a divine and a philosopher. It may also be added, that many of these exercises of piety were the productions of youth; and at least part of them at first composed only to assist her own private devotion, and improvement in virtue though she afterwards thought fit to order them for public view after her decease, in pursuance of the following vow.

April 20. 1735.

MY father's God, if thou wilt now speedily deliver me, and send me an answer of peace, then I will record thy several mercies, and leave the catalogue as a testimony of thy truth, and a seal to the veracity of the scripture promises; and leave it with a charge to be published to thy honour at my death, that ages yet unborn may rise up and bless thee, and trust in thy word.

THE miscellaneous pieces that compose the following collection, were written in various periods of

enclos'd, how my thoughts were employ'd in the little fit of sickness which lately confin'd me. There is, I confess, something so glittering and romantic in this description of a future state, that I am afraid you will think I have been reading the Alcoran, *and am become a proselyte to the* Turkish *religion.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *Rowe*'s life, and are communicated to the world, in obedience to her commands, delivered to me ſince her deceaſe. *She had no other view in their publication* (to uſe the words of the letter in which ſhe entruſted them to my care) *but the profit, or innocent entertainment of the reader. I hope,* (continues ſhe) *all my preſent deſign is abſtractly the intereſt of virtue; for a reputation among mortals is a very inſignificant thing to one who hopes, before theſe papers are publiſhed, to be above their cenſure or applauſe, and to receive the approbation of the ſupreme Judge: But if they may be any advantage to the cauſe of virtue, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me.* To the papers now firſt printed from the author's manuſcripts, I have judged it proper to prefix the poems that ſhe permitted, in her life-time, to be inſerted in the *Miſcellanies:* So that theſe two volumes, with her *Letters* formerly publiſhed, *the Hiſtory of Joſeph*, and her *Devotions*, may be reckoned to complete her works. For the ſmall collection in verſe, written in her youth when ſhe was at a boarding-ſchool in the country, or ſoon after leaving it, appeared rather ſuch as might be expected from this early ſeaſon, and diſadvantageous ſituation in life, than fit to accompany the productions of her maturer years: nor could I, without violating the reſpect due to Mrs. *Rowe*, endeavour to revive the memory of her firſt attempts in poetry, which, as juvenile follies, ſhe thought only worthy of perpetual oblivion.

'Tis alſo, by Mrs. *Rowe*'s order, that this edition of her remains is enlarged with ſome ſelect poems on ſeveral occaſions, by Mr. *Thomas Rowe*; of which no more than two ſmall tranſlations from the *French* of Madam *Des Houliers*, were printed in his life-time. Theſe eſſays in poetry, may be looked on only as the elegant amuſement of ſome hours of relaxation from ſeverer ſtudies: They do not appear to have been fitted for the preſs; and, as by the immature death of the author they were deprived of the advantage of his laſt corrections, it would be ſcarce reaſonable to expect they ſhould be above all need of that candor which is eminently due to poſthumous pieces. Yet (if I may preſume to give my opinion) they ſhew ſo much ſtrength of genius, and true poetic fire, as will eaſily atone for any ſlight inaccuracies, which the ſeverity of malignant criticiſm may be able to diſcover.

On occaſion of this preſent collection, it is fit to acquaint the public, that a large debt of gratitude is due from them to Mrs. *Rowe*'s friends, for the elegant and inſtructive entertainment they cannot fail to receive from her *familiar letters*; and in juſtice to the writer's memory, it is neceſſary to add, that if ſome of theſe letters ſeem abrupt and imperfect, it is owing to the delicacy of the perſons to whom they were wrote, who have obliged the editor to ſacrifice ſeveral paſſages in them,

them, to that modeſty which is ſo uſually attendant on merit.

As Mrs. *Rowe* paſs'd her days in almoſt perpetual retirement, the fewneſs of the facts related in the former part of theſe memoirs, will not, I hope, appear ſurpriſing. Her * *life was not varied with accidents to divert the reader: 'Twas more pleaſant for* herſelf *to live, than for an hiſtorian to deſcribe.* So that being an uniform courſe of devotion, benevolence, and indifference to the ſeparate intereſts and pleaſures of the animal life, and of ardor in purſuing the perfect and divine felicity of heaven and immortality; when you have the hiſtory of one week, you have the hiſtory of the whole. This occaſions her character being ſo much longer than the hiſtorical part; her character, which only repreſents what ſhe was every day, and which could not be ſhortned without injuſtice to her and the world.

I SHALL not attempt to give a character of Mrs. *Rowe*'s works, ſince the number of their editions, and the approbation and applauſe they have received from ſome of the beſt judges, and moſt celebrated writers of the age, may ſeem to render any farther panegyric ſuperfluous. I will only add, that her exquiſite wit, and delicate ima-

* Mr. *Dryden*'s expreſſions concerning *Plutarch.*

gination, were ſcarce any thing indebted to the aſſiſtance of art or labour; and Mr. *Prior*, who in the preface to his poems has done juſtice to the *fineneſs of her genius*, might, with equal truth, have applied to her what he has ſo beautifully ſaid of an † eminent wit of the laſt age. *Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of* her *mind, that ſhe had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and* ſhe *owed thoſe advantages to* her *own good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. Wit, in moſt writers, is like a fountain in a garden, ſupplied by ſeveral ſtreams, brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably: But* Mrs. Rowe's *was a ſource ariſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies delighted and enriched the country thro' which it paſſed.* She read no critics, nor could her genius brook the diſcipline of rules: And as the pains of correcting appeared to her ſome kind of drudgery, ſhe ſeldom made any great alterations in her compoſures from what they were when ſhe firſt gave copies of them to her friends. For ſhe did not ſet ſo high a value on her works, as to employ much labour in finiſhing them with the utmoſt accuracy; and ſhe wrote verſes thro' inclination, and rather as an amuſement, than as a ſtudy and profeſſion, to excel in which ſhe ſhould make the buſineſs of her life.

† The Earl of *Dorſet*. See *Prior*'s dedication of his Poems.

MRS.

MRS. *Rowe* was not a regular beauty, yet ſhe poſſeſſed a large meaſure of the charms of her ſex. She was of a moderate ſtature, her hair of a fine auburn colour, and her eyes of a darkiſh grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a natural roſy bluſh glowed in her cheeks. She ſpoke gracefully, and her voice was exceeding ſweet and harmonious, and perfectly ſuited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the ſoftneſs and benevolence of her aſpect is beyond all deſcription: It inſpired irreſiſtible love, yet not without ſome mixture of that awe and veneration which diſtinguiſh'd ſenſe and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.

HER acquaintance with the great, had taught her all the accompliſhments of good breeding, and complacency of behaviour; and without formality or affectation, ſhe practiſed, in a diſtant ſolitude, all the addreſs and politeneſs of a court; but ſhe learned no more than the real elegancies of grandeur. She was very remote from extravagance in habit, and ſeemed to have perfectly ſubdued the love of the vain ſhew of life; in which ſhe may be thought to diſcover an elevation of ſoul ſuperior to the natural inclinations of her ſex, and great ſtrength of virtue in reſiſting the general example of the age in which ſhe lived. The labours of the toilette conſumed very little of her time:

She juſtly deſpiſed the arts of dreſs and ornament, and endeavoured to infuſe the ſame contempt of them into all her acquaintance; yet without falling into the other extreme of indecent negligence.

THE love of ſolitude, which ſeems almoſt inſeparable from a * poetic genius, diſcovered itſelf very early in Mrs. *Rowe*, and never forſook her but with life itſelf. Before her marriage, tho' it cannot be doubted that ſhe was often ſolicited to quit her beloved obſcurity, yet ſhe had only made a ſhort viſit to the town of a few weeks. After Mr. *Rowe*'s deceaſe, as a decent retreat ſeemed to her alone ſuited to a ſtate of widowhood, her averſion to a public appearance in the world encreaſed; and the approach of the decline of life determined her more ſtrongly to devote the remainder of her days to retirement; nor could any arguments, or perſuaſions of her friends, prevail with Mrs. *Rowe* to alter her ſentiments and conduct in this inſtance. This reſolution was unhappy for the world, as it deprived them of the knowledge of ſo fair a pattern of piety and goodneſs, and ought not to be propoſed to the imitation of the virtuous part of mankind. For, as a † celebrated writer ſays, *the good ought not to be allowed to forſake the world, unleſs the bad had the*

* *Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes.*
HOR. lib. 2. ep. 2.

† Dr. *Sprat*, Life of *Cowley*, pag. 38.

ſame

ſame moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderneſs. Nor did Mrs. *Rowe* recommend ſuch a conduct to others; for ſhe thus expreſſes her ſentiments on this ſubject, in a letter to a friend, which ſhe wrote about three weeks before her death. *'Tis an injury to mankind, to wiſh you had been born to a life of repoſe and leiſure: There are too few examples of generoſity and juſtice in the world, to wiſh any perſon of good character conceal'd. There are, indeed, a ſet of inſignificant and profligate mortals, who, if they ſhould take it into their heads to elope from mankind, and run wild in the woods, the public would be ſo far from being detrimented, that they would be highly obliged by it; that ſo thoſe only who are a grace to human nature, might appear in active and public ſtations. I do not*, ſays ſhe, in a letter to another friend, *affect any recluſe notions of religion; my thoughts of that are juſt the reverſe, and all eaſy and ſociable.* Upon the whole, it may be ſaid with the greateſt truth, in defence of Mrs. *Rowe*'s retreat, that ſhe did not fly to deſarts that ſhe might wholly reſign herſelf to ſloth, and a monaſtic kind of devotion, unprofitable to the world; but amidſt the ſilence and quiet of ſolitude, ſhe employed no ſmall part of her time in actions of munificence and charity; or, in compoſing thoſe works with which ſhe has obliged the public, which, as they inſpire the nobleſt ſentiments of benevolence and piety, may be of the moſt laſting and extenſive benefit to mankind.

IT has been imputed to perſons of recluſe and aſcetic lives, that though their auſtere virtue may preſerve them from ſenſual indulgencies, againſt which they are wont to expreſs the utmoſt ſeverity; yet they are too frequently apt to ſooth themſelves in pride, ill-nature, cenſoriouſneſs, and the like hateful diſpoſitions of the mind. The luſtre of Mrs. *Rowe*'s character was not ſullied by ſo great a blemiſh. She was as exemplary for every ſocial and good-natur'd virtue, as for the exact ſanctity of her manners; and juſtly thought the ſins to which the ſoul is tempted by its union with the body, attended with leſs degrees of guilt than thoſe other *vices of a graver ſort*, which ſhe believed, debaſed human nature into a nearer reſemblance to that moſt evil and malevolent ſpirit, who is repreſented, in the ſacred writings, as perfectly oppoſite to the benignity of the ſupreme Being.

SHE had the happieſt command over her paſſions, and maintained a conſtant calmneſs of temper, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, that could not be ruffled with adverſe accidents, nor ſoured by the approach of old age it ſelf. It has been queſtioned whether ſhe was ever angry in her whole life; at leaſt with regard to thoſe little misfortunes, and diſpleaſing incidents, that occur in common life, which, tho' really of a trivial nature, frequently prove too ſtrong temptations to indecencies of paſſion; ſhe was only wont to turn theſe into

ſubjects

ſubjects of mirth, and agreeable raillery. And as perſons are apt to be leaſt on their guard againſt exceſſes of this kind towards inferiors and domeſtics, it ought to be obſerved, that her ſervant who lived with her near twenty years, ſcarce ever diſcovered in her miſtreſs, any tendency to anger towards herſelf, or any warmth of reſentment againſt others, except in the cauſe of heaven, againſt great impiety, and flagrant crimes; on which occaſions, ſome degree of indignation is not only irreproachable, but truly deſerves the name of commendable and virtuous zeal.

THE uncommon praiſe that is given to Mr. *Cowley*, by the author of his life, *that no one had reaſon to wiſh his wit leſs*, is equally due to Mrs. *Rowe*: For, together with the moſt manly genius, ſhe poſſeſſed all that gentleneſs and ſoftneſs of diſpoſition, which gives her own lovely ſex ſuch irreſiſtible charms; and was entirely free from that ſeverity of temper which has made the character of a wit unamiable, if not quite infamous *. Next to lewd and profane writings, ſhe expreſſed the ſtrongeſt averſion to ſatire, as it is uſually ſo replete with perſonal malice and invective. No ſtrokes of this kind can be found in her works; and her converſation was not leſs innocent of every appearance of ill-nature, than her writings. She

* As much deteſted as a wit; Dr. *Young*'s *Univerſal Paſſion*, SAT. 6.

fortified

fortified her reſolutions againſt evil-ſpeaking, by particular and ſolemn vows, as appears by the following ſacred engagement tranſcribed from her manuſcript.

Oct. 6. 1726.

O let me once again bind my ſelf to the Lord, never (by his grace) to ſpeak evil of any perſon. O help me to govern my tongue by the ſtricteſt rules of charity and truth, and never to utter any evil ſurmiſes, or make the leaſt reflection on the honour of my neighbour. Let me, in the minuteſt circumſtance, do to others as I would they ſhould act to me. Let me hope, let me believe all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine aſſiſtance to perform this great duty, and ſet thou a watch on my words; and keep, O ſtrictly keep the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Now let thy grace be ſufficient for me, and thy ſtrength be manifeſt in my weakneſs. In thy ſtrength, in the name of the Lord my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciouſly on this petition, and remember me when I am in any ſuſpence, any exigence, or am ready to forget my engagements. In the moment that I ſhall waver, ſtrengthen me; reſtrain me when the malignant thought ariſes; and while the yet unuttered words are ready to iſſue from my lips, ſet thou thy bridle there, and govern my rebellious faculty.

Mrs. *Rowe* ſtrictly regulated her conduct by this ſolemn vow, and could hardly think any occaſion would juſtify the reporting what was prejudicial

judicial to the reputation of another. *I can appeal to you* (ſays ſhe, in a letter to a lady who had been long and intimately acquainted with her) *if you ever knew me make an envious, or an ill-natur'd reflection on any perſon upon earth. Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various ſcene; but charity would draw a veil of darkneſs here, and chuſe to be for ever ſilent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme.* Scandal and detraction appeared to her extreme inhumanity, which no charms of wit and politeneſs could make tolerable. If ſhe was forced to be preſent at ſuch kind of converſation, ſhe had ſometimes (when the freedom might be decently uſed) the courage openly to condemn it; and, I think, always the generoſity to undertake the defence of the abſent, when unjuſtly accuſed, and to extenuate even their real faults and errors.

SHE was as unacquainted with envy, as if it had been impoſſible for ſo baſe a paſſion to enter into the human mind; and was always forward to do juſtice to every fine writer, and illuſtrious character of the age. She exceedingly loved to praiſe, and never failed to obſerve and applaud every appearance of merit in thoſe with whom ſhe was acquainted; but over-looked all their frailties with more than even the uſual partiality of friendſhip. Yet, tho' ſhe could have wiſhed to have made no other uſe of ſpeech than to commend worth and virtue, on ſome occaſions a ſenſe of duty compelled her to reprove; but the ſeeming ſeverity of this virtue,

virtue, was tempered by the ſofteſt arts of gentleneſs and goodneſs. In proof of which, it may not be improper to add the following inſtance of the honeſt artifices ſhe uſed to diſguiſe her admonitions. She has been frequently obſerved to commend perſons of diſtinguiſh'd eminence for one kind of moral worth, before ſome of her friends, who were deficient in that particular virtue, in hopes they might be ſtruck with the beauty of the example, which ſhe propoſed to their imitation, in a manner ſo little apt to give offence.

She had few equals in her excellent turn for converſation. Her wit was inexhauſtible, and ſhe expreſſed her thoughts in the moſt beautiful and flowing eloquence; and as theſe uncommon advantages were accompanied with an eaſy goodneſs, and unaffected openneſs of behaviour, ſhe infinitely charm'd all who knew her. A peculiar elevation of underſtanding, made her deſpiſe thoſe trifles which uſually dwell on the lips of the fair ſex, and ſhe would always have choſen to talk on important and inſtructive themes; yet, leaſt conſtant diſcourſe of a ſerious kind ſhould prove diſtaſteful and weariſome, ſhe ſometimes entertained her friends on more gay and indifferent ſubjects. But as ſoon as it could be done without the appearance of affectation, ſhe returned to her favourite topics, on which ſhe exerted all her exquiſite talents, to recommend the moſt exact morality and ſublime piety; ſo that it ſeemed impoſſible to

to be in her company without growing wiſer and better, or to leave it without regret.

MRS. *Rowe*'s wit, beauty and merit, had even from her youth, conciliated to her much compliment and praiſe, and from ſuch judges of worth as might have made ſome degree of vanity ſeem almoſt pardonable in a lady and an author. Yet, amidſt theſe temptations to pride, ſhe retained all the humility of the meaneſt and moſt obſcure perſon of the human race. She rarely mentioned any of her writings, even to her moſt intimate friends; nor ever diſcover'd the leaſt elation of mind at their great ſucceſs, and the approbation they received from ſome of the fineſt writers of the age. The praiſes with which her works were honoured, only led her to aſcribe the glory to the original of all perfection, on whoſe power ſhe maintained a conſtant ſenſe of her dependance, and with the moſt grateful piety owned her obligations to his goodneſs. *It is but for heaven*, ſaid ſhe, *to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I ſhould be an ideot.* She was exquiſitely ſenſible of her own defects, and the frailty inſeparable from our nature. *How ſmall a part*, ſhe was wont to ſay, *is there in human actions, that merits the name of goodneſs, when they are ſeparated from the ſelfiſhneſs, pride, and vanity that attend them.---The bare levity of our ſpirits in devotion, is enough to condemn us, when we conſider what an holy being God is, how ſpotleſs in his perfections, and how infinite in his majeſty.* She

aſſumed

assumed no indecent share in conversation, and has been frequently known to be silent on subjects she well understood, and on which she could have displayed her wit to great advantage. Her friends could not fail to observe the modest care she used in avoiding the mention of any thing that might tend to her own honour: Nor can I, during the long intimacy with which she favoured me, remember one expression of vanity, or sense of her own worth, that might seem to stain her humility. She never dictated to others, nor arrogated any respect and deference to her own sentiments; but in conversing with persons of parts and abilities, far beneath her own, seemed to study to make the superiority of her genius easy to them, by the most obliging goodness and condescention of behaviour. Nor were her affability and readiness of access, to those of the lowest rank, less remarkable and exemplary. 'Twas impossible for her to treat any one with insolence and contempt. On the contrary, as she infinitely loved and reverenced true goodness, I have been witness of the real and peculiar respect she paid to sincere piety, when great degrees of ignorance, and extremely mean circumstances, might have quite obscured it to less humble and generous minds.

She was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which has so universally corrupted the present age; and is justly thought to have the most

moſt unfriendly influence on the nobleſt kinds of virtue *. She was ignorant of every polite and faſhionable game. Play, ſhe believed, at beſt, was but an art of loſing time, and forgetting to think; but when ſhe reflected on the fatal conſequences that attend a fond attachment to this diverſion, ſhe had even an horror for it. Her taſte was too refin'd and delicate to reliſh thoſe inſipid trifles, call'd *Novels* and *Romances*, uſually as defective in wit, and true imitation of nature, as replete with indecent images, which pollute the imagination, and ſhock every chaſte mind. She would have eſteemed the diverſions of the *Engliſh* theatre (eſpecially thoſe of the tragic kind) capable of affording the moſt noble and rational pleaſure, if ſhe could have believed them innocent; but ſo few of them appeared to her inoffenſive to virtue, that ſhe thought fit to abſtain from thoſe entertainments, which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expoſe piety to ſcorn and ridicule. The native grandeur of her ſoul, preſerved her from a fondneſs for any kind of luxury, judging it much beneath the dignity of a being poſſeſs'd of reaſon, and born for immortality. She was always pleaſed with whatever ſhe found on her table; and neither the

* *Admiratione afficiuntur ii, qui anteire caeteros in virtute putantur, & cum omni carere dedecore, tum vero iis vitiis, quibus alii non facile poſſunt obſiſtere. Nam voluptates, blandiſſimae dominae, majores partes animi a virtute detorquent.*

CIC. de Off. lib. ii. cap. 10.

nature of her food, nor the manner of dreſſing it, gave her any uneaſineſs: For if in either of theſe reſpects it was not perfectly agreeable, it only afforded her a ſubject of wit and pleaſantry, inſtead of occaſioning any diſguſt, or ſerious reſentment. She mix'd in no parties of pleaſure, and extremely deſpiſed the trivial and uninſtructive converſation of formal viſits, which ſhe avoided, at leaſt, as much as decency would allow; and, indeed (except *drawing*) ſhe had almoſt an equal contempt for every thing that bears the name of diverſion and amuſement, even of the moſt innocent kind. But, I confeſs, this part of the character of this excellent lady may not be ſo fit for general imitation. For tho' the conſtant vivacity and chearfulneſs of Mrs. *Rowe*'s natural temper might poſſibly ſeem to ſet her above the neceſſity of allowing herſelf proper intervals of amuſement to relax the mind, yet ſuch great abſtinence from every kind of recreation, might, in moſt perſons, tend to ſour the mind with auſtere and unamiable diſpoſitions; or, at leaſt, to depreſs the ſpirits to ſuch a degree of melancholy, as would unfit them for the neceſſary duties and offices of life.

She had a contempt of riches that has been rarely equall'd, and which, I believe, may be looked upon as a certain mark of a truly great mind *.

* *Maxime admirantur eum, qui pecunia non novetur: quod in quo viro perſpectum ſit, hunc igni ſpectatum arbitrantur.*
Cic. de Off. lib. 2. cap. 11.

As

As ſhe expreſſed herſelf much pleaſed with the moderate fortune, allotted her by the divine providence, which afforded her eaſe and plenty to the extent of her wiſhes; ſo ſhe never purſued any deſigns to advance her circumſtances in life. She could not be perſuaded to publiſh her works by ſubſcription, or even to accept the advantageous terms offered by the bookſeller, if ſhe would permit her ſcattered pieces to be collected and publiſhed together. She wrote no dedications to the great, and the name of no miniſter of ſtate is to be found in her works. She never ſaw a court; and if ſhe has mentioned, with honour, ſome of the princes under whoſe reigns ſhe lived, 'twas only from a ſincere veneration for the fautors of liberty (which ineſtimable bleſſing ſhe highly valued) and without the leaſt expectation of any reward, beyond the pleaſure of diſcovering her gratitude to thoſe, who appeared to her, public benefactors to their country. The high eſteem ſhe expreſſed for ſome of her friends of diſtinguiſhed rank, was equally free from the ſuſpicion of intereſted views; for as ſhe gained nothing by their friendſhip but the happineſs of their converſation, and an acquaintance with their virtues; the praiſes ſhe gave them, ought, in juſtice, to be looked on as the incenſe due to merit. The love of money ſhe thought the moſt ſordid and ignoble of paſſions, and frequently lamented its general prevalence over the human mind. She did not know her own eſtates from others, till ſome motives of prudence

obliged her to inform herſelf, when ſhe apprehended ſhe was ſoon to leave them; and was ſo far from that rigor in exacting her due, which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her intereſt may rather be cenſured as exceſſive: She let her eſtates beneath their intrinſic value, as appears by the conſiderable advance of the rents ſince her deceaſe; and was ſo gentle to her tenants, that ſhe not only had no law-ſuit with any of them, but would not ſo much as ſuffer them to be threatned with the ſeizure of their goods, on the neglect of the payment of their rents. When one of them, who owed her an hundred pounds, carried off all his ſtock in the night, ſhe could not be prevailed on to embrace an opportunity in her power of ſeizing it afterwards; and if he had not, in this manner quitted the eſtate upon receiving ſome juſt menaces without her knowledge, 'tis more than probable that her exceſs of goodneſs would have always prevented her from having recourſe to rigorous methods to eject him, and compel him to do her juſtice. 'Twould be eaſy to add ſeveral other inſtances highly prejudicial to her intereſt, in which ſhe voluntarily departed from her right, when ſhe had the higheſt claim of equity *. She could ſcarce bear the mention

* *Conveniet cum in dando munificum eſſe, tum in exigendo non acerbum, in omnique re contrahenda, vendendo, emendo, conducendo, locando, vicinitatibus, & confiniis, aequum, & facilem: multa multis de jure ſuo concedentem; a litibus vero, quantum liceat, & neſcio an paullo plus etiam, quam liceat, abhorrentem.*
Cic. de Off. lib. 2. cap. 18.

of

of injuſtice, without trembling; and the tenderneſs and delicacy of her conſcience, with regard to this ſin, was ſo great, that ſhe hardly thought ſhe could keep far enough from it. *I can appeal to thee*, ſays ſhe in an addreſs to God, *how ſcrupulouſly I have acted in matters of equity, and how willingly I have injured my ſelf to right others.* She ſpoke with much warmth of the extreme danger of any diſhoneſt and fraudulent practice, and expreſſed her wonder, how perſons could die with any repoſe of mind, under the leaſt degree of ſuch kind of guilt.

HER indifference to glory was ſcarce leſs remarkable. As ſhe ſeemed to ſhun fame by concealing herſelf, during almoſt the whole of her life, in an obſcure ſolitude, ſo ſhe practiſed no arts to promote her reputation. She wrote no preface to any of her works to prepoſſeſs the public in their favour *, nor ſuffered them to be accompanied with panegyrics of her friends. She would not, indeed, ſo much as allow her name to be prefixed to any of them, except ſome few poems in the earlier part of her life †: And tho' this was the occaſion that a beautiful ‖ paſtoral of her's was

* Dr. *Young* was the author of the preface to *Friendſhip in Death.*

† The laſt of her writings, which, by her conſent, appeared in public under her own name, were ſome copies of verſes printed in the *Miſcellanies*, in the year 1704.

‖ Sir *Richard Steele*, when he publiſhed this paſtoral in his *Poetical Miſcellanies*, aſcribed it to the author of the anonymous verſes before the tragedy of *Cato*: A miſtake, I ſuppoſe, only owing to ſome fancied reſemblance in the hand-writing.

aſcribed to another hand, ſhe would not alter the modeſty of her conduct. When ſhe intended to communicate to the world *Friendſhip in Death*, the moſt celebrated of her works, ſhe ſhewed the manuſcript to no more than one perſon, on whoſe ſecrecy ſhe could rely; and after he had, by her order, copied it in his own hand, ſhe ſent it to Dr. *Young*, only knowing him by his works, and inſcribed his name to the dedication, in hopes that being publiſhed by him, and appearing under the patronage of his name, all her acquaintance would imagine this piece to be written by ſome friend of of that eminent poet. And when the inimitable beauties of Mrs. *Rowe*'s manner of writing diſcovered the true author, and this performance began to be univerſally admired, ſhe ſtill continued to avoid owning it, as far as was conſiſtent with a ſtrict regard to truth: She even declined the honour due to her aſhes and memory after death; for when ſhe ſelected from her manuſcript volume of devotions ſome exerciſes of piety, with a view to their publication after her deceaſe, ſhe ſtudiouſly omitted thoſe parts that would have diſcovered her unexampled charity, and other virtues which conciliate the eſteem and veneration of the world: Nor could any thing, perhaps, but the ſuddenneſs of her death, have prevented her committing to the flames the book I have juſt mentioned, which has ſo often aſſiſted me in my attempt to do juſtice to her character. And as ſhe entruſted the care of her poſthumous pieces to one, (who ſhe could not be inſenſible) had never entertained

tained a thought of being an author, and whoſe incurable want of health muſt render him peculiarly unfit to compoſe any thing for public view; there is the higheſt probability, that 'twas her intention that this collection of her remains ſhould be communicated to the world without any account of her life and character; which, thro' extreme humility, ſhe judged unworthy the knowledge and imitation of poſterity. The ſame modeſt diſpoſition of mind appears in the orders that ſhe left in writing to her ſervant, in which, after having deſired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a ſmall number of friends, ſhe adds, *charge Mr.* Bowden *not to ſay one word of me in the ſermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no ſtone nor inſcription over my vile duſt, which I gladly leave to oblivion and corruption, till it riſe to a glorious immortality.*

MRS. *Rowe* was exemplary for every relative duty. Filial piety was a remarkable part of her character. She loved the beſt of fathers, as ſhe ought, and repaid his uncommon care and tenderneſs by all juſt returns of duty and affection. She has been heard to ſay, *That ſhe could die rather than diſpleaſe him*; and the anguiſh ſhe felt at ſeeing him in pain in his laſt ſickneſs was ſo great, that it occaſioned ſome kind of convulſion, a diſorder from which ſhe was wholly free in every other part of her life.

When ſhe was entred into a marriage ſtate, the higheſt eſteem and moſt tender affection appeared in all her conduct to Mr. *Rowe*; and by the moſt gentle and obliging manners, and the exerciſe of every ſocial and good-natur'd virtue, ſhe confirmed the empire ſhe had gained over his heart. She complied with his inclinations in ſeveral inſtances, to which ſhe was naturally averſe; and made it her ſtudy to ſoften the anxieties, and heighten all the ſatisfactions of his life. Her capacity for ſuperior things did not tempt her to neglect the leſs honourable cares which the laws of decency impoſe on the ſofter ſex in the connubial relation: Much leſs was ſhe led by a ſenſe of her own merit to aſſume any thing to herſelf inconſiſtent with that duty and ſubmiſſion which the precepts of Chriſtian piety ſo ſtrictly enjoin. Mr. *Rowe* had ſome mixture of natural warmth in his temper, of which he had not always a perfect command. If at any time this broke out into ſome little exceſſes of anger, it never awaked any paſſion of the like kind in Mrs. *Rowe*; but, on the contrary, ſhe always remained miſtreſs of herſelf, and ſtudied by the gentleſt language and moſt ſoothing endearments, to reſtore Mr. *Rowe*'s mind to that calmneſs which reaſon approves. And ſhe equally endeavoured, in every other inſtance, by the ſofteſt arts of perſuaſion, and in a manner remote from all airs of ſuperiority, to lead Mr. *Rowe* on towards that perfection of virtue, to which ſhe herſelf

aſpired

aſpired with the trueſt Chriſtian zeal. During his long illneſs, ſhe ſcarce ever ſtirred from him a moment, and alleviated his ſevere affliction by performing, with inconceivable tenderneſs and aſſiduity, all the offices of compaſſion ſuited to that melancholy ſeaſon. She partook his ſleepleſs nights, and never quitted his bed, unleſs to ſerve him, or watch by him. And as ſhe could ſcarce be perſuaded to forſake even his breathleſs clay, ſo ſhe conſecrated her future years to his memory, by honouring his aſhes with reſolutions of perpetual widowhood, which with more than female conſtancy ſhe inviolably maintained. Her conduct, in this laſt inſtance, on the review of it after an interval of ſeveral years, afforded her great ſatisfaction; for ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf in a letter intended, after her own deceaſe, to be delivered to Mrs. *Marrow*, if that lady had ſurvived her: *Whatever ſuch diſtinguiſhed ſenſe and merit could claim, I have endeavoured to pay my much-lov'd huſband's memory. I reflect with pleaſure on my conduct on this occaſion; not only from a principle of juſtice and gratitude to him, but from a conſcious ſenſe of honour and love of a virtuous reputation after death.-----But if the ſoul, in a ſeparate ſtate, ſhould be inſenſible of human cenſure or applauſe, yet there is a diſintereſted homage due to the ſacred name of virtue.*

SHE mourned over the death of her huſband and father, with all that becoming tenderneſs and ſenſibility which ought to touch every humane and

and generous heart, at the loſs of the deareſt perſons on earth; yet her ſubmiſſion to the determination of divine providence was exemplary, and ſhe never preſumed to breathe any indecent murmurs againſt the will of heaven, which is ever juſt and good; or behaved, in this hour of temptation, in a manner unſuitable to that eminent piety which appeared in every other part of her life.

She was a gentle and kind miſtreſs; treating her ſervants with great condeſcenſion and goodneſs, and almoſt with the affability of a friend and equal. She cauſed due care to be taken of them when they were ill; and did not think it misbecame her to ſit by the bed of a ſick ſervant to read to her books of piety. Her great humanity would not ſuffer her to be offended with light faults; and as ſhe never diſmiſſed any one from her family, ſo, I think, none of her ſervants ever left her, but with a view to the changing their condition by marriage. She knew when ſhe was well ſerved, and repoſed ſo much truſt in thoſe whoſe fidelity ſhe had experienced, that it might ſeem to verge towards exceſs; yet, even ſuch great confidence was hardly more than was due to that ſervant who was with Mrs. *Rowe* at the time of her death; whoſe long and faithful duty to her miſtreſs, and remarkable ſorrow for her loſs, deſerve to be mentioned with honour.

SHE was a warm and generous friend, juſt, if not partial, to the merit of thoſe whom ſhe loved, and moſt gentle and candid to their errors. She was always forward to do them good offices; but in a diſtinguiſh'd manner ſhe ſtudied, with infinite art and zeal, to inſinuate the love of virtue into all her acquaintance, and to promote their moſt important intereſt, by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to higher degrees of the divine favour. This ſhe propoſed as the beſt end of friendſhip.

MRS. *Rowe* was not entirely free from the attacks of malice, that ſhe might not be without opportunity to exerciſe the divine virtue of forgiveneſs; yet one could ſcarce have learned from her diſcourſe that ſhe had an enemy; for ſhe was not wont to complain of any indecent conduct or injuries done to herſelf: So that it was apparent, ſuch things made light impreſſions on her mind; or that ſhe had endeavoured to efface them with the happieſt ſucceſs.

'TIS a celebrated thought of the Emperor * *Julian*, which he makes *Antonine* expreſs, when he repreſents him, with other *Roman* Emperors, undergoing the ſcrutiny of *Jupiter:* When he was aſked what he had done to merit an *Apotheoſis*, he

* *Juliani Caeſares*, Edit. Par. p. 91.

replied,

replied, *He had always ſtudied to reſemble the Gods:* And being aſked again in what he had endeavoured to be like them, he anſwered, *In having as few wants as poſſible of my own, and doing good moſt extenſively to others.* This is certainly a juſt account of a divine temper; and this was, in a great degree, the temper of Mrs. *Rowe:* For ſcarce any of the human race was more ſenſible of the truth of that ſaying of the ſacred Founder of our religion, IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE. *There is*, ſays ſhe in a letter to a lady, written in the year 1697, *an eternal propenſity in my ſoul to love and beneficence. I received the generous principle with the breath of life, and find it inſeparable from my exiſtence.* The exerciſe of this god-like virtue was half the pleaſure of her life *; ſo ſhe once expreſſed herſelf to another of her friends. Nor was this only the peculiar ſoftneſs of her ſex, or a natural felicity of temper, but the moſt virtuous deſire to diffuſe happineſs. Her zeal to do generous actions is inexpreſſible; it broke out on all poſſible occaſions; and there was not, I believe, one of her friends in any rank of life, who did not experience her beneficent diſpoſition, by receiving from her preſents of books, pictures, *&c.* if not gifts of higher value.

HER charities were ſo great (if we conſider the mediocrity of her fortune) that they can ſcarce be

* *Caritate, benevolentiaque ſublata, omnis eſt e vita ſublata jucunditas.* CIC. de Am. c. ult.

parallel'd,

parallel'd, except in the hiſtories of better times, when Chriſtianity had all its due power over the hearts of thoſe who profeſſed it: They were, indeed, only limited by the utmoſt extent of her power; for ſhe devoted the whole of her income, beſides what was barely ſufficient for the neceſſities of life, to the relief of the indigent and diſtreſſed. This her manuſcript acquaints us with in the following vow; which, as it evidences a heart glowing with the love of God and mankind, is worthy of the higheſt praiſe; but as this ſolemn engagement involved Mrs. *Rowe* in ſome perplexities, it ſeems peculiarly fit to add, that her example ought not to influence pious minds thus to fetter themſelves in things not abſolutely commanded; ſince the obſervation of ſuch vows may be attended with unforeſeen difficulties injurious to the peace of their future lives.

I conſecrate half of my yearly income to charitable uſes. And tho', by this, according to human appearances, I have reduced myſelf to ſome neceſſity, I caſt all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whoſe truth I ſubſcribe with my hand. I atteſt his faithfulneſs, and bring in my teſtimony to the veracity of his word; I ſet to my ſeal, that God is true; and oh! by the God of truth, I ſwear to perform this, and beyond this. For if thou wilt, indeed, bleſs me, and enlarge my coaſt, all that I have beyond the bare convenience and neceſſity of life, ſhall ſurely be the Lord's. And oh! grant me ſufficiency, that I may

abound

abound in every good work. O let me be the meſſenger of conſolation to the poor. Here I am, Lord, ſend me. Let me have the honour to adminiſter to the neceſſities of my brethren. I am, indeed, unworthy to wipe the feet of the leaſt of the ſervants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commiſſion; and yet, oh! ſend me, for thy goodneſs is free. Send whom thou wilt on embaſſies to the kings and rulers of the earth; but let me be a ſervant to the ſervants of my Lord. Let me adminiſter conſolation and relief to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind.

PURSUANT to this ſacred vow, which (as ſhe expreſſes herſelf in another place of her manuſcript) *was not made in an hour of fear and diſtreſs, but in the joy and gratitude of her ſoul*, ſhe not only avoided all ſuperfluous expences in dreſs and luxury, but thro' an exceſs of benevolence (if there can be any exceſs in ſuch a god-like diſpoſition) to enlarge her abilities of doing good to her fellow creatures, ſhe denied herſelf what might, in ſome ſenſe, be called the real neceſſaries of life.

MISERY and indigence were a ſufficient recommendation to her compaſſionate regard and aſſiſtance; yet ſhe ſhewed a diſtinguiſh'd readineſs to alleviate the afflictions of perſons of merit and virtue: And one who had the beſt opportunities of making this obſervation, aſſures me, that ſhe never knew any ſuch apply to Mrs. *Rowe*, without ſucceſs;

ſucceſs, when ſhe had it in her power to relieve their wants. The firſt time ſhe accepted of a gratification from the bookſeller for any of her works, ſhe beſtowed the whole ſum on a family in diſtreſs; and there is great reaſon to believe that ſhe employed all the money that ſhe ever received on ſuch an account in as generous a manner. And once, when ſhe had not by her a ſum of money large enough to ſupply the like neceſſities of another family, ſhe readily ſold a piece of plate for this purpoſe. She was accuſtomed, on going abroad, to furniſh herſelf with pieces of money of different value, that ſhe might relieve any objects of compaſſion who ſhould fall in her way, according to their ſeveral degrees of indigence. She contributed to ſome deſigns that had the appearance of charity, tho' ſhe could not approve of them in every reſpect: For ſhe ſaid, *It was fit, ſometimes, to give for the credit of religion, when other inducements were wanting, that the profeſſors of Chriſtianity might not be charged with covetouſneſs.* A vice which ſhe abhorred ſo much, that ſcarce any groſſer kind of immorality could more effectually exclude from her friendſhip. *I never*, ſaid ſhe, *grudge any money, but when it is laid out on my ſelf; for I conſider how much it would buy for the poor.* Beſides the ſums of money which ſhe gave away, and the diſtribution of practical books on religious ſubjects, ſhe employed her own hands in labours of charity to cloath the neceſſitous. This ſhe did, not only for the natives of the lower *Palatinate*, when they were

were driven from their country by the rage of war, which appeared a calamity peculiarly worthy of compaſſion; but it was her frequent employment to make garments of almoſt every kind, and beſtow them on thoſe who wanted them. She diſcovered a ſtrong ſenſe of humanity, and often ſhewed her exquiſite concern for the unhappy, by weeping over their misfortunes. Theſe were the generous tears of virtue, and not any feminine weakneſs; for ſhe was rarely obſerv'd to weep at afflictions that befel herſelf. She was, indeed, ſo ſenſibly touch'd with the miſeries of the poor, as not only to ſend her ſervant to examine what they ſtood in need of when they were ſick, but often viſited them in perſon, when they were ſo wretched that their houſes were not fit for her to enter into; and even when they were ill of malignant and contagious diſtempers. One kind of munificence, in which ſhe greatly delighted, was cauſing children to be taught to read and work: Theſe ſhe furniſhed with ſupplies of cloathing, as well as *Bibles*, and other neceſſary books of inſtruction. This ſhe did not only at *Frome*, but alſo at a neighbouring village, where part of her eſtate lay. And when ſhe met in the ſtreets with children of promiſing countenances, who were perfectly unknown to her, if upon enquiry, it appeared, that thro' the poverty of their parents they were not put to ſchool, ſhe added them to the number of thoſe who were taught at her own expence. She condeſcended, herſelf, to inſtruct them

them in the plain and neceſſary principles and duties of religion; and the grief ſhe felt when any of them did not anſwer the hopes ſhe had entertained, was equal to the great ſatisfaction ſhe received, when it appeared that her care and bounty had been well-placed. She was alſo a contributor to a charitable inſtitution of this kind at *Frome* of a more public nature; though, according to the general cuſtom of ſuch ſchools, all who were educated in it were compelled to worſhip God in that one particular form, from which ſhe herſelf took the liberty to diſſent. But Mrs. *Rowe* was not corrupted by this example of contracted goodneſs, which can ſcarce be reconciled to that univerſal benevolence the goſpel enjoins: Her charities were not confined to thoſe of her own party or ſentiments, but beſtowed on indigent perſons of almoſt all the ſects into which Chriſtianity is divided; and even thoſe whoſe religious opinions ſeemed to her of the moſt dangerous conſequence, partook largely of her bounty. Nor was her beneficence limited only to thoſe who in ſtrict terms might be called poor; for as ſhe was wont to ſay, *'twas one of the greateſt benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune*; in purſuance of theſe generous ſentiments, ſhe has been often known to make large preſents to perſons who were not oppreſſed with the laſt extremes of indigence. She poſſeſſed, in an eminent degree, the *art of giving*, a nobler accompliſhment than

the *art of enjoying*, on which one great poet of antiquity compliments another*. She knew how to heighten every favour, by the ready and obliging manner in which ſhe conferred it. With regard to thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch, that the accepting alms might have put their modeſty to ſome pain, ſhe ſtudied to ſpare their bluſhes while ſhe ſoftened their adverſity. When one ſuch perſon of her acquaintance was in ſome diſtreſs, ſhe contrived to loſe at play a ſum of money ſufficient to ſupply the neceſſity of the caſe. This was, perhaps, the only time ſhe touched a card in her life. To the poor ſhe ſeemed a miniſtring angel: Her goodneſs prevented their requeſts; and ſmiles, gentle language, and the warmeſt expreſſions of good-will, always accompanied her actions of mercy. The diſtreſſed were encouraged to diſcloſe all their wants, by the kindeſt aſſurances of relief; and ſhe treated them with the ſweetneſs and eaſy goodneſs of a friend, rather than the ſuperiority of a benefactor; nor was ſhe enclined to take offence at the appearance of ingratitude in her dependants. When ſhe chanced to overhear ſome unthankful poor, entertained at her ſervant's table, murmur at their food, though ſhe had fed on the ſame herſelf, ſhe only put this gentle conſtruction on their behaviour, *That they expected ſomething better than ordinary from her table.*

* *Dî tibi divitias dederint, artemque fruendi.*

HOR. lib. 1. ep. 4. ad Tibull.

And

And ſhe was ſo far from reſenting this indecent delicacy of appetite, that ſhe did not, even at that time, omit the alms ſhe uſually gave when any indigent perſons were entertained at her houſe.

'TIS aſtoniſhing how the moderate eſtate Mrs. *Rowe* was poſſeſſed of, could ſupply ſuch various and expenſive benefactions; and her own ſenſe of this once broke out to an intimate friend; *I am ſurpriz'd*, ſaid ſhe to her, *how it is poſſible my eſtate ſhould anſwer all theſe things! and yet I never want money.* This ſhe only ſpoke to give honour to the divine bleſſing, which, as ſhe was wont to acknowledge with great piety, apparently protected her from loſſes, and proſpered all her affairs. 'Twould be extreme injuſtice, to interpret her expreſſions of gratitude to the goodneſs of providence in a different manner; for her great care to conceal her charities from the obſervation of mortals, gives the higheſt evidence that no love of human applauſe tainted the purity of her benevolent diſpoſitions. Indeed, her modeſty and averſion to the appearance of ſhew and oſtentation, cauſed her to caſt ſuch a veil of ſecrecy over all her beneficent actions, that I fear many of them, highly worthy to be known and imitated by poſterity, muſt remain concealed from the world till *that day* when they ſhall be rewarded in the ſight of the whole univerſe, by that almighty Judge who was alone witneſs to them.

SUCH an assemblage of virtues as united in Mrs. *Rowe*'s character, could only be the offspring of piety. This divine principle discovered itself very early in her mind; and since Mr. *Grove* wrote the former part of these memoirs, I have received fresh evidence to confirm his observation, that 'tis not improbable the first dawnings of reason guided her to acknowledge and adore the author of her being, and commence that uniform and exemplary course of obedience to his laws, which, by the assistance of heaven, she maintained in every part of her life.

HER writings give a faithful picture of her soul. Her profound humility, and supreme affection to God; her faith in his promises, and dependance on his providence; her zeal for his glory, and love to the holiness of his laws, appear in the strongest light in her works; and particularly in her *Devotions*, published since her death by the reverend Dr. *Watts*. But as it would too much swell these memoirs to transcribe her sentiments on these heads, I shall only relate the means she made use of to cultivate these excellent dispositions; with the addition of some passages from her manuscripts, that have not yet been communicated to the public.

SHE devoted herself to the service of heaven in a solemn covenant *. In this she imitated the

* See *Devout Exercises*, pag. 25.

example

example of her pious mother, to whoſe ſacred engagement of this kind Mrs. *Rowe* has made this addition, which evidently appears by the hand to be written in her younger years.

MY God, and my father's God, who keepeſt covenant and mercy to a thouſand generations, I call thee to witneſs, that with all the ſincerity of my ſoul I conſent to this covenant, and ſtand to the ſolemn dedication made of me in my baptiſm: And to this

I God's high name my awful witneſs make.

And thus, with the utmoſt willingneſs and joy, I ſubſcribe with my hand to the Lord.

E. SINGER.

AND beneath, in the ſame paper, ſhe writes thus: *Renew'd* Sept. 1728. *When I am ſtanding before the Judge of all the earth, to be ſentenced for all eternity, let this contract be an evidence that I renounce the world, and take the ſupreme God for my portion and happineſs.*

HER manuſcript alſo affords the following larger renewal of this ſacred covenant.

LET me renew my vows to thee, let me repeat the ſacred obligation; let me, if poſſible, make ties more ſtrong ---- more entirely devote my ſelf to thee. With what pleaſure do I reflect on the obligations I have

to be thine! I bleſs the ſacred engagement, and would not be free for ten thouſand worlds. I never knew a happy moment till I was thine; all my joys are dated from that happy period; from thence they took their ſpring, and from thence they will for ever flow. Oh! therefore let me joyfully renew my vows to thee; let angels inſtruct me how to confirm them; let them teach me their forms, and give me their flames; let all be noble, and pathetic, and ſolemn as their immortal vows. I would bind my ſelf beyond the ties that mortals know---- But I cannot ſpeak with the ardor I wiſh; I cannot find words to expreſs the vehemence of my ſoul: But oh! thou who canſt underſtand theſe deſires which language fails me to utter, accept the ſincerity of my heart, regard and accept my vows; and oh! let them be confirm'd for ever.

ATTEND, ye angels! let heaven and earth hear me! the moſt high God, the poſſeſſor of heaven and earth, himſelf be my witneſs! for even to him I dare appeal, from whom no diſguiſe can veil my thoughts; even thy ſacred name I dare atteſt, whoſe favour is my only hope, and whoſe frown is the only thing I can fear: Yet my words are not the effect of terror and diſtreſs, but of reaſon and of love. No action of my life was ever more deliberate and voluntary. My ſoul gives its entire aſſent, and offers up all its powers; I make no reſerve, thou haſt my whole, my undivided heart.

O THOU that lookeſt down from the exaltations of thy majeſty, that rideſt upon the heavens in thy excellency;

excellency; and from thence doſt not diſdain to be a father to the fatherleſs, and the judge of the widow; I come to thee deſtitute, and forlorn, and abandon'd of every name of joy or confidence upon earth. I have found all the ſpecious titles and relations among men, to be vanity and a lye: But I rejoice in the conviction, I bleſs the happy circumſtance that has thrown a reproach on all human truſt; that has broke my engagements with every thing below, and forced me, friendleſs and defenceleſs, to fly to thee. Oh! receive me with the affection of a father; take me into thy tendereſt care and protection. Oh! remember thy covenant with my pious anceſtors, to be a God to them, and their ſeed after them, by an everlaſting covenant. Thy compaſſions exceed thoſe of the tendereſt relation on earth; thou doſt delight to exerciſe loving-kindneſs and truth in the earth; thou art the God of all grace and conſolation: Theſe are thy free, thy natural operations. Fury is not in thee; *thy name, thy boaſted name is* LOVE; *and thou doſt never deviate from its gentle dictates; 'tis the beginning and end of all thy works, the glorious end thou hadſt from all eternity in view: Thou doſt not withdraw thy eyes from this deſign, but haſt ſet thy heart upon it from everlaſting to everlaſting: Goodneſs and compaſſion for ever flow from thee. Thou canſt not reſtrain thoſe glorious emanations; they will, and muſt for ever ſtream from thee, the infinite abyſs, the ſpring of goodneſs, the ſum, the plenitude of joy, its never-failing ſource.*

OH, thou haſt purchaſed my ſoul with thy own blood; before God and angels I put it into thy cuſtody; with thee I ſolemnly depoſite the ſacred pledge; into thy hand I commit the precious treaſure; 'tis my all, my very being: Oh, form it after thy pleaſure, and ſecure it from the ſtratagems of hell. I am ſurrounded with danger, and a thouſand ſnares attend me; I have but one caſt for eternity. Look with eyes of pity on my impotence and diſtreſs; I fly to thee, let me find a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempeſt.

I AM not, I cannot be my own keeper; fleſh and blood is too weak to ſtruggle with principalities, and powers, and the rulers of darkneſs in high places; the combination is too ſtrong for unaſſiſted nature to conquer. Thou knoweſt my ſtrength is weakneſs, my wiſdom folly, my natural light all darkneſs. I know not the next ſtep before me, and if I ſtumble, 'twill bring reproach on thy holy ways.

I AM of the Lord's ſide; I am in league with thee againſt the confederacy of hell: I liſt my ſelf under thy banners, to oppoſe the kingdom of darkneſs; give me ſtrength and wiſdom to encounter all oppoſition; let me never be left to my own conduct, or diſhonour thy cauſe by any weakneſs or inadvertency: O thou that doſt not ſlumber nor ſleep, watch my goings, and let none of my foot-ſteps ſlide. O fountain of love and grace, let me feel thy preſent influences. There is no relation in all nature, ſo near as that between God and a virtuous

virtuous mind: And wilt thou not adorn it with thoſe graces which are capable of being improved for ever?

IN the name of the Lord God of hoſts, the God of the armies of Iſrael, *let me conquer the principalities and powers of darkneſs. I have taken thy word for my defence, I have fled to the name of the Lord for ſafety; let me rejoice, let me triumph in that ſanctuary, nor know a thought of diffidence or fear. Let me hope againſt hope, believe above belief, with confidence worthy of that power on which I truſt, and of that veracity which is engaged to protect me. Be the powers of hell confounded, while I make my boaſt in the Lord, and rejoice in thy ſalvation!*

I CAN, I muſt, I dare ſet to my ſeal, that God is true. I need not ſcruple to affirm what thou haſt atteſted; I may, without heſitation, give my aſſent to the words of the living God. Let not my foot-ſteps ſlide, for thou art my only counſellor. Leave me not to chuſe for my ſelf; give me no advantage but what I may employ for thy glory; cancel every prayer that has not been agreeable to thy will. I retract every petition, whoſe ſucceſs will not centre in thy intereſt; 'tis thee, not my ſelf, I would honour; 'tis thee I would live and die for: Make thy own terms, let them be what they will, I take thee for my only portion for this life, and to all eternity: And with full conſent I ſubſcribe with my hand to the Lord.

* Sept. 11. 1735. E. ROWE.

* *Mrs.* Rowe's *birth-day.*

She practiſed ſecret prayer three times a-day, as appears by this reſolution taken from her manuſcript: *At morning, at noon, and at night, I will praiſe thee, and pay my conſtant homage to the ſupreme and independent Being.* And as ſhe was wont to ſay, *That we ought to conſecrate our brighteſt intervals to the ſervice of heaven*; agreeably to theſe juſt ſentiments, ſhe employed thoſe parts of the day in which ſhe believed the powers of the mind moſt free and active, as ſeaſons of holy retirement: But (as far as I could judge) her devotions were rather frequent, than protracted to ſuch an undue length, as might tend to diſtract the attention, and fatigue and exhauſt the ſpirits.

She had an high veneration and love to the Lord's-day, which (excepting offices of goodneſs and compaſſion) ſhe wholly conſecrated to piety and devotion. No ſlight indiſpoſition, or any ſeverity of weather, prevented her conſtant attendance on public worſhip, at which her attentive and reverent behaviour ſhewed the utmoſt compoſure and elevation of ſoul. She alſo, in imitation of our bleſſed Saviour's example of doing good on the *Sabbath*, ſanctified the Lord's-day, by entertaining a ſet of poor people at her houſe, and by an abundant diſtribution of charity. But her devout regard to the public worſhip of God will beſt appear by the following paſſage extracted from the manuſcript volume of her devotions, which I have ſo often cited.

ISO-

I SOLEMNLY set apart one day in the week (if possible Saturday) *to prepare my self for the noble employment of public worship; and then let all the powers of my soul be exercised in love and humble adoration. Let me make more sensible approaches to the propitious Being, whom unseen, I love; and let him fill me with the ineffable delights that his presence affords, and make me joyful in the house of prayer: Let me be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of his house, and drink of the rivers of his pleasure.*

SHE never neglected any opportunity of partaking of the holy communion, for which she had the highest affection and reverence; and the same manuscript will shew what virtuous resolutions she made at such sacred seasons.

WITH every sacrament let me renew my strength, and with the bread of life receive immortal vigour. Let me remember the vows of God, and at my return to the world, let me commit my ways to thee. Let me be absolutely resign'd to thy providence, nor once distrust thy goodness and fidelity. Let me be careful for nothing, but with prayer and supplication make my wants known to thee. Let the most awful sense of thy presence dwell on my heart, and always keep me in a serious disposition. Let me be merciful and just in my actions, calm and regular in my thoughts: And oh! do thou set a watch on my mouth, and keep the door of my lips. Let me speak evil of no man; let me advance the reputation of the virtuous, and never be silent in the praise of merit. Let

Let my tongue ſpeak the language of my heart, and be guided by exact truth and perfect ſincerity. Let me open my hands wide to the wants of the poor, in full confidence that my heavenly Father will ſupply mine; and that the high poſſeſſor of heaven and earth will not fail to reſtore, in the hour of my diſtreſs, what I have parted with for his ſake.

O LET thy grace be ſufficient for me, and thy ſtrength be manifeſt in my weakneſs. Be preſent with me in the hour of temptation, and confirm the pious reſolutions thou haſt enabled me to form.

SHE had an inexpreſſible love and veneration for the *Holy Scriptures*, and was aſſiduous in the reading of them, particularly the *New Teſtament*, the *Pſalms*, and thoſe parts of the prophetical writings which relate to our bleſſed Saviour. For ſome time before her death ſhe ſcarce read any thing but theſe ſacred books, and practical treatiſes on religious ſubjects. She was alſo wont to aſſiſt her improvement in virtue and the Chriſtian life, by frequent meditations on the bleſſedneſs of a future ſtate, the perfections of God, particularly his infinite goodneſs and mercy in the redemption of the world by *Jeſus Chriſt*; and on other important parts of religion, which appeared beſt ſuited to promote devout and holy diſpoſitions. And beſides theſe her uſual exerciſes of piety, in the latter part of her life, ſhe obſerved ſome ſtated ſeaſons of abſtinence and extraordinary devotion.

THE

THE fervor of her zeal in the cauſe of religion, was beyond the rate of common examples. As ſhe could not command her tears of tranſport, when ſhe was witneſs to any eminent inſtance of piety, ſo the ſinking ſtate in which the intereſt of heaven now appears, and the fatal advances of infidelity in this nation, rent her very ſoul. She ſpoke with the higheſt eſteem and gratitude of thoſe excellent perſons, who, in the preſent age have defended Chriſtianity by their learned writings, and truly venerated them as public benefactors to mankind. She much intereſted herſelf in the proſperity of the colony of *Georgia*. An eſtabliſhment projected on the juſteſt principles of liberty, and with the moſt generous views to promote ſocial happineſs, could not but give a very ſenſible pleaſure to ſo benevolent a mind: But her exquiſite ſatisfaction in this deſign, was chiefly owing to her piety, and the hopes ſhe entertained, that this remote part of the world would be bleſt with the knowledge of the true religion. *I do pray*, ſays ſhe, *I cannot help praying for a glorious ſucceſs of the goſpel in thoſe dark regions, where the name of a Saviour has not been known.---- Though the proſpect ſeems gloomy here, it looks bright there, and my ſoul rejoices in it. God will, no doubt, bleſs our preſent government for ſo good an undertaking: It will ſhine in hiſtory to their immortal honour.*

MRS.

MRS. *Rowe* ſeemed born for the practice of ſublime and aſcetic piety, 'twas the ſupreme pleaſure of her life; yet her own words aſſure us, that ſhe did not ſet too high a value on ſtrong emotions of the paſſions, and religious fervors; nor was tempted by the love of devotion to prefer it to ſocial virtue. For ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf in a letter to a noble friend. *I have wrote no pious meditations of late. The warmth of devotion, perhaps, as well as other paſſions, declines with life: But I hope the calm, the reaſonable and ſolid part of religion will be ſtill improv'd.* And in another letter to the ſame lady, ſhe ſays, *I have no reſtitution to make, nor the leaſt known injury to repair. I lay a much greater ſtreſs on this part of religion that regards mankind, than I do on any height of devotion, as neceſſary as I think it, to reconcile the mind to death.* She affected no kind of ſingularity or appearance of ſeverity, nor preſumed to cenſure thoſe who came not up to that ſtrictneſs to which ſhe obliged herſelf. And ſhe was ſo far from impoſing any methods of devout life which ſhe herſelf uſed, on others to whom, on account of their difference of tempers, and deeper engagements in the buſineſs of the world, they might be inexpedient, that ſhe did not recommend, or I think, ſo much as mention them to her moſt intimate friends; but, on the contrary, ſtudied concealment ſo much, that 'tis only from her manuſcripts, and the information of her ſervant (from whom they could not be

be hid) that I have arrived at the knowledge of the greater part of them, ſince her death.

SHE poſſeſſed a large meaſure of that ſerenity and chearfulneſs of temper, which ſeem naturally to flow from conſcious virtue, and the hopes of the divine favour. This happy diſpoſition of mind, which is more than once recommended in the ſacred writings, and is ſo great an ornament to ſincere piety, continued with Mrs. *Rowe* to her laſt moments, and was never interrupted by any of thoſe fantaſtic diſorders that ſo often cloud the imaginations of the ſofter ſex; ſo that (excepting the intervals of ſorrow, occaſioned by her devout and compaſſionate diſpoſitions, and juſt affliction for the loſs of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Singer*.) Her whole life ſeemed not only a conſtant calm, but a perpetual ſun-ſhine, and every hour of it ſparkled with good humour, and inoffenſive gaiety.

As it may ſeem improper to relate the ſentiments of a lady who was not vers'd in controverſial divinity, or the erudition of the ſchools, on ſubjects that have divided the learned and religious world; I will only take the liberty to ſay, that ſhe openly avowed what appeared to her to be truth, and defended it with warmth; yet the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition made her incapable of the impious raſhneſs of thoſe, who, without mercy, pronounce a ſentence of damnation on all who diſſent from them in abſtruſe and diſputable points: But ſhe

expreſſed

expreſſed herſelf as if it was leſs neceſſary to guard againſt the contrary extreme. For ſhe ſays, in one of her letters, *My charity is very large, and from this catholic ſpirit I have often canonized ſome libertine or atheiſt for a great ſaint.* Her love of piety was not confined to thoſe of her own party in religion; and it ought to be related as an exemplary inſtance of Chriſtian moderation, that ſhe continued all the latter part of her life in conſtant communion with ſome who differed from her in articles which ſhe thought of great importance; though ſhe was frequently ſolicited to an oppoſite conduct by perſons of a more narrow ſpirit; and could not eſcape cenſure for her adherence to the charity of the goſpel. And as her zeal did in no part of her life degenerate into religious fury, ſo, towards the cloſe of it, her gentle and charitable diſpoſitions encreaſed, and ſhe ſeemed to be viſibly ripening into the temper of that bleſſed region to which ſhe was ſoon to be removed.

HER friendſhips were founded on virtue, but not a perfect agreement in thoſe leſſer matters which divide us as Chriſtians and *Engliſhmen*; in which ſhe ſhewed a generous mind, elevated above the mean principles of party and bigotry. She was favoured with the eſteem and acquaintance of the Counteſs of *Winchelſea*, the Viſcounteſs *Weymouth*, the Viſcounteſs *Scudamore*, the Lady *Carteret*, the Lady *Brooke*, the honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, the Earl of *Orrery*, Dr. *Kenne*, Lord Biſhop of *Bath* and

and *Wells*, Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Dr. *Watts*, Mr. *Prior*, Mr. *Grove*, &c. But above all she possessed the highest degree of friendship with another illustrious ornament of the age, which as it began as soon as ever her Ladyship was capable of this generous passion, so it continued without the least interruption to the last moments of Mrs. *Rowe*'s life. And it gives me great pleasure that I can conclude the character of a lady whose memory ought to be most dear to me, with this testimony to her virtue and merit; that her life was honoured with the friendship, and her death lamented with the tears of the Countess of HERTFORD.

Nec tua, praeter te, chartis intexere quisquam
Facta queat, dictis ut non majora superfint.

TIBULLUS.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

On her Divine Poems.

July 19. 1706.

I.

ON the fair banks of gentle *Thames*
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath the evening ſky,
I ſung my cares aſleep, and rais'd my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden from *Albion*'s weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes came gliding by,
The neighb'ring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
'Tis PHILOMELA's voice the neighb'ring ſhepherds cry,
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful pow'rs unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and PHILOMELA's ſong
Was all divine delight.

II. Now

II.

Now be my harp forever dumb,
My Muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To *Grecian* tales, and wars of *Rome*;
'Twas long ago I broke all but th'immortal ſtrings:
Now thoſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heav'n, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound,
While PHILOMELA ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

I. WATTS.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

TEACH me the art, fair regent of the ſoul,
To raiſe the paſſions, or at will, controul;
That heav'nly art which can our cares beguile,
Make envy pleas'd, and penſive ſorrow ſmile.
Circe with magic ſpells the ſoul could bind,
And change the ſhape: here the reverſe we find;
The brute, transform'd by you, aſſumes a nobler kind.

O HAD I but thy voice, and ſkill, and lyre!
Soon would I ſet the liſt'ning ſwains on fire.
Virtue's majeſtic form before their eyes,
Her lovely train, her palace in the ſkies,
And high refulgent throne, ſhould ſtand confeſt,
And with aſpiring wiſhes ſwell each breaſt.
The tenants of the grove, a tuneful throng,
Should ceaſe their lays, to hear my ſweeter ſong;
Thyſelf too tranſports feel, before unknown,
And in *another* praiſe what was *thy own:*
Elſe the too modeſt nymph will ne'er believe,
How ſoft the ſtrains! the joys how vaſt they give!
But while th' admiring audience ſit around,
And faint beneath the rapture of the ſound,
Calm and unaw'd, ſhe will herſelf appear,
And think we flatter what ſhe ſcarce can bear.

FOND wiſhes theſe! to think ſhe would impart
Heav'n's inſpirations, like the rules of art;
Or truſt to any mean, unſkilful hand,
(The ſpeaking ſtrings that knows not to command)
The golden gift, a welcome preſent made
By *Gabriel*; who with grace celeſtial ſaid:
'Hail, thou of heav'n belov'd! this harp is thine,
'So often ſat to hymns and airs divine;
'Still let it ſacred be to praiſe and love;
'Twill kindle ardors pure as ours above,
'Aſſiſt thy riſing ſoul, and bear her flight
'Beyond the rolling ſpheres, to realms of endleſs light:
'Morning and ev'ning let me meet thee there.'
No more he ſpoke----but mix'd unſeen with air.

HENRY GROVE.

To Mrs. ROWE.

After her Recovery from the Small-Pox.

PERMIT, great awful ſoul, the muſe
The rough, unpractis'd muſe, to bring
Her humble joy upon her feeble wing,
Nor the bold addreſs refuſe;
Weak tho' her wings, and faint her fire,
Yet true the heart, and ardent the deſire.
O! could I riſe, and ſoar like *thee*,
On ſounding pinions through the ſkies;
My daring muſe ſhould hail th' auſpicious fate,
In notes that would the liſt'ning world ſurpriſe;
And proud in pompous harmony,
With ſolemn and majeſtic ſtate,
Should bring an off'ring that might be
Worthy *Heav'n*, and worthy *thee*.

Cruel diſeaſe! that doſt not ſpare
The Great, *the* Witty, *or the* Fair!

BLEST *Maria*'s royal charms
Yielded to thy hideous arms:
From us at once thou didſt remove
To the brighter realms above
That heav'n of beauty and of love.
Thou didſt attack th' *Imperial* crown,
And ſtrike the *Roman* eagle down.

PROUD *Gallia* wears a mournful face,
To ſee her haughty *Bourbon* race,

Her boaſted heirs reduc'd by thee
To a weak infant progeny.

YOUNG *Churchill* felt thy poiſon'd dart
Pierce his gen'rous, tender heart,
Drop'd in life's advancing bloom,
Nor ſaw his *mighty father*'s doom:
Europe freed, and *France* ſubdu'd,
And the old *Engliſh gratitude*;
Curs'd by thoſe his courage ſav'd,
By ev'ry ſenſeleſs coward brav'd;
All his godlike acts diſprais'd,
Sunk by the pow'r his virtue rais'd:
Yet juſt poſterity ſhall call
The *Hero* greater by his fall.

AH! the laurel'd *Poet*'s breath,
That ſaves the *Patriot*'s name from death,
Stopp'd by thy relentleſs pow'r,
Cruel diſeaſe! is heard no more.

BRIGHT *Orinda!* ſacred name,
Sacred to virtue and to fame!
Yet we lament her deſtiny,
Bright *Orinda* fell by thee.

Cruel diſeaſe! that doſt not ſpare
The Great, *the* Witty, *or the* Fair!

BUT vacant thrones are fill'd again;
New heroes with their warlike train
Triumph on the hoſtile plain.

EV'R

Ev'n bright *Orinda*'s harmony,
Great PHILOMEL 's ſupply'd by *thee:*
Thy double portion of her fire
Kindles ſoft joys and pure deſire.
Fav'rite of the tuneful *Nine!*
Sweet the notes! the thoughts divine!
Much already has been giv'n
By *thee*, inſpir'd by bounteous Heav'n:
Now o'erjoy'd we hope for more
From thy wit's unmeaſur'd ſtore.
Still we find this gaudy town
Without *thee* a deſart grown:
But when winter's rugged face
The rural honours does diſgrace,
Then returning home with *thee*
A new, a wond'rous ſpring we ſee,
Beauty, *Joy*, and *Harmony*.

FORGIVE the thought! how happy we
At ſuch diſtance plac'd from thee!
None with their officious haſte
Told the danger, till 'twas paſt;
Our ſympathizing ſouls were ſpar'd,
Nor thy *Delius*' torments ſhar'd;
Yet with horror we dilate
On the near impending fate.

WHEN thou ſhalt to death ſubmit,
Who ſhall ſupply thoſe eyes and wit?
Ne'er again we hope to find
Two ſuch heav'nly wonders join'd,
So fair a face, ſo bright a mind!

Kind diſeaſe! that once didſt ſpare
The Great, *the* Witty, *and the* Fair!

Sept. 8. 1712.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her excellent Poems.

WHILE *Phoebus'* fav'rite ſons in lofty lays
Attune their lyres to PHILOMELA's praiſe,
Will the fair ſaint without a frown receive
The humble homage theſe low numbers give?
Virtuous their zeal, if in th' attempt they fail,
In duteous ſtrains diſtinguiſh'd worth to hail.

CONSUMMATE miſtreſs of the tuneful art!
To thee the *Nine* their various gifts impart,
Teach thee alike with matchleſs ſkill t' inſpire
The rural reed, or touch the courtly lyre;
And bid thy verſe with blended beauties pleaſe,
Sweetneſs with ſtrength, and majeſty with eaſe.
What ſhining ſenſe in pureſt diction told!
The current limpid, and the bottom gold.
What glowing figures warm with heav'nly flame!
What happy judgment, fancy's rage to tame!
Bold as the flight of the * *Dircæan* ſwan,
Whoſe daring pinions earth's low ſcenes diſdain;

* PINDAR.

Wild,

Wild, unconfin'd, he wantons, roams, and ſoars,
And leaves the ſtars behind, in his unbounded courſe.
Yet ſoftly ſweet thy melting numbers move,
As when the * *Leſbian* tunes her lute to love;
When gentle harmony, and eaſy art,
Sooth ev'ry ſenſe, and ſteal upon the heart.

THY meaneſt worth, the gift of tuneful lays,
To uſe that gift aright thy nobler praiſe;
To own the Giver, and direct thy ſongs
To the high themes that dwell on ſeraph's tongues;
In faithful verſe to bid bright virtue ſhine
Fair as ſhe looks to angels eyes, and thine;
And audient of her lore, beneath the ſky,
Th' immortal ſtrains of paradiſe to try;
This praiſe ſhall laſt when *Homer*'s fame decays,
And vengeful fire o'er total nature preys;
When ev'ry work of man, in equal ſcales,
Juſt Heav'n ſhall weigh, and all but virtue fails.

THEN impious poets, who profane of heart,
To flatter vice debas'd the heav'nly art,
Still weep their blaſted bays, and howl below,
Amid their kindred fiends, in gulphs of woe.

NOT ſo the Bard who guilty laurels ſhunn'd,
Whoſe daring muſe the cauſe of virtue own'd;
Immortal palms his honour'd brow ſhall grace,
God own his worth, and angels ſpeak his praiſe.

THIS, PHILOMELA, all the fame you ſeek,
For this you ev'ry fond engagement break;

* SAPPHO.

For

For this from ſure applauſe to ſhades retire,
To conſecrate to heav'n your hallow'd lyre.
Content while God approves, you pleas'd forego
Fame, wealth and ev'ry boaſted joy below;
To lead the life of heav'n, to all unknown,
Till the *laſt day*, when God thy deeds ſhall crown.

THEN hid no more, thy worth the world ſhall know,
And angels loud the trump of glory blow.
Then by th' applauding univerſe approv'd,
By ſeraphs honour'd, and by God belov'd,
Thou, friend of virtue in degenerate days!
Who dar'd aſſert her cauſe, and ſing her praiſe,
Shalt take, tho' late, the great, th'immortal prize,
Crown'd with diſtinguiſh'd honours in the ſkies:
While brighter ſtars ſhall round thy temples ſhine,
And near the martyr hoſt a throne be thine.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occaſion'd by her preſenting me with Moliere's *Works.*

WELL may you part with *Moliere*'s comic ſtrains,
Whoſe poliſh'd ſoul no female fault retains;
But might reveal'd with modeſt pride, defy
The niceſt ſearch of his diſcerning eye.

Wiſe

Wiſe without ſourneſs, without lightneſs gay,
Devout as angels, and as mild as they:
Not warmer flames their nobleſt ſongs inſpire,
Nor deeper rev'rence ſinks th' adoring quire,
Than your's, when to their theme you tune the lyre.
Your piercing wit the beſt good-nature ſways,
Quick the leaſt merit to diſcern and raiſe,
But ſlow to cenſure what you cannot praiſe.
The ſpleen o'er you ne'er ſheds his baleful ray,
You ſtill enjoy, and give unſullied day.
No hideous pedantry with learned noiſe
Confounds the muſic of the female voice;
But while the wiſeſt maxims you infuſe,
With rapture we attend, and hail the heav'nly muſe.
In you religion's native beauties ſhine,
Attract our love, and prove its riſe divine.
Courted by fame, with pleaſure compaſs'd round,
Unhurt you traverſe this enchanted ground,
To heav'n with faintleſs ſpeed your courſe purſue,
Nor can the gaudy ſcene from heav'n divert your view.
And when this darling theme your tongue employs,
Seraphic notions rule your charming voice,
We hear an angel, and we taſte the joys.
If finiſh'd ſcenes you draw of bliſs above,
Libertines gaze, admire, begin to love,
Confeſs him wiſe, whoſe heart and hope's on high,
And dread their ſenſual joys at ſuch a price to buy.

BUT whither would I rove —— fair ſaint, excuſe
The feeble efforts of a grateful muſe,
Which not aſpir'd a perfect draught to frame,
But only meant to give thoſe charms a name,

Which

Which late with pleasing transports fill'd my soul,
And bid the happy hours unnumber'd roll,
Taught me unmov'd to view th' unthinking fair,
And made ev'n *Moliere* less a wit appear.

THO. AMORY.

Verses to the Memory of Mrs. ROWE.

By a FRIEND.

WHILE pensive in the lonely shades I stray,
Or thro' enamel'd meads pursue my way,
A gloomy sorrow hangs about my heart,
And sudden tears o'er my dim eye-balls start.
In vain (I cry) in vain, delightful spring,
Thou deckst the plains, who now thy charms shall sing?
Who from the various beauty of the fields,
And ev'ry herb thy genial influence yields,
Shall teach us their GREAT AUTHOR to discern,
And from each tree and flow'r his goodness learn?
Since PHILOMELA her last debt has paid,
And cold, and silent, in the tomb is laid.
No more the echoes shall repeat her song;
Nor crystal riv'lets, as they glide along,
Shall on their waters bear her tuneful lays,
Devoted all to her REDEEMER's praise:
No more shall I her friendly converse share,
Nor hear the dictates of her pious care.

YET

YET tho' the bright example is remov'd,
Be its idea ſtill rever'd, and lov'd;
To imitate her virtue may I try,
And on the path ſhe mark'd ſtill fix my eye.
Tho' far behind, imperfect, and diſtreſt,
Fain would I ſeek the climes of balmy reſt:
Where ſin no more can tempt, nor pain annoy,
Nor pining ſorrow interrupt their joy;
Where rivers of eternal pleaſure flow,
And gales of peace forever round them blow.
Say, could I ſee her in this happy ſtate,
And that ſhe lives no more on earth regret?
That freed, and victor in the glorious ſtrife,
No more ſhe labours thro' the toil of life;
But wears the ſtarry crown, the bright reward,
By God himſelf for all his ſaints prepar'd?

HOW often, when I join'd her ev'ning walk,
Would ſhe in rapture of this period talk!
How oft the fetters of her clay bemoan,
And wiſh them broke, impatient to be gone!
Yet ſtill reſign'd to wait th' appointed day,
Nor dar'd to murmur at her fate's delay.
The thought of earthly bliſs ſhe long had fled,
Deſirous to be number'd with the dead,
And meet her dear *Alexis*, on that ſhore,
Where fear of parting can torment no more:
Faithful to him, ſhe from the world retir'd,
Tho' by that world diſtinguiſh'd and admir'd.
In ſolitude ſhe paſt the circling days,
Fearleſs of cenſure, negligent of praiſe.

In

In contemplation all her hours were ſpent,
Her thoughts on heav'nly objects ever bent,
Till by the hand of death from hence remov'd;
Whoſe dart ſhe met in the retreat ſhe lov'd.

OBSCURE and peaceful may her aſhes lie,
No marble pomp attract the curious eye;
Nor weeping angel ſhall her grave adorn,
And teach the careleſs paſſenger to mourn;
No ſun-burnt pilgrim from afar ſhall come,
With ſuperſtitious rites to hail her tomb;
Nor ſhining tapers thro' the gloom of night,
Upon her urn diffuſe a trembling light:

Her worth a far more laſting fame ſhall give,
Her worth in ev'ry virtuous breaſt ſhall live.

On the Death of Mrs. ROWE.

ACCEPT, illuſtrious ſhade! theſe artleſs lays,
The muſe a tribute to thy mem'ry pays:
Thy loſs to no one private grief confin'd,
Demands the gen'ral ſorrow of mankind.

OFT did intrigue its guilty arts unite,
To blacken the records of female wit;
The tuneful ſong loſt ev'ry modeſt grace,
And lawleſs freedoms triumph'd in their place.
The muſe, for vices not her own accus'd,
With bluſhes view'd her ſacred gifts abus'd:

Thoſe

Thoſe gifts for nobler purpoſes deſign'd,
To raiſe the thoughts, and moralize the mind,
The chaſte delights of virtue to inſpire,
And warm the boſom with ſeraphic fire,
Sublime the paſſions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.

THESE glorious taſks were PHILOMELA'S part,
Who charms the fancy, and who mends the heart.
In her was ev'ry bright perfection join'd,
Whate'er adorns, or dignifies the mind;
Her's ev'ry happy elegance of thought,
Refin'd by virtue, as by genius wrought:
Each low-born care her pow'rful ſtrains controul,
And wake the nobler paſſions of the ſoul.
When to the vocal grove, or winding ſtream,
She hymn'd th' almighty Author of its frame,
Tranſported echoes bore the ſounds along,
And all creation liſt'ned to the ſong.
Bold as when raptur'd ſeraphs ſtrike the the lyre,
Chaſte as the veſtal's conſecrated fire,
Soft as the balmy airs that gently play,
In the calm ſun-ſet of a vernal day,
Sublime as virtue, elegant as wit,
As fancy various, and as beauty ſweet.
Applauding angels with attention hung,
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue:
They in the midnight hour beheld her riſe
Beyond the verge of theſe inferior ſkies;
Where rapt in joys to vulgar minds unknown,
She felt a flame ecſtatic as their own.

OH!

OH! while diſtinguiſh'd in the realms above,
The bliſsful ſeats of harmony and love,
Thy happy ſpirit joins the heav'nly throng,
Glows with their tranſports, and partakes their ſong;
Fix'd on my ſoul ſhall thy example grow,
And be my genius and my guide below:
To this I'll point my firſt, my nobleſt views,
Thy ſpotleſs verſe ſhall regulate my muſe.
And oh! forgive (tho' faint the tranſcript be,
That copies an original like thee)
My higheſt pride, my beſt attempt for fame,
That joins my own to PHILOMELA's name.

ELIZABETH CARTER.

On the Death of Mrs. ROWE.

WHAT heav'nly pow'r bends o'er yon gaping grave,
And weeps th' illuſtrious dead ſhe could not ſave?
Lo! from her flowing robes divinely bright
A dazling glory gilds the ſhades of night.
'Tis thou, *Urania!* the celeſtial maid
This tribute pays to PHILOMELA's ſhade:
For thee, great bard, ſhe bids her ſorrows flow,
Loſt in her grief, an ecſtacy of woe.
But hark! from her long trance the goddeſs breaks,
And thus in wild, deſpairing accents ſpeaks.

(Thou

(Thou midnight moon, and all ye ſtarry throng,
Retard your courſe, and hear th' immortal ſong!
Ye ſilver floods, your murm'ring flux reſtrain,
Nor roll your cryſtal volumes to the main!)

No more let flow'rs receive their annual birth,
Or vernal verdure cloathe the laughing earth;
No more, thou ſolar lamp, the day reſtore;
Ye ſtars, the fields of ether gild no more;
Thou lunar orb, withdraw thy ſilver light,
To total darkneſs give the horrid night:
Dead is the bard, who wont from you to raiſe
A ſong immortal to your Maker's praiſe;
In your fair volumes ſaw the God deſign'd,
And from his works ſung the creating mind.
Dead is my boaſt, in whom I meant to ſhow
What gifts the firſt of muſes could beſtow.
Oh! ſhe had pow'r the wildeſt rage to charm,
To bend the haughtieſt, and the coldeſt warm;
Pow'r to ſeduce unthinking crouds from bliſs,
And bid deluſion and perdition pleaſe:
Far other her deſign; her heav'nly page
To truth and wiſdom guides the liſt'ning age.
Undazzled by the glitt'ring pomp of ſtate,
Not her's the part to praiſe the guilty great;
Merit alone boaſts her unbrib'd applauſe,
And all her art ſhe us'd in virtue's cauſe.
Drawn by her hand in native beauty bright
Religion riſes lovely to the ſight.
No more can vice, with all her borrow'd charms,
Tempt thoughtleſs mortals to her fatal arms;
They for falſe bliſs no more the true deſtroy,
Or ruſh on mis'ry, for a dream of joy.

Ev'n death, ſupreme of terrors, now appears
No more the object of miſtaking fears;
He frees th' immortal mind from humble clay,
And gives a paſſage to eternal day:
Tho' dark the way, with joy they tread the road,
That leads to bliſs, to virtue, and to God.

SUCH, heav'nly bard, thy works, whoſe laſting praiſe
Shall crown thy head with never-fading bays,
Secure of life ſhall the grave's pow'r defy,
And laſt unchang'd till time and nature die.
Yet what to thee the fame by mortals giv'n?
To thee, applauded in the courts of heav'n?
There thy leaſt glory, firſt of bards, to have ſung
In accents worthy of a ſeraph's tongue;
Thy nobler praiſe, fair ſaint, that when below
Thine was the god-like pleaſure to beſtow:
That the prime grace, celeſtial charity,
The firſt and faireſt daughter of the ſky,
Thy hands extended, triumph'd in thy breaſt,
And her great vot'ry's total ſoul poſſeſt.
What loud laments were ſent to heav'n that day
That to its earth reſtor'd thy breathleſs clay!
How did the wretched curſe the hour that gave
Their patron, friend, and parent to the grave!
Theſe are thy honours! honours that can grace
None but the foremoſt of the human race.
Tyrants may ſleep beneath the *Parian* dome,
And ſculptur'd marble breathe around their tomb;
Stupendous piles, whoſe turrets wound the ſky,
May tell the world where its deſtroyers lie.

Thy

Thy ſoul, great bard, diſdain'd the meaner part
To borrow grandeur from the works of art;
Not thine the praiſes of a flatt'ring ſtone,
By thy ſepulchral ſtructure only known:
Far other honours future ages owe,
Than monumental marbles can beſtow;
While wit or ſacred verſe ſhall know to charm,
While virtue's ſelf the human breaſt ſhall warm,
Thy mem'ry ſhall ſurvive, ſecure of fame,
And lateſt times ſhall celebrate thy name.
Lo! I, the firſt of muſes, grace thy ſhade,
And honours give, not oft to mortals paid.
Leſs mourn'd th' inſpiring muſe, when *Leſbos'* pride
(By thee alone excell'd) fam'd *Sappho* dy'd.

MEAN time, while all the great and good below
Lament their loſs in agony of woe,
Th' angelic hoſts receive th' immortal mind,
No more on earth in humble clay confin'd;
The ſons of heav'n the kindred ſpirit greet,
And pleas'd, conduct thee to thy native ſeat:
There pleaſures flow eternal and divine,
And all the joys of paradiſe are thine.
Such thy bleſt lot, and ſuch the bright reward
For ſuch diſtinguiſh'd excellence prepar'd!

THE goddeſs ceas'd, and in a blaze of light,
To heav'n, her native region, urg'd her flight.

Aug. 1737. NICOLAS MUNCKLEY.

Elegiac Verſes.

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

FAREWEL, O ever honour'd, ever dear!
The bard demands a ſong, the ſaint a tear.

'TWAS thine with native force to touch the heart,
And ſcorn to ſteal a grace from rules of art:
So raiſe the warblers of the woods their notes,
Heav'n taught alone to tune their ſlender throats.
Unlabour'd beauties deck the ſong divine,
And ev'ry charm, inſpiring muſe, is thine:
So boaſts ſome wilderneſs of ſweets to ſmile
By nature's gift, nor aſks the aids of toil.

ESTRANG'D from flatt'ry, and to courts unknown,
And vice thy gen'rous ſcorn ev'n on a throne;
Thy muſe diſdain'd the guilty great to ſing,
No ſtateman's name profan'd her ſacred ſtring:
Thy happier choice to match the heav'nly choir,
And tune to virtue's praiſe th' ennobled lyre.
Nor prais'd alone, you practis'd what you ſung,
That virtue rul'd your breaſt, which warm'd your tongue;
From the full heart flow'd ev'ry godlike thought,
And thy life acted what thy numbers taught.

O THOU hadſt all that can the ſoul engage,
The fire of youth chaſten'd by ſapient age:

Gay

Gay without lightneſs, grave, yet not ſevere,
Polite as courts, as ruſtic truth ſincere;
Perfection all (as far as mortal can)
As ſoft as woman, and as wiſe as man.

FAIR like the ſnowy beauty of thy mien,
Th' unſully'd whiteneſs of thy ſoul within;
Good without ſhew, thy virtue, like thy lays,
Sincere of art, ſhone with unborrow'd grace.
No lures of glory could thy wiſh perſuade,
Fitted to ſhine in courts you ſought the ſhade,
Declin'd the honours worth like thine might claim,
And hid in diſtant deſarts fled from fame:
In vain! for which each virtue and each muſe
Crown'd thy retreat, fair fame their ſteps purſues.
Conceal'd from ſight, thus ſparkling diamonds ſhine
'Midſt lonely waſtes, deep in the diſtant mine;
But hid in vain, ev'n there, with ſearching eyes
Men mark their beauty, and their value prize.
Yet not applauſe could taint thy humble mind,
To thy own worth, as others frailties, blind;
So dead to vanity, thy angel guard
Here ceas'd their needleſs watch, nor danger fear'd.
Gold's glitt'ring baits, which all mankind betray,
Thou could'ſt with undeſiring eyes ſurvey:
Thy ſoul replete with virtue's ſacred ſtore,
The world forgot, prefer'd no pray'r for more:
Thus the rapt ſeraph, crown'd with heav'nly joys,
Waſtes not a wiſh on all earth's ſlighted toys.
Fond to commend, unknowing how to blame,
Thy lips ne'er learn'd a harſher ſound to frame;
The good with praiſe thy zealous tongue addreſt,
Silence was all thy cenſure of the reſt.

Thy ſoul ſerene, in all events the ſame,
Scarce felt a warmth that virtue's ſelf could blame;
No guſt of ire diſturb'd her bleſt repoſe,
Like *Eden*'s ſkies, where never tempeſt roſe:
Reaſon triumphant, and the paſſions chain'd,
Unſhaken rule the victor mind maintain'd.
Angel to bleſs and ſave! what faithful ſtrain
Can ſing thy goodneſs to the ſuff'ring train?
To all the joys of luxury unknown,
Scarcely what nature's wants requir'd, your own,
The poor had all the reſt; and ſtill thy heart
Grudg'd nature's real wants their ſlender part.
Studious to ſoften ev'ry human ill,
And all the wounds of adverſe fortune heal,
Thy lib'ral hand dealt happineſs around,
Nor indigence was near thy manſion found:
While modeſty ſtill threw a veil between
Thy deeds and praiſe: ſo angels bleſs unſeen.

O EARLY loſt, tho' length of days was thine!
Their friend, their parent muſt the poor reſign?
Who now ſhall ſooth the ſinking heart to hope,
And blend with lenient ſweets woe's bitter cup?
Where ſhall the orphan's cry find pitying ears?
Into whoſe breaſt the widow pour her tears?
Where modeſt merit find the gen'rous friend,
Prompt e'er ſhe ſues the lib'ral aid to lend?
Whoſe zeal to bleſs ſhall ſervile taſks repeat,
Bind the ſaints wounds, and waſh their wearied feet,
Court worth in rags to ſhare her bounteous board,
The ſervant of the ſervants of the Lord?

DEAR to thy God! while habitant on earth,
Th' Almighty goodneſs own'd thy favour'd worth,
And bad thy life, to mingled woe unknown,
A long-extended line of golden fate run on.
Thus ſome fair ſtream, that from a plenteous ſource
Derives its riſe, maintains its happy courſe:
No baſer wave its ſilver current blends,
No ruffling ſtorm from angry heav'n deſcends;
But ſmooth and limpid, o'er the flow'ry plain
It rolls its lengthen'd way, and ſeeks the diſtant main.

PEACE crown'd thy days, and the propitious ſkies
White, like the reſt, bad thy laſt hour ariſe.
Wan ſickneſs, gloomy fear, the fury, pain,
With ſcorpion ſcourge, and all death's direful train;
That oft around th' expiring good man's bed
Terrific ſtand, and hell-born horrors ſhed,
Rage to afflict thy mortal hour in vain,
Heav'n's high behefts th' unwilling fiends reſtrain.
Sudden, with ſcarce a pang, the vital chains
Break —— the freed ſoul her native ſky regains.
So falls ſome monarch oak, that flouriſh'd long
With verdure beauteous, and with vigour ſtrong;
Whoſe ſpreading arms ſtretch'd o'er the gladſome plain,
Shade to the flock, and ſhelter to the ſwain:
Not deſtin'd to the woes of long decay,
While years on years roll ſad and ſlow away;
At once the lifted ſteel his trunk aſſails,
He falls, and ev'ry ſwain his loſs bewails.

FAREWEL! if 'tis the muſe's boaſt to crown
With deathleſs fame, and virtue meets renown;
While yonder orbs their meaſur'd dance purſue,
The wiſe ſhall praiſe, the good ſhall copy *you*.

On the Death of Mrs. ROWE.

COME, all ye wiſe, and all ye virtuous, come,
To pay due honours at this ſacred tomb!
Preſt by this rude, unpoliſh'd marble lies
What PHILOMELA left beneath the ſkies.
What tho' no artiſt's hand has mark'd the ſtone,
And her fair form in breathing ſculpture ſhewn;
Her weeping friends no want of *Phidias'* mourn,
Nor wiſh the *Parian* buſt, or pompous urn:
Suffices *this* to ſhew, this earth can claim
The ſacred reliques of ſo great a name.
Nor need theſe lines in trite expreſſion praiſe
The matchleſs beauties of her heav'nly lays;
Secure of fame, her own immortal ſong
Speaks her the pride of the poetic throng.
Fitter her virtuous uſe of verſe to ſhew,
And what ſaints laud above, commend below.

TOO mean the taſk for thy immortal lays,
To deck the infamous in pow'r with praiſe:
His crimes diſguis'd, no cruel tyrant ſhines
The father of his people in thy lines.

Not

Not thine from virtue's ſacred paths t'entice,
And add falſe beauties to the monſter vice;
Not thine to bid religion's heav'nly rules
Become the laughter of licentious fools:
Thy ſtrains, fair ſaint, teach us, from error free,
Like thee to live, and to be bleſt like thee.

THOU glory of thy ſex and age, farewel!
Thy various virtues future bards ſhall tell;
Men yet unborn thy mem'ry ſhall revere,
And wet thy marble with a pious tear:
No more to thee by mortals can be given,
This earth ſhall pay —— the reſt is left to heav'n.

Nov. 1737.

On the Death of Mrs. ELIZABETH ROWE.

MUCH honour'd ſhade! while ſorrowing o'er thy urn,
The friend, the ſiſter, and the ſaint I mourn,
O that my lays each tuneful grace could boaſt,
Sweet as the ſtrains that wept *Alexis* loſt;
That while I ſigh thy fate, and ſing thy name,
My alter'd verſe might catch thy heav'nly flame!
Then with my theme my numbers ſhould agree,
Inſpir'd by ev'ry muſe, and worthy thee.

FAIR

FAIR ſhone thy form, how fitted to impart
Joy to the eye, and paſſion to the heart!
Yet was thy ſex's pride, to lure the gaze
With radiant beauty, but thy ſmalleſt praiſe;
Exalted goodneſs, and a ſoul divine,
(Immortal charms by ſeraphs lov'd) were thine.
So 'midſt the blooming race the ſpring ſupplies,
Smiles ſome fair flow'r deck'd with diſtinguiſh'd dies;
Nor ſooths the ſight with painted pride alone,
But wond'rous virtues its gay honours crown;
Potent to heal, the ſacred plant contains
Balm for our wounds, and med'cine for our pains.

O FAV'RITE of the nine! in whom conſpire
The *Sapphic* ſweetneſs, and *Pindaric* fire,
What various beauty decks thy happy ſong!
Soft as thy form, and as thy virtue ſtrong.
Smooth as the gliding ſtream, that o'er the plain,
With ſtealing lapſe, rolls on his watry train;
And ſoftly murm'ring winds its gentle way,
While vernal hours the temp'rate ſeaſon ſway:
Yet ſtrong, as when the wintry tempeſts pour
The guſhing rains t'augment the liquid ſtore;
When ſwoln to rage, it foams, and roars, and raves,
And rolls reſiſtleſs violence of waves,
Burſts like a ſwelling ocean o'er the plain,
And thund'ring pours along impetuous to the main.

WHENE'ER thy *Doric* lays delight the grove
With gen'rous friendſhip, or with guiltleſs love,

O ſolitude! how ſmiles thy calm retreat,
The muſes haunt, and virtue's beſt-lov'd ſeat!
Courts lure no more, the blaze of grandeur fades,
And ev'ry heart ſighs for thy peaceful ſhades.
If plaintive of *Alexis*' early doom,
We hear the mourning o'er a husband's tomb;
Kind, wiſe, and good, ſnatch'd from thy widow'd arms
In all the blooming pride of manly charms;
What boſom bleeds not at thy moving ſtrains?
What eye the tributary tear refrains?
Or if thy muſe, warm'd with diviner flame,
Scorns mortal themes, and ſings th'Almighty's name,
Taught by thy verſe celeſtial heights to ſoar,
Earth leſſens to our view, and charms no more;
Our raptur'd breaſts thy ſacred ardors ſhare,
Heav'n all our hope, and virtue all our care:
While wond'ring angels from the ſkies bend down,
To hear the ſong they ſcarce would bluſh to own.

O BORN to bleſs, adorn, and mend the age!
Thou dar'dſt for friendleſs piety engage.
Yet too well-natur'd for ſatiric rhymes,
(Thy part to weep, not laſh licentious times)
Thy gentle muſe *Iambic* rage declin'd,
And choſe a taſk more ſuited to thy mind:
To paint what woe to guilty joy ſucceeds,
And fire the breaſt with love of godlike deeds:
Woe alien to thy days, for ever true
To piety, and promis'd heav'n in view;
But ev'ry godlike deed thy page diſplays,
Shone in thy living worth with rival grace.
O happy work! which ev'ry boſom charms,
That wit allures, or ſacred virtue warms.

THE

THE libertine, who loſt in guilty joys,
Scorns heav'n's juſt lore, and ſhuns the preacher's voice,
Won by thy artful tales of gen'rous deeds,
Shall feel the wiſh to copy what he reads:
No more by vice enſlav'd, th' unfetter'd youth,
Freed by thy hand ſhall find the paths of truth;
And form'd by thee, his better hopes ſhall riſe
On virtue's ſolid baſe, and reach the ſkies.

So charm thy works! whoſe laſting fame ſhall ſhed
Unblaſted laurels on thy honour'd head;
No vulgar boaſt! yet nobler is the praiſe
Of angel goodneſs than of angel lays:
Parnaſſian wreaths with faded luſtre ſhine,
While palms celeſtial round thy temples twine.

RECLUS'D from all the world, and worldly care,
Thy life's ſole bus'neſs charity and pray'r;
Gold's tempting charms ne'er gave thy breaſt to glow,
Who knew no uſe of wealth but to beſtow.
The ſtore heav'n lent thy lib'ral bounty ſpread,
Cloath'd were the naked, and the famiſh'd fed;
Sav'd by thy hand, the widow wip'd her eye,
And orphans breaſts forgot the frequent ſigh:
Parent to pity, patron to relieve,
Merit ne'er mourn'd, while you had more to give.

BE witneſs, O thou charitable door,
Which ever op'd, receiv'd the crowding poor,
That never ſuff'ring virtue's weeping train
Before thy threſhold breath'd their wants in vain.

ASSIST.

ASSIST me, O celeſtial muſe, to paint
The holy fervors of th' adoring ſaint!
Her hours of heav'nly converſe, pray'r and praiſe,
(The largeſt, beſt-lov'd portion of her days)
When proſtrate low ſhe pour'd her ſoul to God,
All rapt to heav'n, and like a ſeraph glow'd:
But ceaſe, my lays, nor dare the ſubject try,
Gueſs it, ye ſaints, if thought can reach ſo high!

YE miniſters of heav'n, whoſe guardian grace,
Attends the good, witneſs her pray'r and praiſe;
Say, if from mortal tongue ye e'er have known
Pray'rs more ſincere, or praiſe more like your own.

THOSE joys, thou Virtue, only can beſtow,
Crown'd with eternal peace her open brow;
The tranquil mind, from fav'ring heav'n ſerene,
Tranſpierc'd her frame, and ſhone upon her mien:
Such ſweetneſs decks a ſmiling angel's face,
Breathing around benevolence and grace.

BLEST in thy life and genius! bleſt in death!
Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath;
Unfelt the ſtroke, and ſpar'd the painful ſtrife,
Of nature ſtruggling, e'er ſhe parts with life:
One hour in blooming health, the next, the ſkies
Receive the ſaint to ever-during joys.
Thy gracious God thus heard thy favour'd vows,
And crown'd thy virtue with the death you choſe.
Such fate, if heav'n approves, my pray'rs implore,
Such be my life, and ſuch its lateſt hour!

Bleſt

Bleſt hour! that ſhall returning peace decree,
And bid this boſom bleed no more for thee.

DEAR to the wiſe and good! but dear in vain!
Not HERTFORD's tears recall the ſaint again.
O friend! O ſiſter! to this boſom dear,
By ev'ry name that prompts the ſigh ſincere,
Torn from my longing hope, in thee I mourn
Life's fondeſt joy —— ah! never to return!
No more theſe eyes on thy lov'd form ſhall gaze,
Where more than beauty glow'd in ev'ry grace.
No more, while envious ſhades unheeded riſe,
And ſummer ſuns too ſoon forſake the ſkies,
My raviſh'd ſoul ſhall hang upon thy voice,
Imparadis'd in more than mortal joys.
O with what tranſport did my liſt'ning ear,
Thy converſe, like an angel's rev'renc'd, hear!
While ſacred truths in ſofteſt accents flow'd,
Breath'd heav'n around, and rapt my ſoul to God.
Ye hours of heav'n (if ought beneath the ſkies
Can boaſt reſemblance to celeſtial joys)
Why will your mem'ry wound my tortur'd thought?
Ne'er to return, can ye be ne'er forgot?
So fate ordains! thro' future life to me,
No joy ſhall ſmile ſincere from grief for thee.

YET not eternal abſence ſhall divide
Thoſe virtuous hearts, which gen'rous friendſhip ty'd.
If following thee my feet ſhall learn to tread
That arduous way, from which you never ſtray'd,
The path ſhall guide me to thy bleſt abode,
And oh! perhaps few ſteps remain untrod.

There,

There, tho' high-thron'd, and to thy God more near,
Sublime thou ſhin'ſt in thy exalted ſphere;
Yet may I diſtant, on thy glories gaze,
And hear thee hymn thy God in heav'nly lays:
There (lower far my ſeat, my robe leſs white)
Bliſs, tho' unequal, ſhall our ſouls unite.

YES, we ſhall meet again, no more to part!
Hope at the ſound awakes, and ſooths my heart.
Bleſt hope! that aids with ſtrengthen'd ſtep to tend
O'er life's rough road, while heav'n and thou the end.
Tho' ſunk in woe, with years of ſickneſs worn,
I languiſh in decay, of joy forlorn,
And thou art loſt; yet welcome ev'ry ill
My life has felt, or future hours ſhall feel,
If virtue, weak like mine, may hope to ſhare
Thy heav'n, and find the meaneſt manſion there

MEAN time, O ever-honour'd ſhade, farewel!
'Tis thine, in everlaſting joys to dwell;
'Tis mine, the loſs of angel worth to ſigh,
Ne'er to be found again beneath the ſky.
Ah friend! how ſad, how ſlow ſhall roll the hours,
'Till heav'n my ſoul to thee and bliſs reſtores!

April, 1737. THEOPHILUS ROWE.

On

On the preſent publication of Mrs. ROWE's *Poems after her death.*

THUS PHILOMELA ſung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the riſing ſoul reſtrain'd:
Now the freed ſpirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in ſtrains more ſoft, more ſtrong;
There only could ſhe learn a loftier ſong.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The VISION.

'T WAS in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation made;
No beauteous branch, no plant, or fragrant flow'r,
But flourish'd near the fair, delicious bow'r;
With charming state its lofty arches rise
Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies;
All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
Which winds thro' myrtle groves and orange blew;

Clear waves along with pleaſing murmur ruſh,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts guſh.

'TWAS here, within this happy place retir'd,
Harmonious pleaſures all my ſoul inſpir'd;
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful ſtring,
Now war, now love, and beauty's force would ſing:
To heav'nly ſubjects now, in ſerious lays,
I ſtrive my faint, unſkilful voice to raiſe:
But as I unreſolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in eaſy ſlumbers glide away;
Nor with ſuch grateful ſleep, ſuch ſoothing reſt,
And dreams like this I e'er before was bleſs'd;
No wild, uncouth chimera's intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual ſcene.

THE place was all with heav'nly light o'er-flown,
And glorious with immortal ſplendor ſhone;
When! lo a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air.
A ſoft, beneficent, expreſsleſs grace,
With life's moſt florid bloom adorn'd his Face;
Wreaths of immortal palm his temples bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind.
Angelic his addreſs, his tuneful voice
Inſpir'd a thouſand elevating joys:
When thus the wond'rous youth his ſilence broke,
And with an accent all celeſtial ſpoke.

TO heav'n, nor longer pauſe, devote thy ſongs,
To heav'n the muſe's ſacred art belongs;

Let

Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when death's fatal ſleep ſhall cloſe thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the ſkies;
We'll crown thee there with everlaſting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.
This ſpoke, the ſhining viſion upward flies,
And darts as lightning thro' the cleaving ſkies.

The beginning of the fourth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM *tranſlated.*

BUT while to bring about their great intent,
The Chriſtian army all their vigour bent;
The potent enemy of human kind,
Revolv'd their happy progreſs in his mind.
His baleful eyes with helliſh envy glare,
Half ſtifled murmurs ſhow his inward care,
And hollow groans betray his deep deſpair:
With ſuch a heavy, hoarſe, and bellowing ſound,
Wild bulls, when ſtung with grief, they trace the ground,
Fill all the groves, and all the valleys round.
Collecting all the rage within his breaſt,
For means the active Chriſtians to moleſt.
Fool! to believe with any force or ſkill,
T' oppoſe the methods of th' eternal will;
And thoſe avenging thunders to awake,
That plung'd him headlong down the flaming lake,

Regardleſs of that memorable day,
He ſummons now the ſtates of hell away.
Thro' all the climes of endleſs darkneſs round,
The jarring calls of the hoarſe trumpet ſound;
Trembled the wide infernal caves again,
And long the murm'ring air retain'd the ſullen ſtrain.
Not half ſo dreadful, in a ſtormy wreck,
From low'ring clouds the noiſy thunders break;
Nor vapours cloſe impriſon'd in the earth,
With ſuch wild rumour give themſelves a birth.
In various troops, the gloomy deities
Together came, that ſhare the vaſt abyſs:
Unnumber'd forms, and monſtrous all appear,
And deadly terror in their looks they wear;
With horrid ſnaky treſſes ſome were crown'd,
Some ſtamp'd with brutal hoofs the burning ground;
Others more curſt a human viſage find,
But ſcaly ſerpents end below, and wind
In circling folds prodigious lengths behind:
And many a lewd, deteſted *Harpy* there,
Centaurs, and *Sphinx's* hideous forms appear:
Hydra, and *Python*, hiſſing thro' the gloom,
With *Gorgon* here, and barking *Scylla*, come:
Giants and ghaſtly ſhapes that want a name,
And fierce *Chimæra* ſpitting angry flame;
And many a fiend and frightful monſter more,
With wild confuſion crowd the lofty door.
Great *Lucifer* the regal ſeat commands,
Shaking a ruſty ſcepter in his hands:
Nor *Alpine* hill, nor ſome exalted rock,
That proudly ſtands the raging ocean's ſhock,

Nor

Nor half ſo tall th' *Atlantic* mount appears;
So vaſt his bulk, ſo high his tow'ring front he rears.
A horrid majeſty ſurrounds his face,
Its terror, pride and growing rage increaſe.
His red'ning Eyes like fatal comets glare,
And ſhoot malignant venom thro' the air:
Beneath his breaſt deſcends a loathſome beard,
His mouth a deep polluted gulf appear'd;
Whence iſſue ſulphur, ſmoke, and pois'nous ſteams.
With mutt'ring thunder, and diſtructive flames.
He ſpake; all hell aſtoniſh'd at the noiſe
Stood mute, grim *Cerberus* reſtrains his voice;
Cocytus ſtops, the ſnakes to hiſs forbear,
While thro' the ſounding deep theſe dreadful words
we hear.

INFERNAL Gods, worthy the thrones of light,
And monarchies of heav'n, your native right,
Whom from the realms of bliſs, your ancient lot,
The juſt, the glorious cauſe for which we fought,
With me to this opprobrious dungeon brought.
Other ſucceſs, ev'n he that rules the ſkies,
Excepted from our noble enterprize:
But unmoleſted now he reigns above,
And us from thence as conquer'd rebels drove.
From a ſerene, and everlaſting day,
From ſtars, and from the ſun's delightſome ray;
To ſhades, and endleſs horrors we retire,
Nor dare again to thoſe gay climes aſpire.
But I th' effects of all his wrath diſdain,
'Till one curſt thought exaſperates my pain;
That racking thought I never can ſuſtain

I could with joy in heav'n reſign my place,
But rage to ſee it fill'd with man's degen'rate race:
To ſee vile duſt exalted to ſupply
Our once illuſtrious ſtations in the ſky;
And what diſtracts me more------
As all too little to our mighty foe
Appear'd, that he for worthleſs man could do;
The ruin'd wretches forfeiture to pay,
He gave to death his darling ſon a prey;
Victorious o'er the meagre king, in ſtate
He proudly enters the infernal gate;
Within my gloomy confines dar'd to tread,
And here in ſcorn his ſhining banners ſpread.
Millions of captive ſouls, our deſtin'd prey,
He led triumphant from the ſhades away:
And, what my diſcontent and pain renews,
The ancient enterprize he ſtill purſues;
And while we idly here conſume the day,
To him the *Aſian* empire drops away,
And falſe *Judæa* ſhortly owns his ſway:
Loud hymns in ev'ry language to his name
They ſing, and ſpread around the world his fame.
Inſcrib'd in braſs, and laſting marble, they
His glory down to future times convey.
To him alone devoted flames ariſe,
And vows, and od'rous incenſe mount the ſkies.
No blazing fire upon our altar ſhines,
Neglected ſtand our temples, and our ſhrines:
No more with gifts they crowd our rich abodes,
Nor fall before us as aſſiſting Gods.
Empty of human ſouls our regions grow,
While all the roads of hell unpeopled ſhow:

And

And can we tamely ſuffer this? And reſts
No ſpark of ancient vigour in your breaſts?
Have you forgot when in bright arms we ſhone,
Engag'd with heav'n, and ſhook his lofty throne?
Our native vigour, our immortal flame,
And ardent thirſt of glory, is the ſame.
But why, you dear companions of my woe,
In pleaſing miſchief are you grown ſo ſlow?
Loſt here in ſloth and darkneſs we remain,
While new allies the proſp'rous Chriſtians gain:
Haſte then, with all the rage of hell aſſail
Our dreaded foes, by arts or force prevail;
In all their ſolemn councils raiſe diſſent,
Ungrounded jealouſies, and diſcontent:
Let ſome the ſlaves of ſhameful paſſions prove,
Plung'd in the ſoft, licentious joys of love;
And others treach'rouſly the cauſe decline,
Confound their army, ſink the curſt deſign.

On the CREATION.

NOR yet the crude materials of the earth,
Were form'd; nor time, nor motion yet had birth:
Nor yet one ſolitary ſpark of light
Glar'd thro' the duſky ſhades of ancient night;
Nor on the barren waſtes of endleſs ſpace,
As yet were circumſcrib'd the bounds of place:
When at th' Almighty's word, from nothing ſprings
The firſt confus'd original of things.

Whatever now the heav'ns wide arms embrace,
Together then lay blended in a maſs;
The dull, the active, the refin'd, and baſe,
The cold, the hot, the temp'rate, moiſt and dry,
All mingled in profound diſorder lie;
In one prodigious undiſtinguiſh'd heap,
Th' extremeſt contraries of nature ſleep:
Nor yet the ſprightly ſeeds of fire aſcend,
Nor downwards yet the pond'rous atoms tend.
A monſtrous face the new creation wears,
And void of order, form, and light, appears;
'Till the almighty *fiat*, once again
Pronounc'd, did motion to each part ordain,
Awoke the tender principles of life,
And urg'd the growing elemental ſtrife.
And now confuſions infinite ariſe,
From nature's moſt remote antipathies:
But while againſt their furious oppoſites,
Each hoſtile atom all its force unites,
Their own lov'd ſpecies, thro' the formleſs maſs,
With am'rous zeal officiouſly they trace,
And join, and mingle in a ſtrict embrace.
The lively ſhining particles of light,
On dazzling wings attempt their nimble flight.
The fine tranſparent air, with mighty force,
Thro' fix'd and fluid, upward takes its courſe.
The groſſer ſeeds with heavy motion preſs,
And meeting in the midſt, the central parts poſſeſs;
While the united waves, without controul,
About the ſlimy ſurface proudly roll,
'Till an imperial word their force divides,
And lo! the deep by ſmooth degrees ſubſides;

And

And lo! the riſing ſtately mountains leave
Their ouzy beds; and lo! the valleys cleave,
The congregated waters to receive:
And down the ſinking billows calmly go;
Part to the ſubterranean caves below,
And part around the hills in circling currents flow.
And now the ſlimy, ſoft-fermented earth,
Prepar'd to give her various ſpecies birth,
Obedient to the voice, produces all
Her boundleſs ſtores at her Creator's call.
A ſudden ſpring at his command aroſe,
And various plants their verdant tops diſcloſe;
The teeming ground to riſing groves gives way,
Which leaves and bloſſoms inſtantly diſplay,
And ev'ry branch with tempting fruit looks gay.
When he again, whoſe active word fulfill'd
Exactly all the mighty things he will'd,
Commands, and ſtraight the heav'nly arches riſe,
And kindling glories brighten all the ſkies.
A ſudden day with gaudy luſtre gilds
Th' expanded air, the new-made ſtreams, and fields;
Ten thouſand ſprightly dazzling lights advance,
And trembling rays in the wide ether dance:
The ſun, beyond them all immenſe and gay,
Aſſumes the bright dominion of the day;
And whirling up the ſkies with rapid force,
Along the radiant zone begins his deſtin'd courſe.

AND now another efficacious word,
The air and earth, and wat'ry region ſtor'd:
The num'rous vehicles for breath prepar'd,
The mighty ſummons of their maker heard;

And

And from the boſom of their native clay
Sprung into life, and caught the vital ray.
Millions of footed creatures range the woods,
Millions with fins divide the cryſtal floods;
Millions beſides, with wanton liberty,
On painted wings riſe ſinging to the ſky.

BUT laſt of all, two of a nobler kind,
After the brighteſt model in his mind,
With care the great artificer deſign'd:
Beyond his other works, complete and fair,
He form'd with ev'ry grace the lovely pair,
Adorn'd with beauty, crown'd with dignity,
Immortal, god-like, rational, and free:
Serene impreſſions of a ſtamp divine,
Upon their matchleſs faces clearly ſhine:
In deep ſuſpence, and at themſelves amaz'd,
With curious eyes they on each other gaz'd;
Themſelves, and all the fair creation round
Survey, and ſtill freſh cauſe of wonder found.

FOR now, in their primæval luſtre gay,
The earth and heav'ns their utmoſt pride diſplay.
The blazing ſun from his meridian height,
Thro' an unclouded ſky darts round his flaming light.
The fields, the floods, and all th' enlighten'd air,
In open day look raviſhingly fair.
The bright carnation, and the fragrant roſe,
Their beauties freſh with heav'nly dew diſcloſe.
The noble *Amaranths* ſhow their purple dye,
Splendid, as that which paints the morning ſky.

Ten

Ten thousand od'rous flow'rs of various hue,
In ev'ry shade and plain spontaneous grew;
And down the smooth descent of verdant hills,
From marble fountains gush a thousand rills;
Thro' many a pleasant shade they murm'ring go,
And mingle with the larger streams below,
Which thro' the flow'ry valleys softly flow;
And all along their lovely spacious banks,
Immortal trees are plac'd in equal ranks,
Whose charming shades might God himself delight,
And angels from their heav'nly bow'rs invite.
Here gentle breezes, from their fragrant wings,
Shed all the odours of a thousand springs:
Harmonious birds among the branches sing,
And all the groves with chearful echoes ring.

HAIL mighty Maker of the universe!
My song shall still thy glorious deeds rehearse:
Thy praise, whatever subject others chuse,
Shall be the lofty theme of my aspiring muse.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP:
A
PASTORAL.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
And rising night the ev'ning shade extends:
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field;
And closing flowers reviving odours yield;

Let

Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our am'rous ſecrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To ev'ry ſhepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair *Aminta* is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while its pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſte goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

PROPITIOUS god of love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire:
Propitious god of love, thy ſuccour bring;
Whilſt I thy darling, thy *Alexis* ſing,
Alexis, as the op'ning bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.
For him each virgin ſighs, and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whiſp'ring ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful *Conon* ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crowded groves;
And *Phoebus* the ſuperior ſong approves.

SYLVIA.

BEAUTEOUS *Aminta* is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.

Young

Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In ev'ry breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires:
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on; the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

AND in his abſence, all the penſive day,
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain.
Dear, lovely youth! I cry to all around:
Dear, lovely youth! the flatt'ring vales reſound.

SYLVIA.

ON flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring ſtream,
Aminta is my muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair *Aminta*'s name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'LL twine freſh garlands for *Alexis*' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my *Apollo* prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

To the AUTHOR *of the foregoing* PASTORAL.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BY *Sylvia*, if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in *Aminta*'s praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind *Aminta*'s hair:
And when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim;
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs *Aminta*'s name:
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe;
And love himſelf ſubmit to friendſhip's laws.

BUT, if beneath thy numbers ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true *Alexis* lies;
If *Anaryllis* breathes thy ſecret pains;
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains:
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May *Venus* long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure:
May ev'ry God his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and *Ceres* bleſs thy board.

BUT, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs chearful to ariſe;

Piteous,

Piteous transfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs;
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

In praiſe of MEMORY. *Inſcrib'd to the Honourable the Lady* WORSELY.

BEST gift that heav'ns indulgence cou'd beſtow!
To thee our ſureſt happineſs we owe;
Thou all the flying pleaſures doſt reſtore,
Which, but for thee, bleſt *Mem'ry*, were no more:
For we no ſooner graſp ſome frail delight,
But ready for its everlaſting flight,
E'er we can call the haſty bliſs our own,
If not retain'd by thee, it is for ever gone.

THOU to the fond ſucceſsful lover's heart,
A thouſand melting raptures doſt impart;
When, yet more lovely than herſelf, and kind,
Thou bring'ſt his fancy'd miſtreſs to his mind;
The flatt'ring image wears a livelier grace,
A ſofter mein, and more inticing face.

THOU from the flying minutes doſt retrieve
The joys, *Clorinda*'s wit and humour give;
Thoſe joys that I had once poſſeſs'd in vain,
Did not the dear remembrance ſtill remain:

She

She ſpeaks, methinks, and all my ſoul inſpires,
Brightens each thought, and gives my muſe new fires;
'Tis ſhe that lends my daring fancy wings,
Softens my lyre, and tunes its warbling ſtrings.

THOU only to the guilty art ſevere,
Who the review of their paſt actions fear;
But to the innocent and virtuous mind,
Art ſtill propitious, ſmiling ſtill, and kind.
To thee we all thoſe charming pleaſures owe,
The pleaſures that from gen'rous actions flow,
And they are ſtill the nobleſt we poſſeſs below.

An imitation of a PASTORAL *of Mrs.* KILLEGREW'S.

MYRTILLA.

LET fragrant eaſtern breezes round thee play,
And op'ning bloſſoms ſtill adorn thy way;
Let bubbling fountains murmur to thy ſleep,
And *Pan* himſelf the while protect thy ſheep;
Thy wanton herds thro' verdant paſtures ſtray,
Paſtures like thee, all flouriſhing and gay.
And when with guiltleſs ſports, the rival ſwains,
For rural glory ſtrive upon the plains,
Still, young *Alexis*, may the prize be thine,
And on thy brows the faireſt garland ſhine.

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

UNFADING wreaths may'ſt thou, *Myrtilla*, gain,
And deathleſs honours by thy verſe obtain;
May ſuch ſmooth numbers warble from thy tongue,
As late the ſkilful *Melibœus* ſung.

MYRTILLA.

No ſuch ambitious aim my mind purſues;
'Tis love, O charming youth! inſpires my muſe:
Could I but pleaſe thee with my artleſs lays,
I proudly ſhou'd neglect all other praiſe;
Would'ſt thou be grateful, ev'ry grove, and ſtream,
And hill, and lawn ſhou'd echo with thy name;
Each rock, each winding cavern and retreat,
The ſoft, inchanting accents ſhou'd repeat:
And if my muſe immortal fame cou'd give,
Thy name in deathleſs numbers ſhou'd ſurvive.

ALEXIS.

SECURE of fame, he needs no further crave,
Who ſuch a laſting monument may have:
But oh! his glory ne'er can be improv'd,
Who by the bright *Lycoris* has been lov'd.

MYRTILLA.

FOND youth, in yonder ſolitary ſhade,
I ſaw *Narciſſus* with the perjur'd maid;
A thouſand tender things ſhe look'd, and ſaid;
Her raviſh'd eyes upon his beauty fed;
With flow'rs his graceful flowing hair ſhe dreſt,
And ev'ry ſmile her ſecret flame confeſt.

ALEXIS.

WHAT pass'd before I saw my lovely fair,
Deserves not now my jealousy or care:
Had I at first the fickle beauty known,
She had been constant then, and all my own.

A description of the enchanted palace and garden of ARMIDA; *whither two knights from the Christian camp were come in search of* RINALDO.

Translated from the beginning of the sixteenth Book of TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

THE palace in a circling figure rose,
Its lofty bounds a sylvan scene incloſe;
Expanded there a beauteous garden lay,
Where never-fading flow'rs their pride display,
A thousand *dæmons* kept their lodgings round,
Whose arts with endless labyrinths confound
Each passage to the fair enchanted ground.
A hundred gates adorn the stately place,
The chief of which the heroes wond'ring pass:
The folding-doors on golden hinges turn,
With polish'd gold the radiant pillars burn;
But all the dazzling precious metal's cost,
Was in the rich, unvalu'd sculpture lost.

The

The figures which the ſpacious portals grace,
With human motion ſeem to leave their place;
In ev'ry viſage, an expreſſive mind
Th' inimitable artiſt had deſign'd,
And life in all their looks and geſtures ſhin'd.
Nor ſpeech was wanting, fancy that ſupplies;
They breathe and ſpeak, while each conſults his eyes.

THE ſtory firſt with *Hercules* begins;
With virgins ſeated here he tamely ſpins:
The god-like man, who hell's ſtrong paſſage gain'd,
And heav'n, and all its rolling orbs ſuſtain'd,
A ſpindle wields, and with ſoft tales beguiles
The flying hours; fond *Love* ſtands by and ſmiles;
His uſeleſs club the fair *Iole* holds,
The lion's rugged ſkin her tender limbs infolds.

REMOTE from this a ſea its ſurges rears,
Hoary with foam the azure field appears;
Two warlike fleets advance on either ſide,
And o'er the waves with equal terror ride:
The flaſhes which from brandiſh'd weapons came,
With dreadful ſplendor all the deep inflame.
Conſpicuous far the bright *Egyptian* queen,
Urging the fierce encounter on is ſeen:
Antonius here conducts the eaſtern kings,
The mighty *Romans* there illuſtrious *Cæſar* brings.
As when two floating iſles amidſt the main,
Puſh'd on by winds, each other's ſhock ſuſtain,
And mountains claſh with mountains on the wat'ry plain:

With ſuch a force the hoſtile fleets ingage,
Their thund'ring chiefs oppos'd with equal rage;
While javelins, darts, and flaming torches fly,
And foreign ſpoils above the waters lie.
To *Cæſar* now the victory inclines,
The beauteous queen the liquid field reſigns;
She flies, nor wou'd the fond *Antonius* ſtay,
But madly left the ſcarce-decided day,
And threw the empire of the world away.
Nor touch'd with fear, nor conquer'd by his foes,
Th' unhappy man the doubtful field foregoes,
But by his love betray'd; yet gen'rous ſhame
And martial honour oft his thoughts reclaim:
And now he wou'd the fainting fight renew,
And now the charming fugitive purſue;
With her inglorious to the ſhore he flies,
And careleſs there, and loſt in pleaſure lies;
Abandon'd looſely to her fatal charms,
Reſolves to ſoften fate in *Cleopatra*'s arms.

THE champions all theſe coſtly wonders view,
And thro' the palace now their courſe purſue:
As wild *Meander* winds along his ſhores,
Now ſinks, and now his ſilver wave reſtores;
Now to the ocean runs in various ways,
And backward now in wanton motion plays;
Such crooked paths, ſuch labyrinths they paſs,
As they the dubious ſtructure's windings trace;
And thro' th' uncertain maze they ſtill had err'd,
But the wiſe *Magus*' ſcheme their paſſage clear'd;
Whence diſengag'd, before their raviſh'd eyes
The beauteous garden's pleaſant proſpect lies;

The

The ſhining lakes, and moving cryſtal here,
The flow'rs, and various plants at once appear;
At once a ſhady vale, and ſunny hill,
And groves, and moſſy caves the landſcape fill;
At once its ſelf the charming ſcene reveals,
And all its wiſe contriver's art conceals:
Nor art does copying nature here appear,
But ſportive nature imitating her.
The air was mild, and calm the morning breeze,
Which breath'd eternal verdure on the trees;
The trees their branches proudly here diſplay,
With full-ripe fruits, and purple bloſſoms gay;
Beneath one ſpreading leaf, a bending twig
Preſents the immature and rip'ning fig:
Depending on a loaded branch are ſeen
The gold, the bluſhing apple, and the green:
The lofty vines their various cluſters ſhow;
Ungrateful thoſe, while theſe with *Nectar* flow:
The joyful birds beneath the happy ſhade,
In guided parts a tuneful concert made.
The whiſp'ring winds, and waters murm'ring fall,
With trembling cadence ſoftly anſwer'd all:
Now ceas'd the birds, the winds and waters high,
In warbling ſounds return the harmony;
But falling, now the birds reſume their part,
Yet ſcarce this order ſeems th' effect of art:
But one with gaudy plumes, among the reſt,
And purple bill, ſuperior ſkill expreſt;
Now imitating human words begun,
The ſweet, the ſhrill, the melting note her own:
The wing'd muſicians all ſtood mute to hear,
The winds ſuſpend their murmurs in the air,

And liſt'ning ſtaid while ſhe her ſong recites,
Which in alluring ſtrains to love invites:
Her part perform'd, the feather'd chorus round,
Thro' all the groves their glad aſſent reſound.
The penſive doves in ſighs their pain reveal,
The whiſp'ring trees a paſſion ſeem to feel:
The floods, the fields, and lightſome air above
Confeſs the flame, and gently breathe out love.

UNCONQUER'D yet the ſtedfaſt knights remain,
And all the tempting baits of vice diſdain;
But now retir'd beneath a pleaſant ſhade,
The lovers at a diſtance they ſurvey'd:
Armida ſeated on the flow'rs they find,
And in her lap *Rinaldo*'s head reclin'd;
Inſpiring love, and languiſhing her air,
Unbound and curling to the winds her hair:
Her careleſs robes flow with an am'rous grace,
And roſy bluſhes paint her lovely face.
Fix'd on her charms he fed his wanton fires,
And feeding ſtill increas'd his fierce deſires;
Plung'd in licentious pleaſures thus he lay,
And melts his life inglorioufly away.

AT certain times *Armida* to her cells
Retires to practiſe her myſterious ſpells:
The hour was come, ſhe ſighs a ſoft adieu,
And from his arms unwillingly withdrew.
In glitt'ring armour ruſhing from the wood,
Before him ſtrait the pious heroes ſtood.
As the fierce ſteed, for juſts and battel bred,
Now uſeleſs grown, with herds in paſtures fed,

Ranges

Ranges at large, and lives ignobly free
From former toils; if arms he chance to ſee,
Or hears from far the trumpet's ſprightly ſounds,
He neighs aloud, and breaks the flow'ry bounds;
Longs on his back to feel the hardy knight,
Meaſure the liſts, and meet the promis'd fight.
Their ſight the brave *Rinaldo* thus alarm'd,
Recall'd his honour, and his courage warm'd;
Its long inglorious ſleep his virtue broke,
And martial ardor ſparkled in his look.
When with a friendly ſcorn *Ubaldo* held
Before the youth his adamantine ſhield;
Supriz'd he meets his own reflection there,
His gaudy robes hung looſe, his flowing hair,
Clouds with the rich perfume, and ſweetens all the air.
A bright, but uſeleſs ſword adorns his ſide;
Aſham'd he views this nice fantaſtic pride,
And, like a man that long in idle dreams
Has lain, deluded to himſelf he ſeems:
Enrag'd, the hateful object now he flies,
Confus'd and ſilent downward bends his eyes,
Half wiſh'd the cleaving ground might open wide,
Or overwhelming ſeas his ſhame wou'd hide.
Ubaldo ſees the time, and thus begun,

WHILE fame, while ſo much glory may be won,
While *Aſia*, while all *Europe* are in arms,
And ſhake the univerſe with loud alarms;
Bertoldo's ſon alone exempt from fear,
Remains a woman's noble champion here.
What lethargy, what fatal ſpells controul
Thy vig'rous honour, and unman thy ſoul?

Come on! the camp, and mighty *Godfrey* ſend,
Fortune and victory thy ſword attend;
The deſtin'd hero thou the doubtful war to end:
Conclude the conqueſt o'er thy pagan foes,
What might can thy reſiſtleſs arm oppoſe?

SPEECHLESS he ſtood; and now a decent ſhame,
And now a gen'rous pride his looks inflame:
He rends the badges of his lewd diſgrace,
And flies with horror the deteſted place.

The ſtory of ERMINIA. *Tranſlated from the ſeventh Book of* TASSO's JERUSALEM.

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady Viſcounteſs WEYMOUTH.

ERMINIA, by the centinels ſurpriz'd,
Fled all the night, in burniſh'd arms diſguis'd;
And all the day thro' pathleſs woods ſhe ſtray'd,
Of ev'ry whiſp'ring breath of wind afraid:
But now the ſun his ſhining progreſs ends,
Deſerts the ſkies, and to the ſea deſcends;
The nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,
And on his flow'ry borders ſeeks repoſe;
Soft ſleep, that wiſh'd relief to mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous maid his downy wings;

But

But reſtleſs love his empire ſtill maintains,
And o'er her dreams in airy triumph reigns.
At laſt the birds ſalute the riſing light,
And wanton winds the roſy morn invite;
They curl the ſtreams, and dance along the waves,
Glide thro' the woods, and whiſper in the leaves:
Each painted bloſſom opens to the day,
With them, *Erminia*'s eyes their charms diſplay:
With penſive looks, the proſpect round ſhe view'd,
The ſhepherds tents, and rural ſolitude;
Each ruffling noiſe awakes her former fears,
'Till thro' the boughs a tuneful note ſhe hears:
The fields and floods the chearful ſound retain,
And ſportive echoes mock the jovial ſwain;
Who careleſs near the banks of *Jordan* ſate,
Nor fear'd the ſtars, nor curs'd relentleſs fate:
Pleas'd with his honeſt art, he baſkets wove;
Three ſprightly boys to imitate him ſtrove.
The princeſs nearer drew, with wild affright
The children fled the unaccuſtom'd ſight,
'Till the bright helmet from her head ſhe took,
Reveal'd a female face, and modeſt look;
The golden treſſes o'er her ſhoulders fell,
And all their fears her charming eyes diſpel:
Her face no more a martial terror boaſts,
When thus the wond'ring ſhepherd ſhe accoſts.

THRICE happy man! the gods peculiar care
Protects thee from the waſteful rage of war:
I come not here to offer hoſtile wrongs,
To interrupt thy labours, or thy ſongs;

But

But by what methods haſt thou found defence,
Againſt the ſword's impartial violence;
While claſhing arms, and the ſhrill trumpet's ſound,
With endleſs jars, perplex the regions round?

MY humble ſtate, fair maid, the ſwain replies,
Beneath the turns of changing fortune lies:
While lightning blaſts the mountain's lofty brow,
The humble valley ſmiles ſecure below.
From all the tumults which diſtract the great,
We live exempt in this obſcure retreat;
The gods themſelves the rural life approve,
And kindly guard the innocence they love:
In groves we ſleep, from ſpoil and rapine free,
Content with little, bleſt in poverty.
This life (which yet ambitious men deſpiſe)
Before a court's licentious joys, I prize:
Nor pride, nor ſordid avarice, moleſt
The ſoft tranquility within my breaſt.
Unartful meats ſupply my frugal board,
And drink the pure, untainted ſprings afford;
No poiſons thro' their channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden cups betray'd:
Theſe youths, my ſons, to labour us'd, like me,
Attend my flocks with chearful induſtry.
Nor think theſe ſhades can no delights afford;
With various harmleſs beaſts the woods are ſtor'd,
Among the boughs melodious birds reſide,
And ſcaly fiſh along the rivers glide.

YET other motives did my youth engage,
And wild ambition fir'd my blooming age;

I ſcorn'd

I ſcorn'd the peaſant's care and humble toils,
And left my native ſhores, for foreign ſoils;
And in th' *Egyptian* court my ſuit preferr'd:
My ſuit the condeſcending noble heard.
The royal gardens ſoon were made my care;
I learn'd the fatal ſnares of greatneſs there,
Its impious methods, and unconſtant ſtate;
But learn'd, alas! the dear miſtake too late:
My prime was paſt, my airy wiſhes croſs'd,
And all my dreams of riſing fortune loſt,
With weeping eyes, the country ſcenes I view'd,
And bleſs'd my once inglorious ſolitude;
The ſmooth tranquility, the gay content,
In which my former happy days were ſpent.
Reſolv'd again thoſe pleaſures to purſue,
With juſt remorſe, I bid the court adieu.
The day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which ſet me from its gaudy bondage free.

HIS wiſe diſcourſe th' attentive princeſs pleas'd,
And half the tempeſt of her ſoul appeas'd:
She now reſolves to try, far from the ſtrife
Of factious courts, an unambitious life.
She paus'd ---- then thus, with gentle words, began
T' addreſs the hoary venerable man.

IF, by the diſappointments thou haſt prov'd,
Thy kind relief, and pity may be mov'd,
Conduct me to ſome hoſpitable cell,
And let me in theſe calm receſſes dwell:
There quiet ſhades, perhaps, will eaſe my grief,
And give my reſtleſs paſſions ſome relief.

By

By thy example taught, I ſhall grow wiſe;
With that, a tear grac'd her prevailing eyes:
Some pitying drops the careful ſhepherd ſhed,
And to his cottage the fair ſtranger led.
A father's kind indulgence fills his breaſt;
His wife, with joy, receives the royal gueſt;
Who now her nodding helmet lays aſide,
Her gilded arms, and ornamental pride;
Then in a ſylvan dreſs, the graceful maid,
All negligent, her decent limbs array'd;
But nothing ruſtic in her careleſs mien,
The princeſs ſtill thro' all diſguiſe was ſeen:
Majeſtic beauty lighten'd in her face,
She mov'd, and ſpoke, with an unvulgar grace;
An air of grandeur, not to be ſuppreſs'd,
Her noble mind and high deſcent confeſs'd.
Yet to the fold her bleating flocks ſhe drove,
And with her native delicacy ſtrove:
Sometimes along the freſh enamel'd meads,
Her harmleſs charge, with gentle pace ſhe leads;
And, oft beneath ſome laurel's ſhade reclin'd,
With *Tancred*'s name, ſhe wounds the tender rind:
Each tree that flouriſh'd in the conſcious grove,
The records bore of her ſucceſsleſs love.
And when the tragic ſtory ſhe review'd,
The ſad deſcription all her grief renew'd;
With love and melting ſorrow in her eyes,
Ye verdant plants, the penſive charmer cries,
Ye pines, and ſpreading laurels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep inſcriptions of my woe;
Some wretched maid, undone by love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd faith, and partial deſtiny.

BUT if my charming hero here ſhould ſtray,
As grant, ye bleſt propitious powers, he may!
And wand'ring, find in ev'ry ſhade his name,
My ſecret care, and undiſcover'd flame,
Long after death has clos'd my wretched eyes,
And in the grave this mortal relick lies;
Some tender ſigh, ſome grateful tear may prove
The late ſucceſs of my unblemiſh'd love.
My hov'ring ghoſt, pleas'd with that ſoft return,
The rigour of my fate no more ſhould mourn.

WITH theſe complaints, ſhe ſooths her fond de-
ſires,
And vainly to the fields and ſhades retires;
The fields and ſhades indulge her fatal fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a ſtranger to her charms,
Among the toils of war, and fierce alarms,
Purſues a nobler fate in military arms.

HYMN I.

I.

THE glorious armies of the ſky
To thee, O mighty king!
Triumphant anthems conſecrate,
And hallelujahs ſing.

II. But

II.

But ſtill their moſt exalted flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee;
How diſtant then muſt human praiſe
From thy perfections be!

III.

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd ſenſe
Each creature in its various ways
Diſplays thy excellence?

IV.

The active lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their ſkilful maker's praiſe
With ſilent elegance.

V.

The bluſhes of the morn confeſs
That thou art much more fair:
When in the eaſt its beams revive
To gild the fields of air;

VI.

The fragrant, the refreſhing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whiſpers owns from thee
Their pleaſing odours come.

VII.

The ſinging birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praiſe the firſt almighty cauſe
With diff'rent voices call.

VIII. Thy

VIII.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No, rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee.

HYMN II.

I.

BEGIN the high celeſtial ſtrain,
My raviſh'd ſoul, and ſing
A ſolemn hymn of grateful praiſe
To heaven's almighty king.

II.

Ye curling mountains, as you roll
Your ſilver waves along,
Whiſper to all your verdant ſhores
The ſubject of my ſong.

III.

Retain it long, you echoing rocks,
The ſacred ſound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To diſtant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
My lofty theme convey.

V.

Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you ariſe,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or ſhade the ev'ning ſkies.

VI.

Let harmleſs thunders roll along
The ſmooth ethereal plain,
And anſwer from the cryſtal vault
To ev'ry flying ſtrain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the ſpheres,
And echo thro' the ſky,
Till angels with immortal ſkill
Improve the harmony.

VIII.

While I with ſacred rapture fir'd
The bleſt creator ſing,
And warble conſecrated lays
To heaven's almighty king.

HYMN III.

I.

THOU didſt, O mighty God, exiſt
E'er time begun its race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of ſpace.

II. Before

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was ſtay'd,
Before the ocean's mighty ſprings
Their liquid ſtores diſplay'd:

III.

E'er thro' the gloom of ancient night
The ſtreaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celeſtial arch,
Or ſtarry poles were rear'd:

IV.

Before the loud melodious ſpheres
Their tuneful round begun,
Before the ſhining roads of heav'n
Were meaſur'd by the ſun:

V.

E'er thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung,
Or to their harps the ſons of light
Extatic anthems ſung:

VI.

E'er men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliſs (O ſacred ſpring of life!)
And glory was the ſame.

VII.

And when the pillars of the world
With ſudden ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

VIII.

When from her orb the moon ſhall ſtart,
The aſtoniſh'd ſun roll back,
While all the trembling ſtarry lamps
Their ancient courſe forſake:

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting years
Shall thy exiſtence be.

HYMN IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatneſs, in its gayeſt pride,
My reſtleſs thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms
My fond deſires allure:
For greater things than theſe from thee
My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

IV. Thoſe

IV.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles
That brighten heav'n above,
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

V.

Theſe are the mighty things I crave;
O! make theſe bleſſings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly reſign.

HYMN V.

I.

IN vain the duſky night retires,
And ſullen ſhadows fly:
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the eaſtern ſky.

II.

In vain the gaudy riſing ſun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the ſilver ſtreams,
And chears the dewy fields.

III.

In vain, diſpenſing vernal ſweets
The morning breezes play;
In vain the birds with chearful ſongs
Salute the new-born day;

IV.

In vain! unleſs my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds controul,
And diſſipate the ſullen ſhades
That preſs my drooping ſoul.

V.

O! viſit then thy ſervant, Lord,
With favour from on high;
Ariſe, my bright, immortal ſun!
And all theſe ſhades will die.

VI.

When, when, ſhall I behold thy face
All radiant and ſerene,
Without theſe envious duſky clouds
That make a veil between?

VII.

When ſhall that long-expected day
Of ſacred viſion be,
When my impatient ſoul ſhall make
A near approach to thee?

HYMN *on the ſacrament.*

I.

AND art thou mine, my deareſt Lord?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldeſt wiſhes I can form
Unto a pitch more high.

II. Yes,

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the contract's ſeal'd
With thine own precious blood;
And ev'n almighty power's engag'd
To ſee it all made good.

III.

My fears diſſolve: for oh! what more
Cou'd ſtudious bounty do?
What farther mighty proofs are left
Unbounded love to ſhew?

IV.

My faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My title to thy love,
For all the valu'd things below,
Or ſhining things above.

V.

Nor at the proſp'rous ſinner's ſtate
Do I at all repine;
No, let 'em parcel out the earth,
While heav'n and thou art mine.

A PASTORAL *on the nativity of our* SAVIOUR.

In Imitation of an Italian PASTORAL.

MENALCAS.

SOME mighty things theſe awful ſigns portend!
Amaz'd we ſee new ſtars the ſkies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping lights appear,
And dart their ſudden glories thro' the air;

A dazzling day, without the ſun, returns,
And thro' the midnight's duſky horror burns.

PALEMON.

AND, in the depth of winter, ſpring appears,
For lo! the ground a ſudden verdure wears;
The op'ning flow'rs diſplay their gaudieſt dye,
And ſeem with all the ſummer's pride to vie.

URANIO.

NOR without myſt'ry are theſe joys that roll
In torrents thro' my now prophetic ſoul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd breaſt,
That more than all the tribes the race of *Judah*'s bleſt.

MENALCAS.

BUT ſee the eaſtern ſkies diſcloſe a light
Beyond the noontide's flaming glories bright;
This way its courſe the ſacred viſion bends,
And with much ſtate and ſolemn pomp deſcends.
Sonorous voices echo from a-far,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling air:
The circling ſpheres the charming ſound prolong,
And anſwer all the cadence of their ſong:
And now the ſacred harmony draws near,
And now a thouſand heav'nly forms appear.

ANGELS.

IMMORTAL glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty ſtations of the ſky;
Let joy on earth, and endleſs peace enſue,
The great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy men! to you.

URANIO.

URANIO.

THE great Meſſiah born! tranſporting ſound!
To the wide world ſpread the bleſt accents round:
What joy theſe long-expected tidings bring!
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

ANGELS.

AN infant in a virgin's arms he lies,
Who rides the winds, and thunders thro' the ſkies;
The God to whom the flaming ſeraphs bow,
Deſcends to lead the life of mortals now.

MENALCAS.

——— Surprizing pow'r of love!
Ev'n God himſelf thy mighty force does prove;
Thou rul'ſt the world below, and govern'ſt all above.

PALEMON.

YOU ſhining meſſengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous child to find.

ANGELS.

YOUR glad conducters to the place we'll be,
Eager as you this myſtic thing to ſee.

URANIO.

SOME preſent to the infant king let's bear,
For zeal ſhou'd always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

COME on, we'll lead you to the poor abode,
Where in a manger lies th' incarnate God;

Reduc'd to lodge among the ſordid beaſts,
Who all the ſpacious realms of light poſſeſs'd;
And he whoſe humble miniſters we were,
Becomes a tender virgin's helpleſs care.
Thro' heav'n, but now, the haſty tidings rung,
And anthems on the wond'rous theme they ſung.

PALEMON.

BUT to what happy maid of human race
Has heav'n allotted this peculiar grace?

ANGELS.

YE echoing ſkies, repeat *Maria*'s name;
Maria thro' the ſtarry worlds proclaim:
In her bright face celeſtial graces ſhine,
Her mind's enrich'd with treaſures all divine,
From *David*'s royal houſe deſcends her noble line.
But ſee the humble ſeat, the poor abode,
That holds the virgin with the infant God.

MENALCAS.

THEE, virgin-born, thus proſtrate, I adore,
And offer here the choice of all my ſtore.
Untill'd the earth ſhall now vaſt harveſts yield,
And laughing plenty crown the open field.
Clear rivers in the deſarts ſhall be ſeen,
And barren waſtes cloath'd in eternal green,
Inſtead of thorns the ſtately fir ſhall riſe,
And wave his lofty head amidſt the ſkies;
Where thiſtles once, ſhall fragrant myrtles grow,
The beauteous roſe on ev'ry buſh ſhall glow,
And from the purple grape rich wines, unpreſs'd,
ſhall flow.

PALEMON.

PALEMON.

GREAT ſtar of *Jacob*, that ſo bright doſt riſe,
Turn, lovely infant, thy auſpicious Eyes;
This ſoft and ſpotleſs wool to thee I bring,
My earlieſt tribute to the new-born king.
With thee each ſacred virtue takes its birth,
And peace and juſtice now ſhall rule the earth.
Thou ſhalt the bliſs of paradiſe reſtore,
And wars and tumults ſhall be heard no more.
The wolf and lamb ſhall now together feed,
And with the ox the lions ſavage breed.
The child ſhall with the harmleſs ſerpent play,
And lead, unhurt, the gentle beaſt away.
And where the ſun aſcends the ſhining eaſt,
And where he ends his journey in the weſt,
Thy glorious name ſhall be ador'd and bleſt.

URANIO.

THE hope of *Iſrael*, hail! —— with humble zeal
To thee, unqueſtion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to thee! of whom the prophets old
Such mighty things to our forefathers told.
Thy kingdom ſhall from ſea to ſea extend,
And reach the ſpacious world's remoteſt end.
The ſpicy iſle, and *Saba*'s wealthy king,
To thee from far ſhall coſtly preſents bring.
Thy ſteadfaſt throne ſhall ſtand for ever faſt,
And thy dominion time it ſelf out laſt.

THIS gentle lamb, the beſt my flocks afford,
I bring an off'ring to all nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

ANGELS.

AND we, the regents of the ſpheres, thus low
Before mankind's illuſtrious Saviour bow:
Aſtoniſh'd, in an infant's form we ſee
Diſguis'd th' ineffable divinity;
Who arm'd with thunder, on the fields of light
O'ercame the potent ſeraphim in fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded force of love!
Subdu'd by that, from all the joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched life of man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd numbers will ſupply,
And fill the deſolations of the ſky.

HYMN *on* HEAVEN.

I.

HAIL, ſacred *Salem*, plac'd on high!
Seat of the mighty king,
What thought can graſp thy boundleſs bliſs?
What tongue thy glories ſing?

II.

Thy cryſtal tow'rs and palaces
Magnificently riſe,
And dart their beauteous luſtre round
The empyrean ſkies.

III.

The voice of triumph in thy ſtreets,
And acclamations ſound:
Gay banquets in thy ſplendid courts,
And nuptial joys abound.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright ſmiles on ev'ry face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry eye;
From ev'ry mouth glad anthems flow,
And charming harmony.

V.

Illuſtrious day for ever there
Streams from the face divine;
No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor ſtars, nor ſun decline.

VI.

No ſearching heats, no piercing colds,
The changing ſeaſons bring;
But o'er the fields mild breezes there
Breathe an eternal ſpring.

VII.

The flow'rs with laſting beauty ſhine,
And deck the ſmiling ground;
While flowing ſtreams of pleaſure all
The happy plains ſurround.

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields, let us lodge in the villages, Cant. vii. 11.

I.

THOU object of my higheſt bliſs,
And of my deareſt love,
Come, let us from this tireſome world,
And all its cares remove.

II. Among

II.

Among the murm'ring cryſtal ſtreams,
The groves, and flow'ry fields,
Let's try the calm and ſilent joys
That bleſt retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the buſy world,
To thee alone I'll live,
And taſte more pleaſure in thy ſmiles
Than all things elſe can give.

IV.

My pure deſires, and holy vows,
Shall centre all in thee;
While ev'ry hour to ſacred love
Shall conſecrated be.

HYMN.

I.

BEFORE the roſy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll ſing;
Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre!
Awake, each charming ſtring!

II.

Awake! and let thy flowing ſtrain
Glide through the midnight air,
While high amidſt her ſilent orb
The ſilver moon rolls clear.

III. While

III.

While all the glitt'ring ſtarry lamps
Are lighted in the ſky,
And ſet their Maker's greatneſs forth
To thy admiring eye:

IV.

While watchful angels round the juſt,
As nightly guardians wait,
In lofty ſtrains of grateful praiſe
Thy ſpirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my ſoft and tuneful lyre!
Awake each charming ſtring!
Before the roſy dawn of day,
To thee, my God, I'll ſing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly arch doſt draw
A dark and ſable veil,
And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the ſky with golden beams
Thy ſkilful hands adorn,
And paint, with chearful ſplendor gay,
The fair aſcending morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or ſmiling day renews,
Thy conſtant goodneſs ſtill my ſoul
With benefits purſues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
With early incenſe bring;
And e'er the roſy dawn of day,
Thy lofty praiſes ſing.

A DIALOGUE *between the* Fallen ANGELS, *and a* Human SPIRIT *juſt entred into the other world.*

Human SPIRIT.

LONG ſtruggling in the agonies of death,
With horror I reſign'd my mortal breath:
With horror long the fatal gulph I view'd,
And ſhiv'ring on its utmoſt edges ſtood;
Till forc'd to take th' inevitable leap,
I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy ſteep:
And here of every hope bereft, I find
My ſelf a naked, an unbody'd mind.
My lov'd, my fond, officious friends in vain,
My fleeting ſoul endeavour'd to retain;
In vain its blooming manſion did invite;
Grandeur, and wealth, and love, and ſoft delight,
With tempting calls in vain its flight would ſtay,
When forc'd by the ſevere decree away.
'Tis paſt ----- and all like a thin viſion gone,
For which I have my wretched ſoul undone;

And

And wand'ring on this dark, deteſted ſhore,
My eyes ſhall view the upper light no more.

Fallen ANGELS.

THEN welcome to the regions of deſpair!
Thy ruin coſt us much deſign and care,
And thou hadſt 'ſcap'd, but for one happy ſnare;
And in the bliſsful ſkies ſupply'd the place
Of ſome fall'n ſpirit of our nobler race:
Thou could'ſt the thirſt of wine or wealth controul,
And no malicious ſin has ſtain'd thy ſoul;
But for the Joys of one forbidden love
Haſt loſt the boundleſs extaſies above.

Human SPIRIT.

AND all was freely, freely all was loſt;
How dear has one ſhort dream of pleaſure coſt!
But yet this fatal, this enchanting dream,
I ſhould, perhaps, to heaven itſelf eſteem,
Were it as permanent: but, ah! 'tis gone,
And I a wretch abandon'd and undone;
Of God, of every ſmiling hope, am left,
And all my dear delights on earth bereft:
While here for gilded roofs, and painted bow'rs,
For pleaſant walks, and beds of fragrant flow'rs,
I find polluted dens, and pitchy ſtreams,
And burning paths, with beds of raging flames;
Inſtead of muſic's ſweet inſpiring ſound,
Repeated yells, and endleſs groans go round;
And for the lovely faces of my friends,
I meet the ghaſtly viſages of fiends;

A thou-

A thouſand nameleſs terrors are behind,
Deſpair, confuſion, fury, ſeize my mind:
But will my griefs no happy period find?

Fallen ANGELS.

COUNT all the twinkling glories of the ſky,
Count all the drops that in the ocean lie;
Of all the earthly globe the atoms count,
Eternal years thy numbers ſtill ſurmount.
Millions of tedious ling'ring ages gone,
Thy miſery, thy hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy bliſs had been,
But for one darling, one beloved ſin;
Cold to the baits of any other vice,
Beauty alone could thy fond thoughts entice;
By this, or all our ſtratagems had fail'd,
By this we o'er thy temp'rate youth prevail'd.
Poor, ſottiſh ſoul! below our envy now,
For what a toy didſt thou a heaven forego!

Human SPIRIT.

O tell me not from what fair hopes I fell!
Juſt miſſing heaven, but aggravates my hell.

Falleu ANGELS.

THOU know'ſt not what thou'ſt loſt, but we too well
The glories of that happy place can tell.
There endleſs heights of ecſtaſy they prove,
There's laſting beauty and immortal love;
There flowing pleaſures in full torrents roll,
For pleaſures form'd; this loſs muſt rack thy ſoul.

Human

Human SPIRIT.

WITH how much cruel art you aggravate
My miſery's intolerable weight?

Fallen ANGELS.

OUR envy once, thou'rt now become our ſcorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was born;
That mighty favour, that peculiar grace,
Too glorious for the fall'n angelic race,
Serves only to exaſperate thy doom,
And give th' infernal ſhades a darker gloom.

Human SPIRIT.

OH! that's the wounding circumſtance of all,
To lower depths of woe I cannot fall:
Ye curſt tormentors, now your rage is ſpent,
Your fury can no further hell invent;
A Saviour's title, a Redeemer's blood,
Their worth, till now, I little underſtood.

A deſcription of HELL.

In imitation of MILTON.

DEEP, to unfathomable ſpaces deep,
Deſcend the dark, deteſted paths of hell,
The gulphs of execration and deſpair,
Of pain, and rage, and pure unmingled woe;
The realms of endleſs death, and ſeats of night,
Uninterrupted night, which ſees no dawn,

Prodigious darkneſs! which receives no light,
But from the ſickly blaze of ſulph'rous flames,
That caſt a pale and dead reflection round,
Diſcloſing all the deſolate abyſs,
Dreadful beyond what human thought can form,
Bounded with circling ſeas of liquid fire.
Aloft the blazing billows curl their heads,
And form a roar along the direful ſtrand;
While ruddy cat'racts from on high deſcend,
And urge the fiery ocean's ſtormy rage.
Impending horrors o'er the region frown,
And weighty ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable ſnares, and fatal pits,
And gulphs of deep perdition, wait below;
Whence iſſue long, remedileſs complaints,
With endleſs groans, and everlaſting yells.
Legions of ghaſtly fiends (prodigious ſight!)
Fly all confus'd acroſs the ſickly air,
And roaring horrid, ſhake the vaſt extent.
Pale, meagre ſpectres wander all around,
And penſive ſhades, and black deformed ghoſts.
With impious fury ſome aloud blaſpheme,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, curſe the ſkies;
While ſome, with gloomy terror in their looks,
Trembling all over, downward caſt their eyes,
And tell, in hollow groans, their deep deſpair.

CONVINC'D by fatal proofs, the atheiſt here
Yields to the ſharp tormenting evidence;
And of an infinite eternal mind,
At laſt the challeng'd demonſtration meets.

THE

THE libertine his folly here laments,
His blind extravagance, that made him ſell
Unfading bliſs, and everlaſting crowns,
Immortal tranſports, and celeſtial feaſts,
For the ſhort pleaſure of a ſordid ſin,
For one fleet moment's deſpicable joy.
Too late, all loſt, for ever loſt! he ſees
The envy'd ſaints triumphing from afar,
And angels baſking in the ſmiles of God.
But oh! that all was for a trifle loſt,
Gives to his bleeding ſoul perpetual wounds.

THE wanton beauty, whoſe bewitching arts,
Has drawn ten thouſand wretched ſouls to hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry blandiſhment and charm,
All black, and horrid, ſeeks the darkeſt ſhades,
To ſhun the fury of revengeful ghoſts,
That with vindictive curſes ſtill purſue
The author of their miſerable fate,
Who from the paths of life ſeduc'd their ſouls,
And led them down to theſe accurſt abodes.

THE fool that ſold his heav'n for gilded clay,
The ſcorn of all the damn'd, ev'n here laments
His ſordid heaps; which ſtill to purchaſe, he
A ſecond time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets fields of light, nor ſtarry wreaths,
Nor angels ſongs, nor pure unmingled bliſs,
But for his darling treaſures ſtill repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his doom,
He ſees ſome thoughtleſs prodigal conſume.

BEYOND them all a miſerable hell
The execrable perſecutor finds;
No ſpirit howls among the ſhades below
More damn'd, more fierce, nor more a fiend than he.
Aloud he heav'n and holineſs blaſphemes,
While all his enmity to good appears,
His enmity to good; once falſly call'd
Religious warmth, and charitable zeal.
On high, beyond th' unpaſſable abyſs,
To aggravate his righteous doom, he views
The bliſsful realms, and there the ſchiſmatic,
The viſionary, the deluded ſaint,
By him ſo often hated, wrong'd, and ſcorn'd,
So often curs'd, and damn'd, and baniſh'd thence:
He ſees him there poſſeſt of all that heav'n,
Thoſe glories, thoſe immortal joys, which he,
The orthodox, unerring catholic,
The mighty fav'rite, and elect of God,
With all his miſchievous, converting arts,
His killing charity, and burning zeal,
His pompous creeds, and boaſted faith, has loſt.

On HEAVEN.

WHAT glorious things of thee, O glorious place!
Shall my bold muſe in daring numbers ſpeak?
While to immortal ſtrains I tune my lyre,
And warbling imitate angelic airs:
While ecſtaſy bears up my ſoul aloft,

And

And lively faith gives me a diſtant glimpſe
Of glories unreveal'd to human eyes.

YE ſtarry manſions, hail! my native ſkies!
Here in my happy, pre-exiſtent ſtate,
(A ſpotleſs mind) I led the life of gods.
But paſſing, I ſalute you, and advance
To yonder brighter realm's allow'd acceſs.

HAIL, ſplendid city of th' almighty king!
Celeſtial *Salem*, ſituate above;
Magnificent thy proſpect, and auguſt,
Thy walls ſublime, thy tow'rs and palaces
Illuſtrious far, with orient gems appear.
There regent angels, crown'd with ſtars, command,
High in the midſt, the awful throne of God
Aſcends, the utmoſt empyrean arch,
The heav'n of heavens; where in conceiveleſs light,
Such as infinity alone can prove,
He enjoys th' extremeſt bounds of happineſs,
And was in perfect bleſſedneſs the ſame
E'er any thing exiſted but himſelf;
E'er time, or place, or motion, had a name;
Before the ſpheres began their tuneful round;
Or through the air the ſun had ſpread his beams;
E'er at his feet the flaming ſeraphs bow'd,
And caſt their ſhining crowns before his throne;
E'er ſmiling angels tun'd their golden harps,
Or ſung one hallelujah to his praiſe.
But mighty love, which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his bliſs.

O SPEAK! you happy ſpirits that ſurround
His dazzling throne, for you alone can tell;
For you alone thoſe raptures can deſcribe,
And ſtem th' impetuous floods of joy that riſe
Within your breaſts, when all unveil'd, you view
The wonders of the beatific ſight:
When from the bright unclouded face of God
You drink full draughts of bliſs and endleſs love,
And plunge your ſelves in life's immortal fount;
The ſpring of joy, which from his darling throne
In endleſs currents ſmoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant fields of paradiſe;
Thro' balmy groves, where on their flow'ry banks,
To murm'ring waters, and ſoft-whiſp'ring winds,
Fair ſpirits in melodious concert join,
And ſweetly warble their heroic loves.
For love makes half their heav'n, and kindles here
New flames, and ardent life in ev'ry breaſt;
While active pleaſure lightens in their eyes,
And ſparkling beauty ſhines on every face:
Their ſpotleſs minds, all pure and exquiſite,
The nobleſt heights of love prepar'd to act,
In everlaſting ſympathies unite,
And melt, in flowing joys, eternity away.

To thoſe bleſt ſhades, and amarantine bow'rs,
When dazzled with th' unſufferable beams
That iſſue from the open face of God,
For umbrage many a ſeraphim reſorts:
Nor longer here o'er their bright faces claſp
Their gorgeous wings, which open wide, diſplay
More radiance than adorns the chearful ſun,

When

When firſt he from the roſy eaſt looks out:
Gentle as love, their looks ſerene as light,
Blooming and gay as everlaſting ſprings.

BUT oh! when in the lofty bliſsful bow'rs,
With heav'nly ſkill, to the harmonious lyre,
The clear, the ſweet, the melting voice they join;
The vales of heav'n rejoice, and echoing loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming cloſe again;
While trembling winds upon their fragrant wings
Bear far the ſoft, melodious ſounds away;
The ſilver ſtreams their winding journeys ſtay,
Suſpend their murmurs, and attend the ſong;
The laughing fields new flow'rs and verdure wear,
And all the trees of life bloom out afreſh.
The num'rous ſuns which gild the realms of joy,
Dance in their lightſome ſpheres, and brighter day
Thro' all th' interminable ether darts,
While to the great unutterable name,
All glory they aſcribe in lofty ſtrains,
In ſtrains expreſsleſs by a mortal tongue.
O happy regions! O tranſporting place!
With what regret I turn my loathing eyes
To yonder earthly globe, my duſky ſeat!
But, ah! I muſt return; no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the ſoft, celeſtial air,
And view the myſtic wonders of the ſkies.

SERAPHIC LOVE.

I.

THOU beauty's vaſt abyſs, abſtract of all
My thoughts can lovely, great, or ſplendid call;
To thee in heav'nly flames, and pure deſires,
My raviſh'd ſoul impatiently aſpires.

II.

With admiration, praiſe, and endleſs love,
Thou fill'ſt the wide reſplendent worlds above;
And none can rival, or with thee compare,
Of all the bright intelligences there.

III.

What vapours then, what ſhort-liv'd glories be
The faireſt idols of our ſenſe to thee?
Before the ſtreaming ſplendor of thine eye,
The languid beauties fall away, and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat delights of ſenſe!
I'm charm'd with a ſublimer excellence,
To whom all mortal beauty's but a ray,
A ſcatter'd drop of his o'erflowing day.

V.

How ſtrongly thou, my panting heart, doſt move
With all the holy ecſtaſies of love!
In theſe ſweet flames let me expire, and ſee
Unveil'd the brightneſs of thy deity.

VI. Oh!

VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly bliſs
My thoughts can ever reliſh after this;
No, deareſt Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy ſmiles, to pleaſe, or ſatisfy me now.

The tranſlation of ELIJAH.

HIS lecture to the ſad young prophets done,
And laſt adieus, the rev'rend ſeer goes on,
Obedient as the ſacred inſtinct guides,
And now advanc'd to *Jordan*'s verdant ſides;
Elijah, with his great ſucceſſor ſtood,
And gave a ſignal to the paſſing flood;
Th' obſequious waters ſtay, for well they know
What to his high authority they owe.
While wave on wave, with ſilent awe, crowds back,
To leave a clean, and ſpacious ſandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes,
Behind 'em ſoon the cryſtal ridges cloſe,
No more revers'd, the troubled current flows.
Then forward ſtill they went, diſcourſing high
Of heav'nly bliſs, and immortality,
When from a cloud breaks, (like the purple dawn)
By fiery ſteeds a fiery chariot drawn;
A glittering convoy, ſwift as that deſcends,
And in an inſtant parts th' embracing friends;
To the bright car conducts the man of God,
And mounts again the ſteep ethereal road.

The

The paſſing triumph lightens all the air
With ruddy luſtre, than high noon more fair,
And paints the clouds, than evening beams more gay,
Thro' which, with wond'rous ſpeed, they cut their way.
Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and ſnow,
Th' artillery of heav'n they leave below;
Below the glimm'ring moon's pale regency
They leave, and now more free aſcend the ſky.
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Reſent the preſſure of the atmoſphere.
By holy ecſtaſies, and flames intenſe,
Here purg'd from all the dregs of mortal ſenſe;
With heav'nly luſtre, eminently gay,
Elijah wond'ring, does himſelf ſurvey;
All o'er ſurveys himſelf, and then the ſkies,
While new ſtupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleas'd, thus, the firſt man
As juſt to live and reaſon he began,
On hills, and valleys, groves and fountains, gaz'd;
With ſkies and light thus raviſh'd, thus amaz'd.
But now the utmoſt firmament they cleave,
And all the ſtarry worlds behind them leave;
Hark, angels ſing! of light appear new ſtreaks!
Celeſtial day, with gaudy ſplendor breaks!
On heaven's rich ſolid azure now they tread,
The bliſsful paths that to God's preſence lead;
While to the new inhabitant all the way
Loud welcomes, on their harps, his guardians play:
A thouſand joyful ſpirits crowd to meet
The glorious ſaint, and his arrival greet.

A DIALOGUE

A DIALOGUE *between the* SOUL, RICHES, FAME, *and* PLEASURE.

RICHES.

DELUDED mortal, turn and view my ſtore,
While all my glitt'ring treaſures I explore.
The gold of both the *Indian* worlds is mine,
And gems that in the eaſtern quarries ſhine.
For me advent'rous men attempt the main,
And all the fury of its waves ſuſtain,
For me all toils and hazards they diſdain.
For me their country's ſold, their faith betray'd;
The voice of intereſt ne'er was diſobey'd.

SOUL.

YET I thy tempting offers can deſpiſe,
Nor loſe a wiſh on ſuch a worthleſs prize.
When yonder ſparkling ſtars attract my ſight,
Thy gold, thy boaſted gems, loſe all their light.
My daring thoughts above theſe trifles riſe,
And aim at glorious kingdoms in the ſkies.
I there expect celeſtial diadems,
Out-ſhining all thy counterfeited gems.

FAME.

'TIS nothing ſtrange, that thy ambitious mind,
In ſordid wealth ſhould no temptation find:
But I have terms which thy acceptance claim,
Heroic glory, and a mighty name!

To

To theſe the greateſt ſouls on earth aſpire,
Souls moſt endow'd with the celeſtial fire;
Whom neither wealth, nor beauty can enflame,
Theſe hazard all for an illuſtrious name.

SOUL.

AND yet thou art a mere fantaſtic thing,
Which can no ſolid ſatisfaction bring.
Should I in coſtly monuments ſurvive,
And, after death, in men's applauſes live;
What profit were their vain applauſe to me,
If doom'd below to endleſs infamy?
Sunk in reproach, and everlaſting ſhame
With God, and angels, where's my promis'd fame?
But if their approbation I obtain,
And deathleſs wreaths, and heav'nly glories gain,
I may the world's falſe pageantry diſdain.

PLEASURE.

BUT where the baits of wealth and honour fail,
Th' inchanting voice of pleaſure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous, both my vaſſals prove;
No breaſt ſo guarded but my charms can move.
All that delights mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and youth, and love, and harmony.
I wing the ſmiling hours, and gild the day,
My paths are ſmooth, and flow'ry all my way.

SOUL.

BUT, ah! theſe paths to black perdition tend,
There ſoon thy ſoft, deluding viſions end.

Thoſe

Thoſe ſmooth, thoſe flow'ry ways, lead down to hell,
Where all thy ſlaves in endleſs night muſt dwell.
The road of virtue far more rugged is,
But, oh! it leads to everlaſting bliſs.
And all beyond the thorny paſſage lies
The realm of light, diſcover'd to mine eyes:
Gay bow'rs, and ſtreams of joy, and lightſome fields,
With happy ſhades, the beauteous proſpect yields;
Thoſe bliſsful regions I ſhall ſhortly gain,
Where peace, and love, and endleſs pleaſures reign.

The XXXVIIIth *chapter of* JOB *tranſlated.*

IN thunder now the God his ſilence broke,
And from a cloud this lofty language ſpoke.

WHO, and where art thou, fond, preſumptuous man!
That by thy own weak meaſures mine would'ſt ſcan?
Undaunted, as an equal match for me,
Stand forth, and anſwer my demands to thee.

AND firſt, let thy original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty thing thou waſt,
When to the world my potent word gave birth,
And fix'd the centre of the floating earth?
Didſt thou aſſiſt with one deſigning thought,
Or my idea's rectify in ought,
When from confuſion I this order brought?

When

When like an artiſt I the line ſtretch'd out,
And mark'd its wide circumference about,
Didſt thou contribute, *Job*, the needful aid,
When I the deep, and ſtrong foundations laid,
And with my hand the riſing pillars ſtay'd?
When from the perfect model of my mind,
The vaſt and ſtately fabric was deſign'd;
So wond'rous, ſo complete in ev'ry part,
Adorn'd with ſuch variety of art,
The ſons of light the goodly frame ſurvey,
As their own ſeats magnificent and gay.
Around the ſhining verge of heav'n they crowd,
And from the cryſtal confines, ſhout aloud.
For joy the morning ſtars together ſang,
And heav'n, all o'er, with glad preludiums rang.

WERE the tumultuous floods by thee controul'd,
When without bounds the foaming billows roll'd?
Didſt thou appoint 'em then their ouzy bed,
And humid clouds o'er all their ſurface ſpread,
Affixing limits to th' imperious deep,
The limits it perpetually ſhall keep;
Tho' mounting high, the angry ſurges roar,
And daſh themſelves, with rage, againſt the ſhore?

WHEN did'ſt thou ſummon up the ling'ring day,
And haſte the lovely bluſhing morn away?
Swift as my flaming meſſengers above,
Its gaudy wings at my direction move.

HAST thou ſurvey'd the ocean's dark abodes,
The ſteep deſcents, the vaults, and craggy roads,
Thro' which hollow rumour ruſh the nether floods?
Or haſt thou meaſur'd the prodigious ſtore
Of waves, that in thoſe ghaſtly caverns roar?
Or haſt thou, *Job*, the fatal valley trac'd,
And thro' the realms of death undaunted paſs'd;
Where the pale king a ruſty ſcepter weilds,
And reigns a tyrant o'er the duſky fields?
Doſt thou the pure immortal fountain know,
From whence thoſe num'rous ſtreams of glory flow,
Which feed the radiant lamps that in the ether glow?
Or from what caves the ſullen ſhadows riſe
When, like a deluge, night involves the ſkies?
How does the ſun his morning beams diſplay
Thro' golden clouds, and ſpread the ſudden day;
When breaking from the eaſt, all freſh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring fields of air?
At his approach all nature looks more gay,
Thro' ev'ry grove refreſhing breezes play,
And o'er the ſtreams, and o'er the meadows, ſtray,

DOST thou the clouds amidſt the air ſuſtain,
And melt the floating rivers down in rain;
When over-charg'd, the yielding atmoſphere,
No longer now the wat'ry load can bear?
On gloomy wings the ſounding tempeſt flies,
And heavy thunders roll along the ſkies;
Around the airy vault fierce light'nings play,
And burn themſelves, thro' ſolid clouds, a way:

With

With water, who the wilderneſs ſupplies?
And tell me whence the midnight dews ariſe?
Or from what cold and petrifying womb
The ice, and nipping hoary froſt does come?
What ſecret pow'rs its fluid parts cement,
Congeal, and harden the ſoft element?
All ſtiff, and motionleſs, the frozen deep,
No curling winds its ſhining ſurface ſweep.

CANST thou the chearing influences ſtay
Of thoſe mild ſtars which deck the ſpring ſo gay?
Or looſe the ſullen planet's icy bands,
Which froſts, and rough tempeſtuous winds, commands?
Canſt thou bring out fair *Maz'roth*'s ſultry beam?
Or guide, thro' heav'ns blue tracks, the ſtarry team?
Do all the ſhining, vaſt machines above,
By thy contrivance, in ſuch order move?
If ſo --- ſtill thy divinity to prove,
Set open now the flood-gates of the ſky,
And call a mighty deluge from on high;
Kindle prodigious light'nings, and command
The burning flaſhes with a daring hand ----
I'll then confeſs thou haſt an arm like me;
And that thy own right-hand can ſuccour thee.

HYMN.

Whom have I in heaven but thee, &c.
PSAL. lxxiii. 25.

I.

THE calls of glory, beauty's ſmiles,
And charms of harmony,
Are all but dull, inſipid things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy;
The profer'd world I ſhou'd neglect,
As an unenvied toy.

III.

The ſun, the num'rous ſtars, and all
The wonders of the ſkies,
If to be purchas'd with thy ſmiles,
Thou know'ſt I wou'd deſpiſe.

IV.

What were the earth, the ſun, the ſtars,
Or heav'n it ſelf, to me,
My life, my everlaſting bliſs!
If not ſecur'd of thee?

V.

Celeſtial bow'rs, ſeraphic ſongs,
And fields of endleſs light,
Wou'd all unentertaining prove,
Without thy bliſsful ſight.

Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come! and joyfully obey
The fatal voice that ſummons me away:
With pleaſure I reſign this mortal breath,
And fall a willing ſacrifice to death.
O welcome ſtroke, that gives me liberty!
Welcome, as to the ſlave, a jubilee!
Of the vain world I take my laſt adieu,
The promis'd land is now within my view;
The clouds diſpel, the ſtormy danger's paſt,
And I attain the peaceful ſhores at laſt.
My hope's dear objects, now are all in ſight,
The lands of love, and unexhauſted light;
The flowing ſtreams of joy, and endleſs bliſs,
The ſhining plains, and walks of paradiſe;
The trees of life, immortal fruits and flow'rs,
The tall celeſtial groves, and charming bow'rs.
I breathe the balmy empyrean air,
The ſongs of angels, and their harps I hear;
And ſcarce the fierce, tyrannic joy can bear.

HYMN.

I.

IMmortal fountain of my life,
My laſt, my nobleſt end:
Eternal centre of my ſoul,
Where all its motions tend!

II. Thou

II.

Thou object of my deareſt love,
My heav'nly paradiſe,
The ſpring of all my flowing joys,
My everlaſting bliſs!

III.

My God, my hope, my vaſt reward,
And all I wou'd poſſeſs;
Still more than theſe pathetic names,
And charming words expreſs!

The APPEAL.

I.

TO thee, great ſearcher of the heart,
I ſolemnly appeal,
Who all the ſecrets of my ſoul,
And inmoſt thoughts can'ſt tell.

II.

Even thou, th' unerring judge of all,
Doſt my dread witneſs prove;
That thee, beyond whate'er the world
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That thou, whatever elſe I miſs,
Whatever elſe I loſe,
Art my exceeding great reward,
And higheſt bliſs I chuſe.

IV.

Leave me of wealth, of honour, friends,
And all things elſe bereft;
But of thy favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left;

V.

O hear! and grant thy boundleſs love's
Ineſtimable ſtore,
And I'll hereafter cloſe my lips,
And never urge thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content;
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
I ſhou'd deſpiſe the nobleſt gift,
Thou cou'dſt beſtow beſide.

VII.

Among the brighteſt joys of life,
I ſhou'd no pleaſure know,
But murm'ring to the ſullen ſhades
Of endleſs night would go.

Tell

Tell me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flocks to reſt at noon, CANT. i. 7.

I.

O Lovelier to my raviſh'd eyes
Than all they ever ſaw,
Much dearer than the light I view,
Or vital breath I draw!

II.

Eternal treaſure of my heart,
Whom as my ſoul I love,
O, tell me, to what happy ſhades
Thou doſt, at noon, remove!

III.

O, tell me where, by cryſtal ſtreams,
Thy ſnowy flocks are led,
And in what fruitful meadows they
Are by thy bounty fed!

IV.

For thee I languiſh all the day,
For thee I hourly pine,
As flow'rs that want the chearing ſun,
Their painted heads decline.

V.

Ah! why from my impatient eyes
Doſt thou thy ſelf conceal,
Whilſt I in vain, in lonely ſhades,
My reſtleſs pain reveal?

To Mr. WATTS, *on his* POEMS *ſacred to* DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring ſtreams in tender ſtrains,
My penſive muſe no more
Of love's enchanting force complains
Along the flow'ry ſhore.

II.

No more *Mirtillo*'s fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace
Have loſt their uſual charms.

III.

No gay *Alexis* in the grove
Shall be my future theme;
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred tranſports feel;
While, WATTS, to thy celeſtial ſtrain
Surpriz'd I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending foreſt lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

VI. With

VI.

With ſuch a grateful harmony
Thy numbers ſtill prolong,
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.

VII.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours thro' the air
From her reſplendent wings;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When with an eaſy progreſs he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

DESPAIR.

OH! lead me to ſome ſolitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come;
But ſilent all, and duſky let it be,
Remote, and unfrequented but by me;
Myſterious, cloſe, and ſullen as that grief,
Which leads me to its covert for relief.
Far from the buſy world's deteſted noiſe,
Its wretched pleaſures, and diſtracted joys;

Far from the jolly fools, who laugh, and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away;
Far from the ſtudious follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate:
There, in a melting, ſolemn, dying ſtrain,
Let me, all day, upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its ſoft, harmonious ſtrings,
To noble, ſerious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The cloſe receſſes of the ſacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
To whiſper out his airy raptures here.
Only the penſive ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches ſigh,
And ſluggiſh waters heavily roll by.
Here, to my fatal ſorrows let me give
The ſhort remaining hours I have to live.
Then, with a ſullen, deep-fetch'd groan expire,
And to the grave's dark ſolitude retire.

To CLEONE.

FROM the bright realms, and happy fields above,
The ſeats of pleaſure, and immortal love;
Where joys no more on airy chance depend,
All health to thee from thoſe gay climes I ſend.
For thee my tender paſſion is the ſame,
Nor death it ſelf has quench'd the noble flame;

For

For charms like thine for ever fix the mind,
And with eternal obligations bind.
And when kind fate ſhall my *Cleone* free
From the dull fetters of mortality,
I'll meet thy parting ſoul, and guide my fair
In triumph, thro' the lightſome fields of air;
Till thou ſhalt gain the bliſsful ſeats and bow'rs,
And ſhining plains, deck'd with unfading flow'rs.
There nobler heights our friendſhip ſhall improve,
For flames, like ours, bright ſpirits feel above,
And tune their golden harps to the ſoft notes of love.
The ſacred ſubject ſwells each heav'nly breaſt,
And in their looks its tranſports are expreſt.

To CLORINDA.

'TIS not *Clorinda*'s noble air,
Her ſhape, nor lovely eyes,
(Tho' matchleſs all, exact and fair)
That thus our hearts ſurprize.

SHE, by ſome mightier pow'r invades,
And triumphs o'er our ſouls;
At once with ſofteſt art perſuades,
And with bold force controuls.

'TIS in *Clorinda*'s charming mind,
The ſweet attraction lies;
There all that fire and life we find,
Which ſparkles in her eyes.

IN

IN her a thouſand graces ſhine,
That might our envy move;
Which yet our thoughts alone incline
T' oblige, admire, and love.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my defence and guide,
My wants are by his care ſupply'd:
He leads me to refreſhing ſhades,
Thro' verdant plains, and flow'ry meads;
And there ſecurely makes me lie,
Near ſilver currents rolling by.
To guide my erring feet aright,
He gilds my paths with ſacred light;
And to his own immortal praiſe,
Conducts me in his perfect ways.
In death's uncomfortable ſhade,
No terror can my ſoul invade:
While he, my ſtrong defence, is near,
His preſence ſcatters all deſpair.
My ſpightful foes, with envy, ſee
His plenteous table ſpread for me:
My cup o'erflows with ſparkling wine,
With fragrant oils my temples ſhine.
Since God hath wond'rous mercies ſhew'd,
And crown'd my ſmiling years with good;

The

The life he graciouſly prolongs,
Shall be employ'd in grateful ſongs;
My voice in lofty hymns I'll raiſe,
And in his temple ſpend my days.

On the death of the honourable HENRY THYNNE, *Eſq; only ſon of the right honourable* THOMAS, *Lord Viſcount* WEYMOUTH.

YE ſtately buildings, and ye fair retreats,
That lately ſeem'd of guiltleſs joys the ſeats;
You groves, and beauteous gardens, where we find
Some graceful tracts of *Weymouth*'s active mind;
Put off your chearful looks, and blooming air,
And wear a proſpect ſuited to deſpair;
Such as the melancholy muſe requires,
When fun'ral grief the mournful ſong inſpires.
The muſes here *Amyntas* ſhould deplore,
Who viſits theſe delightful walks no more.
The noble youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
The boaſted hope and glory of his race,
No more ſhall theſe inviting ſhades frequent;
What merit can the fatal hour prevent?

LAMENT, ye gloomy grotts, and charming bow'rs,
Pine at your roots, ye various plants and flow'rs;

Decay'd

Decay'd may all your painted bloſſoms fall,
Nor let the genial ray your life recal;
Nor e'er again your gentle tribute bring,
(Gay nature's pride) to crown the fragrant ſpring:
Tho' in her prime the lovely ſeaſon here,
Till now, has triumph'd round the changing year;
And blooming ſtill the wintry turns defy'd,
Nor blaſting air, nor nipping froſt has try'd;
While the glad ſun ev'n linger'd in his race,
And bleſt with conſtant ſmiles the happy place.

YE tender myrtles mourn, nor let your boughs
Hereafter deck one joyful lover's brows.
Ye folding bays, and laurel's ſacred ſhade,
At once let all your wreathing glories fade.
May raging tempeſts in the grove contend,
And from the ſtately firs their branches rend:
Nor let their ſhade receive the feather'd throng,
Which chear the ev'ning with their tuneful ſong;
Nor ever here let balmy *Zephyrs* ſtray,
And with their fragrant breath perfume the op'ning day.

YE ſwelling fountains, be for ever dry,
Or far from theſe unhappy borders fly;
Nor let the ſkill of any daring hand,
To grace theſe walks your dancing ſpouts command;
Nor ſportive *Tritons* from their native courſe
Aloft in air, their ſilver currents force;
While deep caſcades the muſing thought delight,
And ruſhing waves to ſoft repoſe invite.

LET

LET the proud pedeſtals no longer prop
Their marble loads, but into ruins drop;
The forms of heroes, and poetic gods,
But ill become theſe deſolate abodes:
Amyntas is no more; who beſt could trace
Their fine proportions, judge of ev'ry grace,
The ſpeaking geſture, and pathetic face.
Whatever air a noble thought expreſt,
An image met in his own gen'rous breaſt.
Nor ſculpture, nor heroic numbers told
A great deſign, or glorious name enroll'd,
But mov'd in him an emulating flame;
And had occaſion try'd, his deeds had been the ſame.

ACCOMPLISH'D youth! why waſt thou ſnatch'd away?
A thouſand lives ſhould have redeem'd thy ſtay.
Muſt worth, like thine, ſo ſhort a period find,
And leave ſo many uſeleſs things behind,
Unthinking forms, the burthen of the ſtate;
While a whole nation ſuffers in thy fate?

On LOVE.

VICTORIOUS love, thou ſacred myſtery!
What muſe in mortal ſtrains can ſpeak of thee?
We feel th' effect, and own thy force divine,
But vainly would the glorious cauſe define.

In

In part, thy pow'r in theſe cold realms is known ;
But in the bleſt celeſtial ſeats alone,
Thy triumphs in their ſplendid heights are ſhown.
Thy gentle torch, with a propitious light,
And ſpotleſs flame, burns there for ever bright.
Expreſsleſs pleaſure, and tranſporting grace,
With laſting beauty, ſhine upon thy face.
By ev'ry tongue thy charms are there confeſt,
And kindle joys in ev'ry heav'nly breaſt :
For thee they touch the ſoft, melodious ſtring,
And love in glad triumphant accents ſing,
Almighty love, whence all their raptures ſpring.

REVELATION, *Chap.* XVI.

ALREADY from before the ſacred throne
The ſev'n avenging miniſters are gone ;
Charg'd with the laſt great plagues behold they ſtand,
With each his various miſchief in his hand :
Sev'n trumpets give the ſign, at ev'ry call,
In order they the wrathful dregs let fall.

A PRELUDE ſounds : The firſt his vial pours
Amidſt the air, enſu'd by ſulph'rous ſhow'rs ;
While from their caves portentous tempeſts riſe,
And pitchy clouds obſcure the angry ſkies.

THEY ſound again ; the ocean's briny flood
The ſecond vial turns to ſtreaming blood :

Again ;

Again; and lo! a burning comet takes
Its downward way, and drinks the freſher lakes;
The lakes, the ſwelling ſprings, and running ſtreams,
Are all a prey to its malignant beams.

HIS ſignal now the fourth great angel takes,
And o'er the ſun a livid venom ſhakes;
The beauteous orb a bloody tincture wears,
And with a fierce malignant horror glares:
The ſilver moon reſigns her trembling ray,
While all the faint nocturnal lights decay.

ANOTHER echoing clangor ſhakes the ſky;
And open wide th' infernal portals fly,
Revealing all the diſmal realms below,
The dens of night, and ſeats of endleſs woe;
Aſcending ſmoke pollutes the ſickly air,
While ruddy flames amidſt the darkneſs glare.

NOW the ſixth trumpet's direful ſounds ſucceed;
And from their adamantine fetters freed,
The raging fiends from long confinement come,
With monſtrous ſhapes in open air to roam:
A gloomy hoſt! in terrible array
They march along; pale horror leads the way,
And in its ghaſtlieſt form before them walks;
Behind them empty deſolation ſtalks.

THE ſev'nth ſhrill trumpet utters now its voice,
Thro' earth and hell reſounds the dreadful noiſe:
'Ariſe, ye dead, ariſe to judgment! come,
And take according to your works your doom!'
TH' ex-

TH' extended ſkies are rent from pole to pole,
The light'nings flaſh, the final thunders roll,
The graves divide, the ſtartled dead awake,
And hov'ring ſouls their former manſions take.

A PASTORAL.

Inſcrib'd to Mrs. FRANCES WORSLEY.

[*Now the right honourable the Lady* CARTERET.]

SYLVIA, the pride of all the rural train,
By *Celadon* was lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
His graceful form by nature ſeem'd deſign'd
To charm the niceſt of the beauteous kind.
With vain *Narciſſus* in his blooming pride,
Or *Hyacinth*, the ſhepherd might have vy'd.
He danc'd ---- not *Paris* with a nobler mien,
On *Xanthus'* borders trac'd the level green.
Tuneful his voice ---- but *Phoebus* lov'd in vain,
Nor met ſucceſs with his immortal ſtrain:
More wild than *Daphne*, o'er the flow'ry mead,
Coy *Sylvia* her entreating lover fled.
Nor could his melting numbers once prevail
To gain attention to his am'rous tale;
Till mov'd with pity for his reſtleſs care,
Her fellow nymphs detain the flying fair;

En-

Entreated half, and half compell'd her ſtay ;
Beneath a ſhade that ſkreen'd the burning ray
They ſit ; their bleating flocks around them ſtray :
While thus th' unhappy youth, in mournful ſtrains,
Of his ungrateful ſhepherdeſs complains.

RETURNING ſprings the faded year renew,
And ſummer gales the wintry ſtorms enſue ;
But no viciſſitude of joy I prove,
No change of ſeaſon to my hopeleſs love.
The falling ſun in weſtern ſhades declines,
Refreſh'd again the purple morning ſhines ;
But no kind ſmiles with dawning rays appear
In *Sylvia*'s eyes, my gloomy breaſt to chear.

THE ſilver moon wheels her pale courſe above,
And midnight ſtars in ſolemn order move,
Envy it ſelf, and faction find repoſe ;
While no relief my wilder paſſion knows :
Or if diſorder'd ſlumbers cloſe mine eyes,
Coy *Sylvia* ſtill before my fancy flies ;
Thro' duſky groves and vales I ſeem to trace
Her fleeting form, that mocks my fond embrace ;
I wake to new deſpair, and tell my pain
To whiſp'ring winds and ſounding rocks in vain :
Yet theſe, relentleſs fair, more kind than thee,
In ſighing echoes ſeem to plead for me.
Gay nature now to gentler thoughts invites,
And the fair ſeaſon calls for ſoft delights ;
The vig'rous ſun ſmiles on the fruitful earth,
And gives a thouſand beauteous flow'rs their birth ;

The conſcious trees their verdant branches ſpread,
Inviting lovers to their friendly ſhade:
Theſe ſcenes were made for love; each whiſp'ring ſtream,
And painted vale require the tender theme.
Love triumphs here, and on the peaceful plains
The gentle god his empire ſtill maintains;
The buſy city's reſtleſs noiſe he ſhuns,
And far from factious courts affrighted runs;
Hither his quiver, and his torch he brings,
And hov'ring round the air with downy wings,
Among the ſwains his ſportive darts he flings.
Th' immortal race oft ſeek the calm retreats,
And for their pleaſures chuſe the rural ſeats.
In the *Sabæan* groves, and *Cyprian* bow'rs
The queen of beauty ſpent her ſofteſt hours:
The fair *Aurora* too, a nymph divine,
With roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes like thine,
But gentler far; on *Hæmus'* dewy head
Purſu'd a youth, who her embraces fled.
Diana's ſelf, thy boaſted goddeſs, lov'd,
Nor ſtill like thee inflexible has prov'd:
Mæander's winding banks, and *Lycus'* ſhore
Have heard her oft her rig'rous fate deplore;
The *Carian* hills were witneſs to her grief,
There wand'ring round, ſhe vainly ſought relief;
Nor roves a ſavage huntreſs as before,
Her hand a pointed jav'lin ſhakes no more,
While thro' the woods ſhe tracks the foaming boar.
To diff'rent cares her thoughts were now confin'd,
Endymion's image had poſſeſt her mind.

On

On *Latmos'* top the lovely youth ſhe found,
Gently reclin'd upon the verdant ground,
His ſenſes all in balmy ſlumbers drown'd.
Not young *Adonis* ever look'd more fair;
An am'rous breeze plays with his careleſs hair:
The virgin goddeſs fix'd her wond'ring ſight;
Above her own tranſparent orb roll'd bright,
And all the ſtars lent their officious light.
She views his blooming charms with fond ſurprize,
Unuſual tranſports in her boſom riſe;
An unaccuſtom'd wiſh her breaſt inſpires,
And now ſhe checks, now ſooths her wild deſires,
Approaches ſoftly now, and now retires:
At laſt reſolv'd, a modeſt kiſs ſhe ſteals,
While *Venus* laughing, all the theft reveals.

THUS gods and men to *Love*'s imperial ſway
Submit, and his reſiſtleſs laws obey:
And truſt me, *Sylvia*, ſome propitious hour
Shall yet arrive, when thou ſhalt feel his pow'r.

THE ſhepherd ceas'd, the nymphs his numbers praiſe;
Ev'n *Sylvia*, ſoften'd by his melting lays,
Returns a ſmile; then with a decent pride
Retires, and ſtrives her alter'd thoughts to hide.

To CHLOE.

An EPISTLE.

FAIR *Chloe*, leave the noiſy town, and try
What artleſs ſweets the country ſcenes ſupply:
While the young year in all its pride invites,
And promiſes a thouſand gay delights;
While the glad ſun his faireſt light diſplays,
And op'ning bloſſoms court his chearful rays.
The nymyhs for thee ſhall deck ſome rural bow'r
With ev'ry verdant branch and painted flow'r;
To thee the ſwains full caniſters ſhall bring,
Of all the fragrant treaſures of the ſpring:
While ſome young ſhepherd in the ſounding grove
Shall tune his reed for thee to ſtrains of love.
Nor from the ſoft, enchanting accents run,
For who the pleaſing charms of love would ſhun?
Such love as in theſe guiltleſs ſeats is known,
Such as a ſtate of innocence might own.
No frauds, no treach'rous arts are practis'd here,
No perjur'd vows deluded virgins fear.
The gentle god with mild indulgence ſways,
And ev'ry willing heart his laws obeys.

ALL hail, ye fields, and ev'ry happy grove!
How your ſoft ſcenes the tender flame improve,
And melt the thoughts, and turn the ſoul to love!
'Twas here *Mirtillo*'s charms my boſom fir'd,
While all the god the am'rous youth inſpir'd;

Divine

Divine his art, prevailing was his tongue,
While in the ſhades the ſkilful ſhepherd ſung:
On downy wings young *Zephyrs* took the ſound,
And chear'd the plains, and all the valleys round.
The liſt'ning ſtreams were conſcious of his flame,
And ev'ry grove acquainted with my name.
No nymph but envy'd me *Mirtillo*'s praiſe,
For I had all his vows and tender lays.
Nor could ſuch truth and merit plead in vain,
I heard his ſighs, and pity'd all his pain;
While *Venus* ſmil'd propitious from above,
And crown'd our vows, and bleſt our mutual love.
May proſp'rous fates attend the happy day,
And circling joys for ever make it gay!
From thence we date our bliſs, and ſtill improve
Our ſoft delights, as thro' the woods we rove:
In flow'ry meadows, groves, and fragrant bow'rs,
Serene and free, we ſpend the lightſome hours.

THUS live the *Dryads*, thus the ſacred race
That haunt the valleys, and the fountains grace;
The rural ſcenes indulge their warm deſires,
Heighten their joys, and feed immortal fires.
Diana, who in heav'n could guard her breaſt,
In *Latmos*' flow'ry fields the god confeſt.
No name but his among the ſwains is known,
Superior love is all the pow'r they own;
Their willing tribute to his ſhrine they bring,
Turtles, and lambs, and all the blooming ſpring,
While to their tuneful harps his praiſe they ſing.
Young *Zephyrs* bear the charming accents round,
And rocks and moſſy caves retain the ſound;

Tigers and wolves grow wild, the tim'rous fawns,
Undaunted, ſkip along the open lawns;
Roſes and myrtles bloom, the am'rous doves,
And all the warbling chorus own their loves;
The nodding groves, and falling floods reply,
And all confeſs the pow'rful deity.

The CONFLAGRATION.

An ODE.

I.

SUPINE as men before the deluge lay,
In melting joys and luxury diſſolv'd,
Till ſwift deſtruction ſwept them all away,
The ſtupid world will then be found;
In all licentiouſneſs and ſin involv'd,
When loud to judgment the laſt trumpets ſound.
Then time ſhall be no more,
Nor months and years proportion'd by the ſun;
Which ne'er again ſhall run,
With vig'rous pride, the ſhining Zodiac o'er.

II.

A ſudden change the living ſhall tranſlate
To an immortal from a mortal ſtate:
While thoſe that ſlumber in the grave awake
In crowds, their former vehicles to take,
Endu'd with principles that may ſuſtain
Celeſtial pleaſure, or infernal pain.

III. AND

III.

AND now begins the univerſal wreck;
The wheels of nature ſtand, or change their courſe,
And backward hurrying with diſorder'd force,
The long eſtabliſh'd laws of motion break.
The refluent rivers to their fountains run,
Their antient paths and well-known channels ſhun.
The ſeas their ſandy banks deride,
And know their bounds no more,
Againſt the rocks, with ſtormy pride,
The angry billows roar:
Now ſwelling, like tranſparent mounts appear,
Which to the clouds their lofty ſummits rear,
And mingle with the virgin waters there:
Here, like the mouth of hell, vaſt whirlpools yawn,
And down the rapid gulph whole floods and iſles are drawn.

IV.

PRODIGIOUS thunders ſhake the ſky,
As from their cells with clam'rous rage they break;
Prodigious lightnings kindle as they fly,
And trace the clouds with many a fiery ſtreak:
While in the darken'd air
With horrid beams malignant comets glare.
Encountring tempeſts ſtrive,
Which mighty winds acroſs each other drive;
Loos'd from the ſpacious cavities below,
From all th' adverſe points of heav'n they blow,
And murmur from afar with ſtormy ſound;
While burning bolts and hail-ſtones rake the ground.
Reſiſtleſs whirlwinds bluſter here and there,
Trees from their roots, ſtones from their rocks they tear.

V.

THE central fire within its priſon raves,
And all the globe with ſtrong concuſſions ſhakes,
As from its urn in ſulph'rous waves
The dreadful element breaks;
Thro' all the gloomy vaults around it flows,
Thro' ev'ry cleft and winding fiſſure glows,
And wild excurſions makes.
Its courſe no ſubterranean damps oppoſe,
From vein to vein the active particles take fire,
And towards the ſurface of the globe aſpire;
Whole groves, and hills, and buildings undermine,
Whole groves, and hills, and palaces drop in:
Wide gapes the direful gulph, and where
Tall mountains ſtood, prodigious chaſms appear.
With wilder fury here
The fierce materials outward ruſh,
And where, ev'n now, a level plain was ſpread,
Vaſt rocks and frowning ſteeps erect their hideous head;
From whoſe dark entrails livid torrents guſh,
And glowing cataracts ſpout:
Like *Ætna* now the new *Volcano* roars,
Unweildy ſtones, and burning craggs throws out,
With ſhow'rs of ſand, and ſeas of melted ores.

VI.

While louder ſtill on high the trumpets ſound,
And reach the dreary kingdoms under ground.
Hell's deep foundations the ſtrange echoes ſhake,
With terrors fill each raging fiend,
The earth with ſtrong concuſſions rend,
And wide diſcloſe the vaſt infernal lake,

With

With all the execrable dens below,
The dwellings of unutterable woe.
Thick ſteams from the unbottom'd gulph ariſe,
And blacken all the ſkies:
The ſtartled ſun winks at the horrid ſight,
And robs the moon of all her ſilver light;
While ev'ry gay, ethereal flame expires,
Or to its firſt original retires.
Now mightier pangs the whole creation feels;
Each planet from its ſhatter'd axis reels,
And orbs immenſe on orbs immenſe drop down,
Like ſcatt'ring leaves from off their branches blown.

VII.

AGAIN the great archangel's ſummons fly
Thro' earth, thro' hell, and all the ample vaults on high.
Wide fly the portals of eternal day,
To give the king of glory way:
And lo! the Son of God deſcends,
Heav'n's everlaſting frame beneath him bends;
On louring clouds he ſits enthron'd,
Whence ruddy flames, and pointed lightnings play,
And bellowing thunders with ſhrill voices ſound:
To judge the world he comes with awful ſtate,
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand on him wait,
Cherub and ſeraphim,
With mighty chiefs, and ſplendid dignities,
Dominions, potentates and pow'rs,
Of heav'nly thrones the num'rous regencies.
And (if a muſe might dare
Things ſo extremely diſtant to compare;)
Like *Heſperus* leading on the countleſs ſtars,
The God before his radiant train appears;

Divine

Divine his form, ineffable his air,
At once benignant, ſolemn, and ſevere;
Around him dart refulgent beams,
And from his eyes approachleſs glory ſtreams.

VIII.

THE waters ſee, and downward ſink,
The mountains melt like wax before the fire,
The folding heav'ns together ſhrink,
And with a mighty noiſe the claſhing orbs retire.
Deſpairing, trembling, mad, the vitious fly,
And to the falling rocks for ſhelter cry;
To hell's impenetrable ſhades would run,
The face of their vindictive judge to ſhun.
The ſhudd'ring fiends t' avoid his ſight,
Beneath the burning deeps would hide;
Unable now to bear celeſtial light,
Or the reſplendence of his looks abide.

IX.

UNMOV'D alone the virtuous now appear,
And in their looks a calm aſſurance wear,
Nor hell, nor all its horrors fear.
From eaſt, from weſt, from north and ſouth they come,
To take from the moſt righteous judge their doom;
Who thus, to them, with a ſerene regard;
(The books of life before him laid,
And all the ſecret records wide diſplay'd)
'According to your works be your reward;
'As my reproach and croſs you did not fear,
'To men and angels I approve you here;
'Poſſeſs immortal kingdoms as your due,
'Prepar'd from an eternal date for you.'

X. THE

X.

THE glitt'ring legions ſhout above,
And down ten thouſand heav'nly guardians fly,
T' attend their joyful charges to the ſky:
And upward now with wond'rous ſtate they move,
Melodious welcomes they receive on high,
With ſhining robes, victorious palms and crowns,
Celeſtial dignities, and everlaſting thrones;
While beauty, life, and joy, with love divine,
Break from their eyes, and on their faces ſhine.

XI.

TH' apoſtate ſpirits rage, as when they fell
From off th' ethereal battlements to hell,
To ſee the humble race of man ſupply
Their once illuſtrious ſtations in the ſky.
The ſinners gnaſh their teeth for envy too;
To whom thus ſpeaks the wrathful deity.

'FROM me, accurſt! for ever go,
'And dwell with endleſs burnings, endleſs night and woe.
'In vain in your adverſity you cry,
'Inexorable to your cries I'll be,
'As you were once to me.'

XII.

LIKE ſtings theſe fatal accents wound,
And all the wretched ſinners pleas confound;
Oppreſt with ſhame, confuſion, and deſpair,
They ſink, nor can the heavy judgment bear.
Th' unfathom'd deep to ſwallow them gapes wide;
And now without controul
The fiery ſurges roll,
And hell extends itſelf on ev'ry ſide:

Where,

Where, without intermiſſion, without end,
Howling and lamentations loud aſcend;
With flames and helliſh ſmother, which appear
To form about the globe a dreadful atmoſphere.

XIII.

WHY vice was proſp'rous, virtue why diſtreſt,
With all the deep-writ ſenſe,
The dark myſterious ways of providence,
To men and angels now are manifeſt.

A LAPLANDER's *ſong to his miſtreſs.*

I.

SHINE out, reſplendent God of day,
On my fair *Orramoor*;
Her charms thy moſt propitious ray,
And kindeſt looks allure.

II.

IN mountain, vale, or gloomy grove,
I'd climb the talleſt tree,
Could I from thence my abſent love,
My charming rover ſee.

III.

I'D venture on a riſing cloud,
Aloft in yielding air,
From that exalted ſtation proud,
To view the ſmiling fair.

IV. SHOULD

IV.

SHOULD ſhe in ſome ſequeſter'd bow'r,
Among the branches hide,
I'd tear off ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Till ſhe was there deſcry'd.

V.

FROM ev'ry bird I'd ſteal a wing
To *Orramoor* to fly;
And urg'd by love, would ſwiftly ſpring
Along the lightſome ſky.

VI.

RETURN, and bleſs me with thy charms,
While yet the ſun diſplays
His faireſt beams, and kindly warms
Us with his vital rays.

VII.

RETURN before that light be gone,
In which thou ſhouldſt appear;
Unwelcome night is haſt'ning on
To darken half the year.

VIII.

IN vain, relentleſs maid, in vain
Thou doſt a youth forſake,
Whoſe love ſhall quickly o'er the plain,
Thy ſavage flight o'ertake.

IX.

SHOULD bars of ſteel my paſſage ſtay,
They could not thee ſecure:
I'd thro' enchantments find a way
To ſeize my *Orramoor*.

A HYMN

A HYMN *of thanks.*

On my recovery from the SMALL-POX.

I.

MY God, my great deliv'rer, and my truſt,
My life, my love, and ev'ry tender name
That makes my gratitude and homage juſt;
Let heav'nly ardor all my ſoul enflame!

II.

To thee, my muſe, ſome tuneful gift would bring,
And humbly conſecrate her nobleſt verſe;
Fain would ſhe touch, for thee, her ſweeteſt ſtring,
And in immortal ſtrains thy love rehearſe.

III.

BUT, oh! what words of men can reach the theme?
What human eloquence expreſs thy praiſe?
Immenſe thy pow'r, unſpeakable thy name,
Thy throne ſurrounded with majeſtic rays.

IV.

YET let my grateful zeal accepted prove,
Since weak mortality can give no more;
I cannot ſpeak, 'tis true, but I can love,
I love, and what I cannot praiſe, adore.

The HYMN *of the three eaſtern* MAGI, *adoring our Saviour at his nativity.*

FROM thoſe bleſt regions where the ſun diſplays
His blooming light, and ſpreads its earlieſt rays;
Where fragrant groves for ſacred incenſe ſpring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.

HAIL, mighty infant, offspring of the ſkies!
Celeſtial glory lightens in thy eyes;
Thy ſmiles preſage immeaſurable grace,
And ſcenes of paradiſe are open'd in thy face.

MORE than the race of man ſurprizing fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious ſtar!
When firſt its chearful luſtre bleſt our ſight,
Grac'd with ſuperior beams, and well-diſtinguiſh'd light.

THE ſun its conqu'ring glories met by day,
And fac'd his rival with a fainter ray;
In golden robes, amidſt the ſhades it blaz'd,
While night, with all her eyes, on the fair ſtranger gaz'd.

TO rich *Judea* ſtill it led the way,
And hov'ring where th' immortal infant lay;
With darting beams it gilds the bleſt abode,
And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unqueſtion'd God.

WHOM

WHOM thus with pure devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our coſtly ſtore;
Gold, as a tribute to the new-born king,
And incenſe to the God, with humble zeal we bring.

THE ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſoon converted be,
And all her ſplendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The ſun no more, in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his luſtre paid.

APIS ſhall ceaſe to bellow thro' the crowd,
With gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud;
Panthea's coſtly gums ſhall ſmoke no more
To gods of monſtrous ſhape, on *Nile*'s polluted ſhore.

BUT thou ſhalt riſe in fame, illuſtrious child,
Of all mankind the GREAT REDEEMER ſtil'd;
A God in ev'ry language known and bleſt,
By ev'ry bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue confeſs'd.

TEMPLES to thee with gilded ſpires ſhall riſe,
And clouds of fragrant incenſe ſhade the ſkies:
In lofty hymns, and conſecrated verſe,
Succeeding times ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe, and thy great name rehearſe.

AND thee, unblemiſh'd maid, divinely fair,
Whoſe tender arms th' eternal monarch bear;
Thrice happy thee poſterity ſhall call,
Pride of thy lovely ſex, and grac'd above them all.

A PASTO-

A PASTORAL.

In imitation of DRAYTON'*s ſecond* Nymphal.

CLEON and *Lycidas* were jolly ſwains,
Their worth diſtinguiſh'd on th' *Arcadian* plains.
Cleon, a hardy youth, on mountains bred,
O'er craggy rocks his browzing goats he led;
At rural feſtivals he ſtill appear'd,
A challenger in ev'ry combat fear'd:
For none like him the weighty ſledge could throw,
Or manage, with more dextrous art, the bow;
In wreſtling ſkill'd, and foremoſt in the race,
Advent'rous ſtill, and eager for the chace;
Thro' ſavage woods, o'er hills with ſummits hoar,
Arm'd with a ſpear, he trac'd the tuſky boar.

BUT *Lycidas* among the nymphs was bred,
The flow'ry vales he ſought, and verdant mead,
And there, by curling ſtreams, his flocks were fed.
His goodly ſtature, and well-featur'd face,
Of ev'ry ſhepherdeſs obtain'd the grace.
His flaxen hair, in ringlets from his crown,
Beneath his ſhoulders careleſsly hung down.
Whene'er he danc'd, *Apollo*'s ſelf was ſeen,
In the proportion'd ſtep, and graceful mien;
He ſpoke ſo fine, ſo artfully he ſung,
None but *Mirtilla* could reſiſt his tongue.
No charms but her's his numbers could inſpire:
The nymph was fam'd, a Sylvan god her ſire,

Her mother of the *Naiad*'s beauteous race ;
From her ſhe took the ſweetneſs of her face.
Not *Venus*' ſelf could boaſt a face more fair,
More roſy lips, or more enticing hair.
Her blooming innocence, her lovely eyes,
And perfect ſhape, did ev'ry heart ſurprize.
Her voice could ev'n a riſing torrent ſtay,
A hungry lion's fierceſt rage allay,
And keep the liſt'ning ſavage from his prey.
The maid by gentle *Lycidas* was lov'd,
Nor wilder *Cleon* leſs enamour'd prov'd.
The lovers both attend the uſual hour,
That brought *Mirtilla* from her fragrant bow'r,
To breathe the balmy morning's pleaſant air ;
When full of warm deſires the ſwains prepare,
With ſongs and promis'd gifts, to gain the fair.

LYCIDAS.

A SNOWY lamb I've bred, ſo full of play,
'Twill entertain my ſhepherdeſs all day ;
To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
From thy fair hands alone to take its food ;
Then to expreſs its joy, with many a bound
And airy friſk, 'twill ſeem to ſcorn the ground :
And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

CLEON.

MY proffers now, and artleſs language hear,
And turn from his ſmooth tales thy liſt'ning ear.
For I can boaſt a kid more white than milk,
And ſofter far than the *Siberian* ſilk ;

When-

Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
And at your feet, whene'er you ſit, will lie;
If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
'Twill ſkip along, and ſeem to urge the race:
And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
To quit my rival, and to live with me.

MYRTILLA.

HAVE you, indeed, ſuch valu'd things in ſtore,
And never boaſted of your wealth before?
Your offers, gentle youths, I own moſt fair,
And ſuch a kid and lamb are wond'rous rare.
What virtue ſo ſevere, what maid ſo vain,
Such lovers, and ſuch preſents to diſdain?
Yet *Minx*, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
As many tricks as both of them ſhall play.

LYCIDAS.

BUT I two ſparrows will on thee beſtow,
Their plumes unſoil'd, and white as falling ſnow;
Venus herſelf had warm'd them in her breaſt,
Had her unlucky ſon but found the neſt.
The ſprightly birds are bred ſo tame, they'll ſtand,
And chirp, and ſweetly prattle on thy hand;
Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy boſom ſleep.

CLEON.

FAIR nymph, his boaſted ſparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common buſh I'll find.
But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
With ſhining plumes, and nicely-chequer'd wing;

Their changing necks more various colours ſhow,
Than *Iris* paints on the celeſtial bow;
Should *Cytherea* on them caſt an eye,
The birds ſhe'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRTILLA.

WITH ſuch fine doves und ſparrows will you part,
Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
On *Venus*, who ſo well their worth muſt know,
The wond'rous birds you'd better far beſtow:
Your coſtly zeal the goddeſs may reward,
And your ſoft vows propitiouſly regard.

LYCIDAS.

To crown thy temples, garlands I'll compoſe,
Of full-blown lillies, and the budding roſe;
With thoſe the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
And bluſhing pinks, and purple vi'lets join:
Freſh noſegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
Made up of all the ſweetneſs of the ſpring.

CLEON.

HIS wreaths and painted noſegays will decay,
And loſe their proudeſt beauty in a day:
But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks;
As tow'rds the beach I lately drove my flocks,
Three coral-ſprigs I found among the rocks:
Theſe nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments, may ſerve my fair.

MYR-

MYRTILLA.

WITH yellow hyacinths, pinks and vi'lets blue,
In garlands wreath'd, and painted noſegays too,
With coral-ſprigs ſo deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the *May* I ſhall out-ſhine.
But while I trim my braided locks ſo gay,
And waſte, in dreſſing, half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would, thus neglected, ſtray.

LYCIDAS.

AS on *Alphæus'* banks my ſheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So cloſely wrought, and twiſted round the ſides,
That on the dancing wave ſecure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the ſilver ſtream,
Another ſea-born goddeſs thou ſhalt ſeem;
While twelve white ſwans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd,
And taſſell'd flow'rs the floating pomp ſhall guide.

CLEON.

ON yonder hill, with lofty foreſts crown'd,
A nymph of bright *Diana's* train I found,
Who from her ſiſters heedleſsly had ſtray'd;
And by a brutal *Satyr* ſeiz'd, the maid
On her chaſte goddeſs call'd aloud for aid:
I to her ſuccour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monſter ſlew.
On me the grateful virgin would beſtow
Her painted quiver, and her poliſh'd bow.
The bow and gilded ſhafts thou may'ſt command,
And both are worthy of *Diana's* hand:

Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods ſhalt rove,
And ſeem another goddeſs of the grove.

MYRTILLA.

THRO' ſavage woods to hunt wild beaſts with thee,
To love muſt needs a mighty motive be;
But I the dang'rous pleaſure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddeſs of the grove:
Nor leſs I fear to try the promis'd boat,
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by ſwans, with wreathing wood-bines ty'd:
Rather ſecure thro' peaceful ſhades I'd ſtray,
And watch my flocks in humble ſhades all day.
But if a tender thought could warm my breaſt,
In two ſuch worthy lovers I were bleſt;
Whoſe merits, with ſuch equal claims, appear,
That 'twere injuſtice either to prefer:
While both rejected, both muſt be content;
And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like me, an hour you've idly ſpent.

An ODE *on* BEAUTY.

I.

BEAUTY, my ſoft tranſporting theme,
Aſſiſt my muſe, and all my ſoul enflame;
With ev'ry grace, and ev'ry tender charm,
Exalt my fancy, and my boſom warm.

Thou

Thou canſt the coldeſt breaſt inſpire
With ſacred rapture, and refin'd deſire:
Not glory, friendſhip, wealth or liberty,
Attract and charm like thee.
The prince, the ſwain, the tim'rous, and the brave,
Thou, by a ſov'reign title, doſt enſlave:
Thee, ev'n the ſaint and libertine obey,
And uncontroul'd and boundleſs is thy ſway.

II.

By thee the holy hermit fir'd,
In ecſtacies ſublime,
Far from the ſenſual crowd retir'd,
Spends all his happy time;
While ſmiling forms, and glorious viſions roll
Uninterrupted thro' his raviſh'd ſoul.

III.

Nor human minds alone thy pow'r confeſs,
A kind of homage brutes themſelves expreſs;
Vanquiſh'd by thee, fierce lions quit their prey,
And harmleſs o'er the *Libyan* deſarts ſtray.

IV.

With admiration, ecſtaſy, and love,
Thou fill'ſt the num'rous, ſhining worlds above:
There are thy triumphs ſhown,
For thee each heav'nly lyre is ſtrung;
Thy force to no celeſtial breaſt unknown,
Is the perpetual ſubject of their ſong.

V.

The mighty Being whom we all adore,
Immortal Beauty, owns thy pow'r:

A whole eternity roll'd on,
While with his own ſupreme perfections he
Solac'd himſelf, immenſely bleſt in thee.
And pleas'd with the bright images which ſhone
In his own beatific mind,
He all things viſible by them deſign'd,
And after thoſe complete ideas wrought;
When from the black abyſs of night
He drew the beauteous light,
And comely order from confuſion brought.
He rais'd the ſparkling arches of the ſkies,
And bad the ſun in golden ſplendor riſe;
He gave the moon her ſilver blaze,
And lent the glimm'ring ſtars their rays.
To him the morning owes her crimſon veſt;
His ſkill, with flow'rs, the ſmiling valleys dreſt,
And cloath'd, with various furs, the beaſt;
In ſhining ſcales he arm'd the finny race,
And gave the painted birds their plumy grace.
Nor here creation ceas'd;
With the great work th' almighty maker pleas'd,
Still from a brighter copy of his mind,
He man with godlike faculties deſign'd:
Surveying then the univerſe around,
The univerſe his approbation found,
In ev'ry part with perfect beauty crown'd.

On LOVE.

VENUS, the beauteous offſpring of the day,
From thy bright orb dart one propitious ray;
Awake the gentleſt paſſions in my breaſt,
And be thy pow'r thro' all my ſoul confeſt.
From faithleſs waves thou art but feign'd to riſe,
Nor gloomy *Saturn* gave thee to the ſkies;
No wanton crowds at *Cyprus* thee invok'd,
Nor impious incenſe on thy altars ſmok'd.

DIVINE thy lineage, thy reſplendent ſtar,
With chearful glory glads the fields of air.
From thee the ſweet, the fertile ſpirit flows,
That (ſource of life) thro' total nature glows,
And bids her jarring parts one beauteous *ALL* compoſe.

THE poets juſtly would thy pomp diſplay,
In dazzling triumph rolling o'er the ſea;
While all the ranks of life, or ſenſe, that riſe
In fields, or floods, or thro' the ſpacious ſkies,
Confeſs the force of thy inſpiring flame,
And pay their homage to thy mighty name.

To Mrs. ARABELLA MARROW.

In the COUNTRY.

WHATE'ER delights the verdant field,
The grove, and moſſy fountain yield;
Whate'er the gentle, blooming ſpring,
Or ſummer in their glory bring;
Let them all conſpire to bleſs
Belinda, in her ſoft receſs.
All ye tuneful feather'd throng,
Salute her in your artleſs ſong.
Ye *Zephyrs* flying thro' the vales,
Meet her with your fragrant gales.
Ye purling brooks, indulge her ſleep,
And gently by your borders creep.
Whene'er ſhe wanders o'er the green,
Let all *Arcadia* there be ſeen.
May the charming viſions riſe,
That dance before the poet's eyes,
When the ſolitary muſe
Does rural ſhades its ſubject chuſe;
While nymphs, like *Stairs*, adorn the ſcene,
Graceful, like her's, their looks and mien.

HENCE ye gilded toys of ſtate,
Ye formal follies of the great,
Nor e'er diſturb this peaceful ſeat.
No ſound of faction hither fly,
Ambition, hate, or jealouſy;

No

No envious tattle enter here,
That wrongs the innocent and fair:
But let the graces and the loves,
Wander round these gentle groves,
And banish from *Belinda*'s breast,
Whatever may her joys molest;
While here she finds that soft repose,
Which from virtue only flows.

A PASTORAL.

IN vain my muse would imitate the strains
Which charm'd the nymphs on *Windsor*'s verdant plains;
Where *Pope*, with wond'rous art, in tuneful lays,
Won from *Apollo*'s hand immortal bays.

THE morning scarce appear'd, when *Phillis* rose,
And call'd *Aminta* from a short repose;
With cautious steps they left the peaceful bow'r,
Both, by appointment, chose the silent hour.
To tell, in rural strains, their mutual care,
And the soft secret of their breasts to share:
Securely seated near a purling stream,
By turns they sing, while love supplies the theme.

PHILLIS.

THE starry lights above are scarce expir'd,
And scarce the shades from open plains retir'd;

The

The tuneful lark has hardly ſtretch'd her wing,
And warbling linnets juſt begin to ſing;
Nor yet induſtrious bees their hives forſake,
Nor ſkim the fiſh the ſurface of the lake.

AMINTA.

NOR yet the flow'rs diſcloſe their various hue,
But fold their leaves, oppreſt with hoary dew;
Blue miſts around conceal the neighb'ring hills,
And duſky fogs hang o'er the murm'ring rills;
While *Zephyr* faintly ſighs among the trees,
And moves the branches with a lazy breeze:
No jovial pipe reſounds along the plains,
Safe in their hamlets ſleep the drouzy ſwains.

PHILLIS.

FOR me *Mirtillo* ſighs; the charming youth
Perſuades with ſo much eloquence and truth,
Whene'er he talks my flocks unheeded ſtray;
To hear him I could linger out the day,
Untir'd till night, 'till all the ſtars were gone,
Till o'er the eaſtern hills the morn came on.

AMINTA.

FOR me *Silvander* pines, as full of truth,
In ſecret too, perhaps, I love the youth;
Yet treat him ill, while with diſſembled pride
I mock his vows, his ſoft complaints deride;
And fly him ſwifter than a ſportive fawn
Skips thro' the woods, and dances o'er the lawn.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

UNPRACTIS'D in the turns of female art,
My looks declare the meaning of my heart;
To own ſo juſt and innocent a flame,
Can fix no blemiſh on a virgin's name:
When firſt my lips the tender truth expreſs'd,
A thouſand joys *Mirtillo*'s eyes confeſs'd.

AMINTA.

NO boaſting ſwain ſuch truths from me ſhall hear,
Such words ſhall never reach *Silvander*'s ear.
With *Thiſbe* once, his favour'd dog, I play'd,
Which from his maſter thro' the woods had ſtray'd;
Still on the path my watchful eyes I kept,
When from the thicket the pleas'd owner ſtept;
His ſmiling looks an inward joy confeſs'd
To find, by me, the darling dog careſs'd:
Surpriz'd, from off my lap his dog I threw,
And ſwift as lightning thro' the foreſt flew.

PHILLIS.

WHENE'ER *Mirtillo*'s ſportive kid I find,
With wreathing flow'rs his twiſted horns I bind,
And fondly ſtroke him in his maſter's ſight,
Nor e'er abuſe the harmleſs thing in ſpight,
Or think the guiltleſs favour worth my flight.

AMINTA.

THE nymphs and ſwains *Apollo*'s revels grac'd,
In ſprightly dances the ſmooth green they trac'd;
Silvander begg'd I would his partner ſtand,
I turn'd, and gave to *Corilas* my hand.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

I TO *Mirtillo* did my hand refuſe;
But after that no other ſwain would chuſe:
At *Cynthia*'s revels *Hylas* ſtrove in vain,
And *Lycidas* the favour to obtain.

AMINTA.

A BASKET of the fineſt ruſhes wrought,
With jeſſ'min, pinks, and purple vi'lets fraught,
With modeſt zeal, to me *Silvander* brought:
His preſent I rejected with diſdain,
And threw the fragrant treaſures on the plain.
Soon as the youth retir'd, with wond'rous care
I ſearch'd them round, nor would one bloſſom ſpare;
With ſome, in wreaths, my curling locks I grac'd,
And others nicely in my boſom plac'd.

PHILLIS.

FRESH ſprigs of myrtle oft my breaſt adorn,
And roſes gather'd in a dewy morn:
Of all the garden's flow'ry riches, theſe
Mirtillo loves, and I his fancy pleaſe.

AMINTA.

SILVANDER told a ſecret in my ear,
Which twice I made pretences not to hear;
He nearer drew, invited to the bliſs,
And in the am'rous whiſper ſtole a kiſs.
My riſing bluſhes the bold theft reveal'd,
Dorinda ſcarce from laughing out with-held:
I left the ſhepherd, feign'd myſelf enrag'd,
And with his rival in diſcourſe engag'd.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

IN yonder bow'r I ſate, when tow'rds the place
Mirtillo haſten'd with a lover's pace;
I feign'd myſelf to careleſs ſleep reſign'd,
My head againſt a moſſy bank reclin'd;
Approaching near, ſweet may thy ſlumbers be,
He ſoftly cry'd, and all thy dreams of me!
I laugh'd, nor longer could conceal the cheat,
But told the am'rous youth the fond deceit.

AMINTA.

WHEN in the echoing vale *Silvander* plays,
And on his reed performs the rural lays,
Behind the ſhading trees I oft' retire,
And undiſcover'd, the ſweet notes admire:
But when in public I his numbers heard,
To his unſkilful *Egon*'s I prefer'd;
Tho' with the ſwan's expiring melody,
The cuckow's tireſome note as well may vye.

PHILLIS.

WHATE'ER *Mirtillo* dictates meets applauſe,
His voice attention ſtill as midnight draws;
His voice more gentle than the ſummer's breeze,
That mildly whiſpers thro' the trembling trees;
Soft as the nightingale's complaining ſong,
Or murm'ring currents as they roll along;
Without diſguiſe the ſkilful youth I praiſe,
Admire his numbers, and repeat his lays.

On the death of Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

IN what ſoft language ſhall my thoughts get free,
My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee?
Ye muſes, graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, aſſiſt the penſive ſtrain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the dictates of my heart;
And all that knew the charming youth will join
Their friendly ſighs, and pious tears to mine:
For all that knew his merit muſt confeſs,
In grief, for him, there can be no exceſs.

HIS ſoul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unſtain'd with vanity, or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native light.
Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant friend,
Was all his own ---- but, oh! a dearer name,
And ſofter ties my endleſs ſorrow claim;
Loſt in deſpair, diſtracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior worth was due,
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſion knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My pray'rs themſelves were thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my virtue was ſincere.

When-

Whene'er I begg'd for bleſſings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I ſaid;
My warmeſt vows to heav'n were made for thee,
And love ſtill mingled with my piety.

O THOU waſt all my glory, all my pride!
Thro' life's uncertain paths, my conſtant guide:
Regardleſs of the world, to gain thy praiſe,
Was all that could my juſt ambition raiſe.

WHY has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heav'n diſſolv'd the tie ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my ſoul ſo turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where ſo much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk — 'twas ecſtaſy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal muſic dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as the muſes ſong:
Liſt'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to reſt,
And love, and ſilent rapture fill'd my breaſt;
Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only meaſur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd the melting accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly paſſions riſe,
And life and pleaſure ſparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah! the dear deluſion mocks my fond embrace;
The ſmiling viſion takes its haſty flight,
And ſcenes of horror ſwim before my ſight.

Grief, and deſpair, in all their terrors riſe,
A dying lover pale and gaſping lies.
Each diſmal circumſtance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new.
His anguiſh, with the quickeſt ſenſe I feel,
And hear this ſad, this moving language ſtill.

MY deareſt wife! my laſt, my fondeſt care!
Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
Be thou the charge of ſacred providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thouſand ſmiling bleſſings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry juſt,
My future fame and honour are thy truſt.
From all engagements here I now am free,
But that which keeps my ling'ring ſoul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:
But haſte to meet me on thoſe happy plains,
Where mighty love in endleſs triumph reigns.

HE ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming ſacrifice to death:
But, oh! what words, what numbers can expreſs,
What thought conceive the height of my diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs clay?
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle ſhade, whether thou now doſt rove
Thro' ſome bleſt vale, or ever-verdant grove;
One moment liſten to my grief, and take
The ſofteſt vows that conſtant love can make.

FOR

FOR thee all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For thee my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed, in ſilent ſhades, a hopeleſs fire.
My boſom all thy image ſhall retain,
The full impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou haſt taught my conſtant heart to prove
The nobleſt height and elegance of love;
That ſacred paſſion I to thee confine,
My ſpotleſs faith ſhall be for ever thine.

On the anniverſary return of the day on which Mr. ROWE *died.*

UNHAPPY day! with what a diſmal light
Doſt thou appear to my afflicted ſight?
In vain the chearful ſpring returns with thee,
There is no future chearful ſpring for me.

WHILE my *Alexis* withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor ſees a ſecond bloom,
The faireſt ſeaſon of the changing year,
A wild and wintry aſpect ſeems to wear;
The flow'rs no more their former beauty boaſt,
Their painted hue, and fragrant ſcents are loſt;
The joyous birds their harmony prolong,
But, oh! I find no muſic in their ſong.

YE moſſy caves, ye groves, and ſilver ſtreams,
(The muſes lov'd retreats, and gentle themes)
Ye verdant fields, no more your landſcapes pleaſe,
Nor give my ſoul one interval of eaſe;
Tranquility and pleaſure fly your ſhades,
And reſtleſs care your ſolitude invades.
Nor the ſtill ev'ning, nor the roſy dawn,
Nor moon-light glimm'ring o'er the dewy lawn,
Nor ſtars, nor ſun, my gloomy fancy chear;
But heav'n and earth a diſmal proſpect wear:
That hour that ſnatch'd *Alexis* from my arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.

UNHAPPY day! be ſacred ſtill to grief,
A grief too obſtinate for all relief;
On thee my face ſhall never wear a ſmile,
No joy on thee ſhall e'er my heart beguile.
Why does thy light again my eyes moleſt?
Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at reſt?
When ſhall I, ſtretch'd upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead?

To PHILOMELA.

Occaſioned by her POEM *on the death of her* HUSBAND.

I.

WHILE you in ſoft harmonius ſtrains bewail
Your dear *Alexis*, we attend your tale,
And loſe our grief, as kinder thoughts prevail.

II. JUSTLY

II.

JUSTLY you tell what merit in him ſhone,
Yet, tho' unartfully, you then make known,
In more reſplendent characters, your own.

III.

'TWAS thought unjuſt by his unſpotted mind,
Such matchleſs worth ſhould be to *one* confin'd;
So modeſtly he all his right reſign'd.

IV.

SINCE then you muſt the *ſacred paſſion* move
In each admiring ſwain, how can you prove
To him more faithful, than again to love?

To the AUTHOR *of the foregoing* VERSES.

RETRACT thy impious lines, too guilty youth!
Nor wreſt the laws of conſtancy and truth.
Should cruel death, amidſt thy ſofteſt charms
Of youth and wit, from ſome fond woman's arms
Tear thy reluctant ſoul, thus may ſhe prove
For thee, the heights of gratitude and love.
Whate'er ſuch early worth as thine might claim,
Whate'er the public owes thy future fame;
O let the penſive fair thy rules obey,
Be grateful in thy own exalted way,
And by a ſecond choice thy vows repay!

Thus let her tender heart thy merit mourn,
And all thy blooming ardor thus return;
With pious care tranſmit the ſacred flame,
And add immortal honours to thy name;
When thou haſt modeſtly thy right reſign'd,
And left the gentle charmer unconfin'd,
To ſhine propitiouſly on all mankind.

The RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling idol I reſign,
Unfit to ſhare a heart ſo juſtly thine;
No can the heav'nly call unwelcome be,
That ſtill invites my ſoul more near to thee;
Thou doſt but take the dying lamps away,
To bleſs me with thy own unmingled day.
Ye ſhades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!
With ſmiles I now your parting glories view.
I ſee the hand, I worſhip, I adore,
And juſtify the great diſpoſing pow'r.
Divine advantage! O immortal gain!
Why ſhould my fond, ungrateful heart complain?
Whate'er of beauty in his ample round
The ſun ſurveys, in thee is brighter found;
Whate'er the ſkies, in all their ſplendid coſt,
Their beamy pride, and majeſty can boaſt;
Whate'er the reſtleſs mind of man deſires;
Whate'er an angel's vaſter thought admires;

In

In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,
Thou firſt great ſpring of beauty and delight!
What have I loſt of excellent, or fair,
Of kind, or good, that thou can'ſt not repair?
What have I loſt of truth or amity,
But what deriv'd its gentle ſource from thee?
What is there here of excellence, or grace,
Which one bright ſmile from thee would not efface?
At one kind look, one ſparkling glance of thine,
Created pride muſt languiſh and decline.

'TIS done, at laſt, the great deciding part!
The world's ſubdu'd, and thou haſt all my heart;
It pants for joys which that can ne'er beſtow,
And ſpreads itſelf too wide for all below;
It leaves the vaſt creation far behind,
And preſſes forward, free and unconfin'd.
I ſee a boundleſs proſpect ſtill before,
And dote upon my former joys no more;
Celeſtial paſſions kindle in my ſoul,
And ev'ry low, inglorious thought controul.
O come! ye ſacred guſts, ye pure delights,
Ye heav'nly ſounds, ye intellectual ſights;
Ye gales of paradiſe, that lull to reſt,
And fill with ſilent calms the peaceful breaſt;
With you, tranſporting hopes, that boldly riſe,
And ſwell, in bliſsful torrents, to the ſkies;
That ſoar with angels on their ſplendid wings,
And ſearch th' *arcana* of celeſtial things.
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,
And ſtill converſe, ye glorious ſcenes, with you.

Keep far away, for ever far from hence,
Ye gawdy ſhews, and flatt'ring ſnares of ſenſe;
Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu!
However ſoft, and pleaſing to the view.
And all ye dazzling wonders of the ſkies,
Ev'n you my now aſpiring thoughts deſpiſe;
No more your blandiſhments my heart detain,
Beauty and pleaſure make their court in vain;
Objects divine, and infinite in view,
Seize all my pow'rs, ye fading toys, from you.

'TIS finiſh'd now, the great deciding part!
The world's ſubdu'd, and thou haſt all my heart;
It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,
Nor needs another ſeparation fear.
No fatal chance thro' endleſs years ſhall riſe,
The ſeries of my pleaſures to ſurpriſe;
No various ſcenes to come, no change of place
Shall e'er thy image from my ſoul efface;
Nor life, nor death, nor diſtant height above,
Nor depths below, ſhall part me from thy love.

Tranſlated from the Italian *of* PETRUCCI.

Contentatevi, o cieli chiariſſimi, &c.

PERMIT me, O ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

I know

I know my guilty eyes unmete
The ſplendor of the ſtars to greet,
And more deſerve to view below
The caves were ſtreams of ſulphur glow.
Theſe proſpects all my ſoul confound,
My hopes in vaſt deſpair are drown'd;
Till I the glorious methods trace,
The triumphs of almighty grace;
When thus my ſoul tranſported cries,
Permit me, O ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
While you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

YE ſtarry lights, ye gawdy flames,
That deck the ſpheres with golden beams,
You, that pave the milky way,
You, that conſtant rules obey,
Or wand'ring thro' the ether, ſtray;
In your gay courſes ye declare
How much more bright thoſe glories are,
By everlaſting love prepar'd,
Unſhaken virtue to reward.
Thy joys, vain world, no more invite
My flatter'd ſenſe to falſe delight;
Celeſtial objects fire my ſoul,
And ev'ry humbler wiſh controul.
Permit me then, ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
For you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

BUT while I fondly gaze on you,
And bid all human things adieu,
Your beauties all my pain renew.
Then view the anguiſh of my breaſt,
With love, impatient love, diſtreſt;
Thoſe interpoſing clouds divide,
That all my joys and treaſure hide;
But you are deaf ---- ye ſons of light,
That gaze on the tranſporting ſight,
And loſe yourſelves in vaſt delight;
That know the boundleſs heights of love,
Yet nothing but its pleaſures prove;
O, tell me where my Lord to find,
For you are ſtill to mortals kind;
Yet now, regardleſs of my care,
You leave to winds my fruitleſs pray'r:
Permit me then, ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That from my ſight conceal my love.

THOU charming author of my pain,
Let me at laſt my ſuit obtain;
Or if deny'd ſo high a grace,
In the bright ſkies to view thy face,
Thy paths I'd thro' ſome deſart trace;
Savage as that, where thou the ſcorn
Of tempting fiends, for me haſt born;
Or to the diſmal garden's ſhade,
Where terrors did thy ſoul invade;
Or let me climb, to follow thee,
The painful ſteep of *Calvary:*

How-

However gloomy be the place,
May I but there behold thy face;
A paradiſe to me 'twill prove,
High heav'n, and all the joys above.
But, ah! my pray'rs are ſtill deny'd,
And ſtill thou doſt thy beauties hide.
Permit me then, ye radiant ſkies,
On your gay heights to fix mine eyes;
Since you the envious curtains prove,
That hide the object of my love.

On the DIVINE GOODNESS.

AWAKE, my ſoul, and to th' almighty king,
In lofty ſtrains, triumphant praiſes ſing;
Let all thy pow'rs their nobleſt force excite,
And ſpread his glory with ſincere delight;
Extol him with uninterrupted joy,
And let his love thy longeſt breath employ.
O come, you bleſt adorers of his name,
And liſten while his goodneſs I proclaim:
But, oh! my trembling tongue attempts in vain
The boundleſs ſubject, in a mortal ſtrain;
Some angel lend me his melodious lyre,
And with celeſtial ſkill my breaſt inſpire;
On wings of ſacred rapture let me riſe
And join my hallelujahs with the ſkies.
But, mighty God, how ſhall a mortal worm,
A ſpan of earth, the glorious taſk perform?

Swallow'd

Swallow'd in pleaſure and divine ſurprize,
I view thy love's unbounded myſteries:
In all thy wond'rous paths I gladly trace
Indulgent goodneſs, and ſtupendous grace.
When I the dreadful precipice ſurvey,
Where thoughtleſs and inſenſible I lay;
While fiery billows roll'd along below,
And gaping gulphs ſhew'd ſcenes of endleſs woe;
'Twas then, 'twas then, unmeaſurable love
Did to my ſoul its glorious methods prove.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, my firſt, my laſt, my ſtedfaſt choice,
My boundleſs bliſs, the ſpring of all my joys!
I'll worſhip thee before the ſilver moon,
With ſilent pace has reach'd her cloudy noon;
Before the ſtars the midnight ſkies adorn,
Long, long before the ſlow approach of morn.
Thee I'll invoke, to thee glad anthems ſing,
And with my voice join each harmonious ſtring:
The midnight echoes at thy name ſhall wake,
And on their wings the joyful burthen take;
While one bright ſmile from thee, one pleaſing ray,
Thro' the ſtill ſhades ſhall dart celeſtial day.

As the ſcorch'd trav'ller in a deſart land,
Tracing, with weary ſteps, the burning ſand;

And

And fainting underneath the fierce extremes
Of raging thirſt, longs for refreſhing ſtreams;
So pants my ſoul, with ſuch an eager ſtrife
I follow thee, the ſacred ſpring of life.

OPEN the boundleſs treaſures of thy grace,
And let me once more ſee thy lovely face;
As I have ſeen thee in thy bright abode,
When all my pow'rs confeſt the preſent God.

THERE I could ſay, and mark the happy place,
'Twas there I did his glorious foot-ſteps trace;
'Twas there (O let me raiſe an altar there!)
I ſaw as much of heav'n as mortal ſenſe could bear;
There from his eyes I met the heav'nly beam
That kindled in my ſoul this deathleſs flame.

LIFE, the moſt valu'd good that mortals prize,
Compar'd to which, we all things elſe deſpiſe;
Life, in its vig'rous pride, with all that's ſtor'd
In the extent of that important word;
Ev'n life it ſelf, my God, without thy love,
A tedious round of vanity would prove.
Grant me thy love, be that my glorious lot,
Swallow'd in that, be all things elſe forgot.
And while thoſe heav'nly flames my breaſt inſpire,
I'll call up all my pow'rs, and touch the tuneful lyre;
With all the eloquence of grateful lays,
I'll ſing thy goodneſs, and recite thy praiſe.
The charming theme ſhall ſtill my ſoul employ,
And give me foretaſtes of immortal joy;

With

With ſilent rapture, not to be expreſt,
My eager wiſhes here ſhall richly feaſt.
When ſullen night its gloomy curtains ſpreads,
And ſoothing ſleep its drowzy influence ſheds;
I'll baniſh flatt'ring ſlumbers from my eyes,
And praiſe thee till the golden morning riſe;
Thoſe ſilent hours ſhall conſecrated be,
And thro' the liſt'ning ſhades I'll ſend my vows to thee.

PSALM LXXII.

BLEST prince of righteouſneſs and peace,
The hope of all mankind!
The poor, in thy unblemiſh'd reign,
Shall free protection find.

SECURE of juſt redreſs, to thee
Th' oppreſs'd his cauſe ſhall bring;
While with the fruits of ſacred peace
The joyful fields ſhall ſpring.

THRO' endleſs years thy glorious name
The righteous ſhall adore,
When ſun and moon have run their courſe,
And meaſure time no more.

THOU ſhalt deſcend like the ſoft drops
Of kind celeſtial dews;
Or as a ſhow'r, whoſe gentle fall
The joyful ſpring renews.

THE

THE juſt ſhall flouriſh in thy days,
And ſacred truth abound,
While in the ſkies the changing moon
Reſtores her nightly round.

PEACE ſhall with balmy wings o'erſhade
Our favour'd walls around:
With graſs the meads, with plenteous corn
The mountains ſhall be crown'd.

A HANDFUL ſcatter'd on the earth,
Shall riſe a wond'rous crop;
The loaded ſtalks ſhall bend like trees
On *Lebanon*'s high top.

THY glory no eclipſe ſhall ſee,
But ſhine divinely bright,
While from his orb the radiant ſun
Darts undiminiſh'd light.

CONVERTED nations, bleſt in thee,
Shall magnify thy grace,
Call thee their glorious ranſomer,
And hope of all their race.

WITH love and ſacred rapture fir'd,
Thy lofty name we'll ſing:
Thou only wond'rous things haſt done,
The everlaſting king!

FROM

FROM all the corners of the earth
Let grateful praiſe aſcend:
Let loud *Amens*, and joyful ſhouts,
The ſtarry convex rend.

PSALM CXLVI.

PREPARE the voice, and tune the joyful lyre,
And let the glorious theme my ſoul inſpire:
To thee, my God, I ſing; thy mighty name
With heav'nly rapture ſhall my ſoul enflame.
My tuneful homage ſhall like incenſe riſe,
And glad the air, and reach th' approving ſkies;
While life informs this frame, the ſacred ſong
Shall fill my breaſt, and dwell upon my tongue.

As ſome fair ſtructure, whoſe firm baſis lies
On ſtrength of rocks, the threat'ning winds defies;
So ſtedfaſtly my hopes on heav'n are plac'd,
Nor earth, nor hell, my confidence can blaſt.
Let others ſtill for human help attend,
And on the flatt'ries of the great depend;
Relentleſs death ſhall mock their airy truſt,
And lay their boaſted confidence in duſt.
As the fantaſtic viſions of the night,
Before the op'ning morning take their flight;
So periſh all the boaſts of men, their pride,
And vain deſigns, the laughing ſkies deride.

BUT

BUT he alone ſecurely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God protection gives;
The mighty God, who made the ſtedfaſt earth,
And gave the ſprings that ſwell the ocean birth;
Who form'd the ſtars, and ſpread the circling ſkies,
And bade the ſun in all his glory riſe:
No breach of faithfulneſs his honour ſtains,
With day and night his word unchang'd remains:
On human woes he looks with pitying eyes,
To help th' oppreſs'd, and anſwer all their cries;
The orphan's ſoft complaint, and widow's tears,
Obtain redreſs, and fix his liſt'ning ears:
His throne from changes ſtands for ever free,
And his dominion ſhall no period ſee.

CANT. VI. v.

OVEIL thy heav'nly beauties from my ſight!
I cannot yet ſuſtain celeſtial light.
The dazzling luſtre of thy eyes controul,
Their pointed glories wound my tender ſoul;
I cannot yet theſe ſacred tranſports bear,
Too feeble I, thou too divinely fair.
Return to the gay climes of day again,
Celeſtial frames thy ſplendor may ſuſtain;
Acquainted with thoſe bright, thoſe bleſt extremes,
With ſtedfaſt eyes they meet thy glorious beams;

Unveil'd they view the radiant deity,
Loſt in the heights of bliſsful ecſtaſy;
But, oh! theſe flights are too ſublime for me;
Theſe raptures would my brittle frame deſtroy,
And overcome me with exceſſive joy:
Then veil thy heav'nly beauties from my ſight,
I cannot yet ſuſtain celeſtial light.

CANT. VIII. vi.

O SET me as a ſignal on thy heart!
And let the deep impreſſion ne'er depart.
O let me ne'er by thee abandon'd prove!
I were undone, if thou ſhouldſt change thy love;
I could no greater mis'ry undergo,
'Twere hell itſelf, the blackeſt hell of woe!
My hopes, my joys are plac'd in thee alone,
Robb'd of thy ſmiles and favour, all were gone.
My life, my happineſs depends on thee,
Without thee, what were all the world to me?
I ſhould deteſt the light and vital air,
And waſte my days in ſorrow and deſpair.
Forgive my fears, the ſure effect of love,
Its mighty force and violence they prove.
The thoughts of loſing thee I cannot bear,
Leſs cruel death, than that tormenting fear;
It blaſts my blooming joys, diſturbs my reſt,
And fills, with deep anxiety, my breaſt:
That thou mayſt once my wretched ſoul deſert,
This cruel doubt wounds my deſponding heart.

A HYMN.

In imitation of CANT. V. vi, vii.

YE pure inhabitants of light,
Ye virgin minds above,
That feel the ſacred violence,
And mighty force of love.

BY all your boundleſs joys, by all
Your love to human kind,
I charge you to inſtruct me where
My abſent Lord to find.

I'VE ſearch'd the pleaſant vales and plains,
And climb'd the hills around;
But no glad tidings of my love,
Among the ſwains have found.

I'VE oft invok'd him in the ſhades,
By ev'ry ſtream and rock;
The rocks, the ſtreams, and echoing ſhades,
My vain induſtry mock.

I TRAC'D the city's noiſy ſtreets,
And told my cares aloud;
But no intelligence could meet
Among the thoughtleſs crowd.

I SEARCH'D the temple round, for there
He oft' has bleſt my ſight,
And half unveil'd, of his lov'd face
Diſclos'd the heav'nly light.

BUT with theſe glorious views, no more
I feaſt my raviſh'd eyes,
For veil'd with interpoſing clouds,
My eager ſearch he flies.

O, COULD I in ſome deſart land
His ſacred foot-ſteps trace,
I'd with a glad devotion kneel,
And bleſs the happy place.

I'D follow him o'er burning ſands,
Or where perpetual ſnow,
With horrid aſpect cloathes the ground,
To find my Lord, I'd go.

NOR ſtormy ſeas ſhould ſtay my courſe,
Nor unfrequented ſhore,
Nor craggy *Alps*, nor deſart waſtes
Where hungry lions roar.

THRO' ranks of interpoſing deaths
To his embrace I'd fly,
And to enjoy his bliſsful ſmiles,
Would be content to die.

EXODUS III. xiv. *I am that I am.*

WHATE'ER thou art, to thee, and thee alone,
The firſt almighty cauſe of all, is known;
Yet would I ſtrive ambitiouſly to raiſe
My voice to the delightful work of praiſe:
But, oh! what human words thoſe heights can reach?
What bolder thought the flight divine can ſtretch?
Ev'n angels, in their ſweeteſt ecſtaſy,
When they behold the ſmiling deity,
Their want of pow'r and eloquence confeſs,
When they thy boundleſs glories would expreſs;
In heav'n they find no metaphors for thee,
And what reſemblance then can mortals ſee?

YET I muſt talk, and talk of thee alone,
Be to my tongue all other themes unknown!
In holy ſongs I would my ſilence break,
In raptures, everlaſting raptures, ſpeak.
O, 'tis the work of heav'n, almighty king!
To love, adore, and thy high praiſes ſing;
And this my everlaſting bliſs ſhall be,
My lips ſhall talk, my heart ſhall fix on thee.
Thy excellence, and ev'ry glorious name
To angels known, ſhall feed the holy flame:
I then ſhall ſee thee lovely as thou art,
And feel what boundleſs joys thy ſmiles impart;
The beatific ſcene, without controul,
Shall open all its ſplendor on my ſoul.

A SONG *of* PRAISE.

PREPARE, my ſoul, thy nobleſt lays,
And ſpeak thy great deliv'rer's praiſe.
Awake, my voice, and gentle lute,
Nor let one grateful ſtring be mute;
And, oh! ye ſacred pow'rs of love,
Let me all your influence prove:
Ye heav'nly Virtues, guide my tongue,
Or teach me ſome celeſtial ſong;
Such as your own flame inſpires,
When you touch your golden lyres;
And in the fair ethereal bow'rs,
Sing away your happy hours.

BEGIN, begin the tuneful lays,
While the morning's early rays
All their golden luſtre ſpread
O'er the tow'ring mountain's head;
Nor ceaſe 'till noon, 'till ſable night
Conceal the world from mortal ſight.

FROM the loweſt depths of care,
To God I ſent a doubtful pray'r;
Yet he lent a gracious ear,
And ſcatter'd all my groundleſs fear.

WHILE theſe lips draw vital breath,
'Till I cloſe my eyes in death,

I'll

I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous love,
Nor thoughtleſs of thy favours prove.
Beneath thy ſhadowing wings defence
I'll place my only confidence;
In ev'ry danger and diſtreſs,
To thee I will my pray'r addreſs.
Let all my hopes on earth be loſt,
In thee I'll make my conſtant boaſt;
I'll ſpread the glories of thy name,
And thy unbounded love proclaim.

YOU that ſink in dark deſpair,
To God direct your humble pray'r;
From his lofty ſeat he hears
Our ſad complaints, and drys our tears;
He regards the penſive breaſt,
And gives the weary pilgrim reſt;
On human miſ'ries, from his throne,
With ſoft compaſſion he looks down;
The weight of all our grief he knows,
And ſeems to ſhare our ſecret woes.

LORD, what is man, that he ſhould prove
The object of ſuch boundleſs love?
Whence can ſuch wond'rous bounty ſpring,
To ſuch a vain and worthleſs thing?
Why ſhould he ſo largely ſhare
Thy favour, and thy tender care?
Why thy ſacred thoughts employ,
In the heights of perfect joy?

O LET ev'ry grateful tongue
Speak thy praiſe in lofty ſong;
And thou, my ſoul, join all thy pow'rs,
In this bleſt work employ thy hours.

CANT. I. vii.

O TELL me thou, for whom I prove
The ſofteſt languiſhments of love,
Thou, dearer than all human things,
From whom my pureſt pleaſure ſprings,
Thou lovely object of my care,
Whom more than life I prize by far;
O, tell me in what verdant mead,
Or flow'ry vale, thy flocks are fed;
Or by what ſilver current's ſide,
Thou gently doſt their foot-ſteps guide?
Inſtruct me to what ſhade they run,
The noon-day's ſcorching heat to ſhun.
They follow thee, they hear thy voice,
And at the well-known ſound rejoice:
O, let me too that muſic hear,
Let one kind whiſper reach mine ear;
My ſoul ſhall that ſoft call obey,
Nor longer from thee wildly ſtray.

CANT. *chap.* V.

THE night had now her gloomy curtains ſpread,
And ev'ry chearful beam of light was fled;
This diſmal night, my Lord, who ne'er before
Had met a cold refuſal at my door,
Approach'd, and with a voice divinely ſweet;
My ears with theſe perſuading words did greet.
'My faireſt ſpouſe, my ſiſter, and my love!'
(But, ah! no more theſe charming names could move)
'Ariſe, for thro' the midnight ſhades and dew
'I thee, the object of my cares, purſue.'

HIS heav'nly voice, and moving words, I heard,
And knew the bleſt deſign my Lord prepar'd;
But long, with poor excuſes, I delay'd,
And careleſs ſtretch'd on my enticing bed.
Tir'd with my cold delay, 'Farewel,' he cries:
Theſe killing words my fainting ſoul ſurprize;
With fear diſtracted to the door I run,
But, oh! the treaſure of my life was gone;
Yet, of his recent preſence, ſigns I found,
For heav'nly fragrance fill'd the air around.
I rove wherever love directs my feet,
And call aloud, but no return could meet;
Echoes alone to my complaint reply,
In mournful ſounds, as thro' the ſhades I fly.
I from the watchmen hop'd, in vain, relief,
With cruel ſcorn they mock'd my pious grief.

But

But you, *Jeruſalem*'s fair daughters, you
That know what pity to my cares is due,
O! if you meet the object of my love,
Tell him what torments for his ſake I prove;
Tell him how tenderly his loſs I moan,
Tell him that all my joys with him are gone,
Tell him his preſence makes my heaven; and tell,
O tell him, that his abſence is my hell!

WHAT bright perfections does he then poſſeſs,
For whom thou doſt this tender grief expreſs?

O! he's diſtinguiſh'd from all human race,
By ſuch peculiar, ſuch immortal grace,
That you, among ten thouſand, may deſcry
His heav'nly form, and find for whom I die.
There's nothing which on earth we lovely call,
But he ſurpaſſes, far ſurpaſſes all.
He's fairer than the ſpotleſs orbs of light,
Nor falling ſnow, compar'd to him, is white.
The roſes that his lovely face adorn,
Out-bluſh the purple glories of the morn.
The waving ringlets of his graceful hair,
Black as the ſhining plumes the ravens wear.
His eyes would win the moſt obdurate heart,
Victorious love in ev'ry look they dart.
His balmy lips diffuſe divine perfumes,
And on his cheek a bed of ſpices blooms.
His breaſt, like poliſh'd iv'ry, ſmooth and fair,
With veins which with the ſaphires may compare.
Stately his height, as thoſe fair trees which crown,
With graceful pride, the brow of *Lebanon*.

His

His voice ſo ſweet, no harmony is found
On earth, to equal the delightful ſound.
He's altogether lovely ---- This is he
So much belov'd, ſo much ador'd by me.

The SUBMISSION.

HOWEVER hard, my God, thy terms appear,
Howe'er to ſenſe afflicting and ſevere,
To any articles I can agree,
Rather than bear the thoughts of loſing thee:
Exact whate'er thou wilt, we'll never part,
Nothing ſhall force thy image from my heart.
Thou ſtill art good, howe'er thou deal with me,
Spotleſs thy truth, unſtain'd thy purity:
Amidſt my ſuff'rings ſtill I'll own thee juſt,
And in thy wonted mercy firmly truſt.
Whate'er becomes of ſuch a wretch as me,
Thy equal ways ſhall ſtill unblemiſh'd be;
The ſons of men ſhall ſtill thy grace proclaim,
And place their refuge in thy mighty name;
Thro' all the wide-extended realms above,
Bright angels ſhall proclaim thy wond'rous love:
Ev'n I ſhall yet adore thy wonted grace,
Tho' darkneſs now conceals thy lovely face.
But, oh! how long ſhall I thy abſence mourn?
When, when wilt thou, my ſun, my life return?
Thou only can'ſt my drooping ſoul ſuſtain,
Of nothing but thy diſtance I complain.

The

The WISH.

I SHOULD renounce this heart from being mine,
If all its love were not entirely thine.
Objects of ſenſe my paſſions may enflame,
But thou doſt ſtill my nobler reaſon claim.
Could I theſe ſtubborn faculties controul,
And manage all the motions of my ſoul,
My ſerious grief by pious tears I'd prove,
For each offence againſt forgiving love.
My breaſt ſhould ne'er admit a ſpark of joy,
But when thy favour did my thoughts employ.
With early zeal I would my ſelf preſent,
When to thy holy dwelling-place I went:
I'd breathe my ſoul in lofty praiſe to thee,
And join with angels in their harmony.
My raviſh'd heart ſhould at thy table prove
The heights of ecſtaſy, and ſacred love;
Th' immortal food immortal ſtrength ſhould give,
On that alone my active hopes ſhould live.
My hymns ſhould ſtill prevent the riſing ſun,
Like that, with joy, my vig'rous race I'd run:
When from his height he downward glory ſtreams,
My mounting praiſe ſhould meet his noon-day beams;
And ſtill untir'd to thee, my God, I'd ſing,
While the grey ev'ning ſtretch'd her ſhady wing.
Thy name and works ſhould be my daily theme,
And conſtant ſubject of my nightly dream:
Celeſtial viſions ſhould employ my ſleep,
While angels round my bed their watches keep.

My

My life, by one bright courſe of piety,
And not by months and years, ſhould meaſur'd be.
Thy glory all my actions ſhould deſign,
I'd hear no voice, obey no call but thine.
At thy command I would the world forego,
And no ſuch thing as ſelf, or int'reſt know.
For thee I would my deareſt friend reſign,
And from my heart blot ev'ry name but thine.
Thy love, the fountain of my happineſs,
Thy love ſhould all my raviſh'd ſoul poſſeſs:
And while I'm thus entirely bleſt in thee,
No happy monarch ſhould my envy be;
Loſt in the high enjoyment of thy love,
What glorious mortal could my wiſhes move?
I'd view each charming object as the glaſs,
In which my eyes, with vaſt delight ſhould trace
The lov'd, tho' faint reſemblance of thy face.
I'd nothing lovely call, no beauty ſee,
But that which led my riſing ſoul to thee:
No harmony ſhould e'er my ears rejoice,
Without the welcome muſic of thy voice.
Not the bright ſun, in dazzling glory gay,
Nor the ſoft luſtre of the lunar ray;
Not all the ſweets that give the ſpring to pleaſe,
The morning *Zephyr*, or the ev'ning breeze;
The murm'ring rill thro' flow'ry borders drawn,
The ſecret covert, or the open lawn;
The verdant valley, or the fragrant field,
Abſtract from thee, ſhould any ſolace yield:
I'd be inſenſible of all delight,
But what unſtain'd devotion ſhould excite.

MORE I would ſpeak, but all my words are faint,
Celeſtial love, what eloquence can paint?
Nor more can be by mortal words expreſt,
But vaſt eternity ſhall tell the reſt.

On the works of CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and majeſty divine,
In all thy works, ador'd Creator, ſhine.
Where'er I caſt my wond'ring eyes around,
The God I ſeek in ev'ry part is found.
Purſuing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,
And read thy name on ev'ry ſpire of graſs.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely ſhade,
And find thee in the ſolitary glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreſhing gale,
That gently paſſes thro' the dewy vale.
The pink, the jeſſ'min, and the purple roſe,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant leaves diſcloſe.
The feather'd choir that welcome in the ſpring,
By thee were taught their various notes to ſing.
By thee the morning in her crimſon veſt,
And ornaments of golden clouds, is dreſt.
The ſun, in all his ſplendor, wears thy beams,
And drinks in light from thy exhauſtleſs ſtreams.
The moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray;
Unnumber'd ſtars thy glorious paths diſplay.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
The thoughts of God my muſing ſoul delight.

Thick

Thick ſhades and night thy dread pavilion form;
In ſtate thou rid'ſt upon the flying ſtorm;
While thy ſtrong hand its fierceſt rage reſtrains,
And holds the wild, unmanag'd winds in reins.
What ſparklings of thy majeſty appear,
When thro' the firmament ſwift lightnings glare?
When peals of thunder fill the ſkies around,
I hear thy voice in the tremendous ſound.
But, oh! how ſmall a part is known of thee,
From all thy works immenſe variety?
Whatever mortal men perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite degree, doſt claim.

AND while I here thy fainteſt ſhadows trace,
I pine to ſee the glories of thy face;
Where beauty in its never-changing height,
And uncreated excellence, ſhines bright.
When ſhall the heav'nly ſcene, without controul,
Open in dazzling triumph on my ſoul?
My pow'rs, with all their ardor, ſhall adore,
And languiſh for terreſtrial charms no more.

On LOVE.

YE ſtars that ſparkle in the midnight ſkies,
Propitious love ſhines out in all your eyes;
Nor does the moon the glorious truth conceal,
But darts ſoft glances thro' her gloomy veil.
The ſun comes forth in majeſty above,
And kindles, as he goes, the flames of love;

With

With gentle beams he warms the teeming earth,
And gives ten thouſand various forms their birth.
Whatever ſhape thou wear'ſt, thy bright abode
Was from eternity, the mind of God:
There thou haſt triumph'd in the ſplendid height
Of uncreated and eſſential light;
The ſpring, the fountain of the life divine,
The conſtant end of ev'ry great deſign.

SPIRIT of nature, its informing ſoul!
Thou doſt the pow'rs of heav'n and earth controul:
All the degrees of life and ſenſe that riſe
In fields, or floods, or thro' the ſpacious ſkies;
All feel the force of thy inſpiring flame,
And joy and triumph in thy mighty name.
O, thou art all in all! the higheſt end,
That boundleſs grace and wiſdom could intend!
And lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights above,
Shall finally be ſwallow'd up of love:
No further changes then; but fully bleſt
The Maker, and his finiſh'd works ſhall reſt.

On the picture of King GEORGE I.

SUCH native goodneſs, ſuch a regal grace
Was never ſtamp'd on any vulgar face;
The ſacred characters ſo clearly ſhine,
'Twere impious not to own the *right divine*,

Part

Part of the third SCENE *of the third* ACT *of* PASTOR FIDO, *tranſlated.*

MIRTILLO.

UNGRATEFUL nymph! thy too ſevere command,
To narrow bounds would limit thoſe deſires,
Whoſe vaſt extent ſcarce human thought can graſp.

THAT I have lov'd, and lov'd thee more than life,
If ſtill thou doubt, the fields, the conſcious groves,
The ſavage race can tell; and theſe hard rocks,
Soften'd by my complaints, can witneſs too.

LOOK on thy ſelf, thy matchleſs beauty proves
The juſtice, truth, and grandeur of my flame.
Whate'er the earth, or azure ſkies can boaſt
Of excellence, 'tis all ſumm'd up in thee.
So high the ſpring of my unbounded paſſion,
'Tis nature, 'tis neceſſity ----- As flame
Aſcends, as water ſinks, as floats the air,
As reſts the earth, as roll the circling ſpheres;
With ſuch perpetual force, my eager ſoul,
In all its reſtleſs motion, tends to thee,
As its ſuperior bliſs: and who would tear
My conſtant heart from thee, as well might change
Great nature's long eſtabliſh'd laws, turn back

The ſhining planets from their ancient courſe,
And from its ſtedfaſt centre ſhake the world.

BUT ſince thy harſh commands enjoin my tongue,
In brief to tell the ſtory of my pain;
If I muſt ſpeak no more, my parting breath
Shall tell thee that I die a victim to thy ſcorn.

From the ſame. ACT III. SCENE I.

AMARILLIS alone.

MY life, my lov'd *Mirtillo!* could'ſt thou view
My ſecret inclinations, this ſevere,
This cruel *Amarillis*, ſoon would find
From thee that pity, thou doſt now implore.
I love, and am belov'd; yet what avails
The ſoft engagement, but to make us wretched?

O WHY, ye deaf, inexorable pow'rs,
Will ye for ever part what love unites?
Or rather why, too fond, perfidious love,
Wilt thou unite what ſacred rites divide?
Happy the ſavage race, that thro' the woods
Purſue their pleaſures unconfin'd by laws!
Too rigid laws that nature would reſtrain!
Or too imperfect nature that reſiſts!

O SACRED

O SACRED virtue! let my tongue recal
Theſe impious accents; thine's a name divine,
And ſtill my ſoul pays homage to thy pow'r:
To thee I ſacrifice theſe wild deſires,
And fall a victim to thy holy rigour.

Part of the thirteenth book of TASSO's JERUSALEM *tranſlated.*

THE vaſt machine was ſcarce in aſhes ſunk,
Which from their walls the fearful *Pagans* drove,
When new deſigns the curſt magician forms:
How to prevent the *Gauls* from freſh ſupplies
Of uſeful timber from the neighb'ring wood,
That might more formidable engines raiſe,
And *Sion*'s trembling walls again alarm.

AT diſtance from the *Chriſtian* camp there roſe,
Amidſt a ſilent, ſolitary vale,
A lofty foreſt thick with ancient trees,
Whoſe folding branches all beneath diffuſe
A duſky horror, and malignant ſhade.
Nor here the radiant ſun at brighteſt noon
E'er ſmiles with chearful rays, but feebly caſts
A dim, diſcolour'd, and uncertain light;
Uncertain as the cloudy ſkies diſplay,
While riſing night, and parting day contend.

BUT when the sun the gay horizon leaves,
Blackness and terror all the place possess,
Blackness and terror, imitating hell;
Which mortal eyes with fearful darkness veils,
And fills with deep anxiety the soul.
Nor here for shade the shepherd leads his flock,
Nor here the herdsmen drives his grazing charge:
No pilgrim enters here, unless misled;
But hastens far with cautious steps away,
And beckons trav'llers from the dang'rous road.

THE goblins here nocturnal revels keep,
A monstrous congress, in the gloom they meet;
With dragons wings some break the tortur'd air,
Others, with cloven hoofs, skip o'er the hills:
A lewd assembly, who with tempting wiles,
And soft, fallacious images, entice
The minds of men from virtue's sacred ways.
With hellish rites, and execrable pomp,
Their impious banquets here they nightly keep.

THE *Pagans* this assert, nor lift an axe
Within the confines of the haunted grove;
Which yet the *Christians* boldly violate,
And carry thence materials for the war.

AMIDST the deepest silence of the night,
Ismenes hither comes to prove his arts;
And uncouth figures on the ground inscribes,
Thrice shakes his wand, and murmurs potent words,
And invocation sinful to recite.

THE twinkling glories that adorn the ſky
Look pale, and ſicken at the dreadful ſound:
The troubled moon withdraws her feeble beam,
And wraps her ſilver horn in folding clouds.

MILLIONS of ſpirits by his charms compell'd,
Aſtoniſh'd from their ſev'ral quarters come;
By thouſands ſome the realms of air forſake;
While others thro' the cleaving earth aſcend,
All black and ſullen from the gloomy deep.

TAKE you, the wizard cries, theſe trees in charge,
As ſouls their bodies, animate each trunk,
Secure them from the bold encroaching *Gauls*,
And force them, terrify'd, from hence to fly.

DISPLEAS'D, the tardy ſpirits undertake
A taſk that kept them from the war; and lodge
In ev'ry ſprig, and ev'ry leaf poſſeſs.

ISMENES joyful to the king returns,
And boaſting, all his curſt ſucceſs relates.
He adds, your regal ſeat is now ſecure,
Nor can your foes their proud machine repair.
But ſtill their worſt misfortunes are behind.
Within the courſe of ſome revolving days,
Hot *Mars* and *Phœbus* in the *Lion* meet,
With angry aſpects, and malignant rays;
Whence heat ſo ſtrong and violent enſues,
That nothing ſhall its fierce extremes allay;
Nor winds, nor clouds, nor dews, nor cooling ſhow'rs:
Not more intemp'rate flames the *Indian* burns.

This all the ſtars and face of heav'n predict.
To us the diſadvantage will be leſs,
With ſwelling ſprings, and grateful ſhade ſupply'd,
By heav'n abandon'd, firſt their camp ſhall fall
An eaſy conqueſt to th' *Egyptian* troops.
Thus ſitting you the victory may gain,
And try no more the doubtful chance of war.
But if the proud *Argantes* this withſtands,
Your conduct muſt his headlong rage reſtrain.
Leave all beyond to heav'n, which ſoon will bring
Triumph to you, confuſion to your foes.

THESE ſpeeches ſooth the king, who now commands
The breaches of the wall to be repair'd:
The chearful citizens and ſlaves aſſiſt
To mend the wall, and fortify the town.

An EPISTLE *from* ALEXIAS, *a noble* Roman, *to his wife, whom he left on his wedding-day, with a deſign to viſit the* eaſtern *churches.*

ALL health to thee, ſtill dearer than my life,
My lovely miſtreſs, and more charming wife!
Warn'd by a heav'nly viſion from thy bed,
And tender arms, yet unenjoy'd, I fled.

Haſte

Haſte, cries the ſhining form, without pretence,
Aſtoniſh'd man, 'tis heav'n commands thee hence;
The mighty meſſage leaves thee no defence.
Haſte, and the reſt to providence reſign,
This deed ſhall in immortal legends ſhine.

MUTE with ſurprize, I took my ſudden flight,
Aſſiſted by the covert of the night.
The friendly pow'r conducts me to the ſhore
Of thoſe lov'd regions I muſt view no more;
The winds to ſea the deſtin'd veſſel bore.
The deep, and all its ſtormy dangers paſt,
We reach the happy *Aſian* coaſts at laſt:
To all the *Chriſtian* churches there as ſent,
With pious zeal to viſit them I went.

ANOTHER heav'nly charge conſtrains me then
To quit the dear ſociety of men;
In ſome remote and humble hermitage,
Far from the world to ſpend my blooming age.
Now thro' uncouth and pathleſs woods I ſtray,
Frequented only by the beaſts of prey,
Who trembling haſte at my approach away.
O'er *Libya*'s ſcorching ſands, or *Scythian* ſnows,
Undaunted, innocence and virtue goes.
All night, unguarded, in the woods I lie,
The ſtars my lamps, the clouds my canopy.
With wholeſome fruits my hunger I ſuffice,
My thirſt a bounteous ſilver ſpring ſupplies.
To heav'n alone in this retreat I live,
And all my hours to ſtrict devotion give;

Deep contemplation, ſacred hymns, and pray'r,
In ſolemn turns, my conſtant leiſure ſhare.

SOMETIMES, my ſinking forces to renew,
The ſcenes of everlaſting pain I view,
The dreadful fate to curſt apoſtates due:
My ſhudd'ring fancy ſeeks the ſhades below,
The realms of death, and diſmal ſeats of woe;
I trace the burning banks, the ſulph'rous ſtreams,
And tremble at the never-dying flames.

A NOBLER view my virtue now excites,
And pleaſure's charming name my ſoul invites;
The boundleſs joys, the crown, the vaſt reward,
In heav'n, for ſtedfaſt piety prepar'd.
My tow'ring thoughts in raptur'd ſallies rove,
Thro' all the wide reſplendent worlds above;
I view the inmoſt glories of the ſkies,
And paradiſe lies open to my eyes;
Whole floods of joy come pouring on my ſoul,
And high the flowing tides of pleaſure roll.

THESE bliſsful proſpects urge my virtue on,
No toil too great for an immortal crown!
No path that leads to happineſs is hard,
Short the fatigue, eternal the reward!
The courſe of ſome few fleeting minutes o'er,
And I ſhall gain the long expected ſhore;
And from theſe dark tempeſtuous coaſts remove
To the calm ſkies, and peaceful climes above.

WITH

WITH tranſport there, with tranſport all divine,
My lov'd *Emilia*, ſhall my ſoul meet thine:
To endleſs years our raptures we'll improve,
And ſpend a whole eternity in love.

To the right honourable the Earl of---

TO thee my muſe's ſofteſt ſkill I owe,
For thee, *Mirtillo*, I indulge it now:
Yet by my praiſe I would not make thee leſs,
But ſomething great and worthy thee expreſs;
Yet while I ſtrive the darling thought to paint,
Its beauties in the flat expreſſion faint.

FOR there's in thee I know not what divine,
Which muſt the brighteſt metaphors out-ſhine.
When angels, cloath'd in human forms, appear,
Such grandeur, ſuch benignity they wear:
If they diſcourſe, like thine muſt be their ſenſe,
Like thine their accent, and their eloquence.

NOT all the gaudy pageantries of ſtate,
But thy own native luſtre makes thee great.
In all things modeſt, fortunate, and brave,
To cuſtom, vice, nor virtue's ſelf a ſlave;
That's reaſon, thought, and gen'rous choice in thee,
And not the low effect of dull neceſſity.
With beauty thou, and blooming life art crown'd,
While flatt'ring pleaſures court thee all around;

But

But thou, with an heroical diſdain,
Unconquer'd, unſeduc'd doſt ſtill remain,
And with a philoſophic pride engage
The num'rous follies of a vitious age;
Nor breaks the ſun leſs ſully'd from a cloud,
Than thou from all the vices of a crowd.

On an unſucceſsful attempt to draw the Lord BOYLE'S *picture.*

IN vain, with mimic ſkill, my pencil tries
To paint the life that ſparkles in thoſe eyes.
What art, what rules of ſymmetry can trace
That air of wit, that bloom, and modeſt grace?
What ſoft degrees of ſhade or light expreſs
The inward worth thoſe ſpeaking looks confeſs?
'Tis more than beauty here that charms the ſight,
And gives our minds an elegant delight:
Were Virtue ſeen to mortal eyes, ſhe'd wear
Thoſe peaceful ſmiles, and that engaging air.

Lord

Lord BOYLE's *anſwer to the foregoing* VERSES.

NO air of wit, no beauteous grace I boaſt;
My charms are native innocence, at moſt.
Alike thy pencil, and thy numbers charm,
Glad ev'ry eye, and ev'ry boſom warm.
Mature in years, if e'er I chance to tread,
Where Vice, triumphant, rears aloft her head;
Ev'n there the paths of Virtue I'll purſue,
And own my fair and kind director you.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occaſioned by her verſes on Lord BOYLE.

By Mr. N. MUNCKLEY.

THE great, the good, for arms or arts renown'd,
(Their brows with laurel, or with olive crown'd)
May from thy art a double life receive,
And in thy lays, or from thy pencil live.
Yet ſhort the life thy colours can ſupply,
Rapkael's and *Kneller*'s teints, and thine muſt die:

Not

Not ſo thy lays; more laſting fame they give,
And bid their theme to endleſs ages live.
Thus *Homer*'s verſe remains the muſes boaſt,
While *Zeuxes*' later labours now are loſt.

No more in works like theſe thy ſkill diſplay,
Nor give what rolling years ſhall take away;
To paint *Boyle*'s blooming charms invoke the *Nine*,
And bid him in immortal numbers ſhine:
The lovely form poſterity ſhall view,
Each charm uninjur'd, and each feature true.
Thus ſhall he flouriſh in unfading bloom,
The joy and wonder of each age to come.

On the death of the honourable Mrs. THYNNE.

IF virtue can immortal honour give,
Thy worth the muſe's boaſted theme ſhall live,
But mine's a private, unambitious part,
Where nature dictates, negligent of art:
In ſhades retir'd, I breathe my ſecret grief,
And ſooth my ſorrows, hopeleſs of relief.

O SACRED ſhade! the impious wiſh forgive,
That fain would have thee yet a mortal live;
That fain would bring thee from celeſtial joys,
To theſe wild ſeats of vanity and noiſe.

Could

Could tears prevail, how many weeping eyes
Would join with me to tempt thee from the ſkies!
A juſt compaſſion, ſure, would touch that mind,
Which here was gentle, and ſincerely kind:
The gen'rous diſpoſition reigns above,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the peaceful realms of love.

WOULD heav'n permit, I could my ſorrows paint,
Invoking thee as ſome protecting ſaint;
Such warm devotion riſes in my breaſt,
So bright a flame thy virtues have impreſs'd.
I talk to winds ---- the happy ſpirit roves
Thro' lightſome plains, and ever-verdant groves,
Pleas'd with harmonious ſtrains, nor lends an ear
To the ungovern'd language of deſpair.

YET let my grief the rites of friendſhip pay,
And weep my ſorrows o'er thy breathleſs clay,
Viſit, with juſt reſpect, thy ſilent tomb,
And ſooth my anguiſh in the mournful gloom.

O COULD I hear thy gentle voice again,
Or one ſhort moment's ſight of thee obtain;
If but to take a laſt, a ſad adieu ---
What vain illuſions my wild thoughts purſue!
The ſhades of death are drawn, perpetual night
For ever hides thee from my longing ſight;
Fix'd deſtiny ſhall ne'er that bliſs reſtore,
Till earth, and ſea, and heav'n ſhall be no more.

BUT, ſacred friendſhip, thy ſuperior flame
Shall time out-live, and be unchang'd the ſame.

When-

When all the fond relations nature knows,
When all the ties that human laws impoſe
Are cancell'd; when the mighty league expires,
That holds the univerſe, when yon gay fires
Have waſted all their glory, thou ſhalt riſe
In triumph o'er the ruins of the ſkies:
Thy pow'r, immortal friendſhip, then confeſt,
Shall fill, with tranſport, ev'ry heav'nly breaſt.

To Mrs. ROWE.

On her ELEGY *on the death of the honourable Mrs.* THYNNE.

By the right honourable JOHN, *Earl of* ORRERY.

SO ſweet you ſing, ſo well your *Laura* paint,
Weep ſo pathetic a departed ſaint,
That with freſh rage my ſorrows you renew,
And call my *Henrietta* to my view.
Before my eyes the charmer ſtands confeſt,
Again I ſee her, and again am bleſt.
Oh, no ---- the viſion's gone --- an airy dream,
Rais'd by the magic of your mournful theme:
But ſince by fate we are alike oppreſt,
Since ling'ring ſorrows both our minds infeſt,

From

From hence let mutual conſolation flow,
And let each breaſt with new-born friendſhip glow.
Thus, when the tedious race of life is run,
And all our fleeting earthly joys are gone,
Together to the realms of light we'll fly,
You to meet *Laura*, *Henrietta*, I.

Marſton, *Dec.* 17.
1734.

To Mrs. ROWE.

Occaſioned by the foregoing ELEGY.

By another HAND.

WHILE, *Philomel*, you breathe your plaintive ſighs
O'er *Laura*'s loſs, and friendſhip's broken ties,
To my pain'd thought that fatal hour appears,
When (all the wiſe, and all the good in tears)
Number'd no more with mortals, thou ſhalt riſe
To meet thy kindred minds in yonder ſkies.
(Late be that hour, let years on years roll flow,
E'er that ſad hour ſhall plunge a world in woe!
Long, long may worth like thine this earth adorn,
The joy and wonder of a race unborn!)
Ah! how ſhall then thy wretched friends ſuſtain
The woes of abſence, and the parting pain?

Yet

Yet then, ev'n then, not full deſpair their doom,
One chearful ray relieves the mournful gloom;
Amid their copious tears, one ſoothing ſmile
Thy verſe permits, their anguiſh to beguile.
When ev'ry ſick'ning ſtar ſhall feel decay,
And earth, and ſea, and ſkies ſhall paſs away;
To pay the pangs of parting, fate ordains
A bliſsful meeting on the heav'nly plains;
To join in friendſhip, and unite in joy,
Which abſence cannot part, nor death deſtroy.

To the right honourable JOHN *Earl of* ORRERY.

IMMORTAL friendſhip, thou unblemiſh'd name!
Why ſhould I fear t' admit thy ſacred flame?
Why with fantaſtic rules thy force controul,
And damp the noble ardor in my ſoul?
When thou art baniſh'd from the human breaſt,
Envy and rage the gloomy ſeat infeſt.
Thy gentle warmth inſpires the worlds above,
Thoſe pure abodes of innocence and love.

THEN come, a welcome inmate to my breaſt,
And be thy pow'r thro' all my ſoul confeſt:
When ſuch diſtinguiſh'd merit is in view,
The ſacred tribute is entirely due.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

From RACINE's ATHALIA. Act 1. Scene 2.

I.

TH' Almighty's grandeur fills the univerſe,
E'er time had birth his empire was the ſame.
Let heav'n and earth his benefits rehearſe,
Adore his greatneſs, and invoke his name.

II.

IN vain our impious foes
A rig'rous ſilence on our tongues impoſe;
Tho' ev'ry tongue ſhould ſilent lie,
His glory with th' inſtructing ſun would fly
Around the world, and fill the vaulted ſky.

III.

FROM him the fruits receive their bluſhing pride;
By him, in all their various hues,
The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
And morning gales, the verdant field renews.

IV.

AT his command the ſun diſplays
Its vital warmth, and ſpreads its golden rays:
Nor chiefly here his goodneſs ſtands confeſt,
Of all his gifts to man his law exceeds the reſt.

To Mr. THOMSON.

On the Counteſs of ——'s *praiſing his* POEMS.

SECURE of glory, crown thy head with bays,
Ambition ſets its bounds in *Delia*'s praiſe;
What ſhe approves eternity ſhall claim,
And give the favour'd muſe unrival'd fame:
She well can judge, who knows with tuneful art,
In tender ſtrains to move the coldeſt heart.

WHEN thro' the flow'ry vale, and duſky groves,
Her muſe retir'd, with guiltleſs freedom roves,
With new delight we ſeek the calm abodes,
Deteſt the town, and wander thro' the woods;
The ſylvan ſcene, conſcious of joy appears,
And charms like thy own ſummer ev'ning wears;
No longer the ſad nightingales complain,
But learn from her's a more exalted ſtrain:
Her tuneful numbers ev'ry care beguile,
And make the ſolitary proſpect ſmile.

BUT when ſhe ſets the lyre to themes divine,
An angel ſpeaks in ev'ry flowing line:
She takes from vice its undeſerv'd applauſe,
And dares aſſert abandon'd virtue's cauſe.
Expreſt in heav'nly eloquence we find
The perfect image of her beauteous mind;

Her

Her beauteous mind, that with diſtinguiſh'd grace
Shines in her eyes, and ſparkles in her face,
Gives ev'ry blandiſhment, and charming air,
Makes all harmonious, and completely fair.

On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

LET thoſe that hate thee tremble at thy name,
Thy being is my confidence and joy.
Abſtract from all things elſe, I find in thee
A ſecret, an unfailing ſpring of peace.
Alacrity and pleaſure fill my ſoul,
To think thou art, and that compar'd to thee
Things ſeen, and things unſeen, deſerve no name.

THOU only art without variety,
Or ſhadow of a change, immutable.
Periſh this viſionary form of things!
In darkneſs be the gay creation loſt!
While thou remain'ſt unchang'd, with joy theſe eyes
Could gaze on nature's univerſal wreck,
See heav'n and earth in one vaſt ruin ſink,
And ſmile upon the glorious deſolation.

THOU haſt no attribute but gives me joy.
Be as thou art, ſevere in holineſs!
My higheſt reaſon loves thy perfect laws,
Thou righteous king of ſaints! Pure as thou art,

And ſinful as I am, I triumph ſtill:
My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.
From the low depths of miſery and duſt,
With angels and archangels round thy throne,
To thy dominion and unbounded ſway
I join my glad aſſent. ---- Be all thy foes
In juſt deriſion had, and vile contempt,
While thy bright throne for ever ſtands ſecure!

BE abſolute! be uncontroul'd and free!
Thou canſt not be unjuſt, howe'er above
The view of man thy ways. --- A time will come,
When all ſhall be explain'd; and conqu'ring love,
The ſplendor and the beauty of thy face,
Victorious love, ſhall ſhine on all thy works.

FOR, oh! what daring thought ſhall limit thee,
Thou darling attribute of the Moſt High,
And greateſt of his names? ----- A heart ſubdu'd
Like mine, muſt make its loudeſt boaſts of thee:
My life, my glory and ſalvation's thine,
And thine ſhall be my everlaſting ſong.

IN theſe cold regions thou haſt warm'd my heart,
And gently trac'd ſome faint reſemblance there.
But, oh! thou charming pow'r, that canſt efface
All the remains of enmity and pride,
Transform me to thine image, let me wear
No character but thine: Be thou my life,
Its ſpring, its motion, conſtant as my breath;
Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my ſoul,
Till faith and love be ſwallow'd up of thee.

THESE

THESE eyes ſhall ſee thee then ſupremely fair;
Apparent in the heights of excellence,
And perfect beauty thou ſhalt ſtand reveal'd.
Bleſſings and ſmiles, unmeaſurable grace,
Eſſential glories, ever-blooming life,
Proſpects of pleaſure, regions of delight,
The heav'n of heav'ns, viſions ineffable,
At once ſhall all their dazzling pomp unfold,
And open in thy fair, unclouded face.

On the name of JESUS.

IF love, if joy, if gratitude can ſpeak,
If ſacred rapture can its ſilence break;
Yet once more let me tune my harp for thee,
Thou ſource of the divine benignity:
On this ſide heav'n yet once more let me ſing,
E'er to thy praiſe I ſet th' immortal ſtring;
In mortal ſtrains permit me to rehearſe
Thy name, and with it grace my humble verſe.

YE winds, to heav'n the ſacred accents bear,
For heav'n delights the glorious ſound to hear.
Ye angels, take it on your golden lyres,
Voices like yours the mighty word requires.
Seraph and cherub, ſpeak, is there a ſound
More ſweet than this in all your language found?

Is there within the bounds of paradiſe,
A note of harmony compar'd to this?

YE heav'nly pow'rs, your gentle warmth infuſe,
And tell me what ſweet eloquence you uſe;
I burn in ſacred flames like yours, and fain
Would talk and ſing, in your immortal ſtrain;
My voice would mix with the melodious ſpheres,
And pleaſe, with ſoft attraction, angels ears.

YE winds, to heav'n the glorious accents bear,
For heav'n delights the charming name to hear:
I'll breathe it with the morning's fragrant air,
Its pleaſing echoes ſhall the ev'ning chear.
The fields, the lawns, and ev'ry ſhady grove,
The ſweet retirements, and delights of love,
Shall learn from me the dear, inſpiring name,
And all be witneſs to my holy flame.

To Mr. PRIOR.

On his SOLOMON.

A MUSE devoted to celeſtial things,
Again for thee profanes th' immortal ſtrings;
The ſtars, the myrtle ſhade, and roſy bow'r
She quits, to revel in thy iv'ry tow'r;

The

The muſic of the ſpheres and heav'nly throngs
She minds no more, to liſten to thy ſongs.
Enchanted with thy lovely *Hebrew* king,
Gabriel in vain diſplays his purple wing;
Boaſts of his golden zone, and bright attire,
His ſtarry crown, ſoft voice, and charming lyre;
With all his fine addreſs, and glitt'ring ſhew,
The muſe abandons the celeſtial beau:
Perverted by the *Jewiſh* monarch's eyes,
She fondly turns apoſtate to the ſkies,
And envies *Abra*'s beauty, while it ſhines
With undecaying bloom in *Prior*'s lines.

A SONNET.

Tranſlated from the Italian *of Signior* ROLLI.

Canzonetta 23.

GLIDE gently on, thou murm'ring brook,
And ſooth my tender grief;
'Twas here the fatal wound I took,
'Tis here I ſeek relief.

WITH *Silvio*, on the verdant ſhore
I fondly ſate reclin'd,
Believ'd the charming things he ſwore,
Too credulous and kind!

WHILE thus he ſaid; 'This purling ſtream
'Back to its ſpring ſhall flow,
'O *Paſtorella!* e'er my flame
'The leaſt decay ſhall know.

YE conſcious waves, roll back again!
Back to your cryſtal head!
The falſe, ungrateful, perjur'd ſwain
Has broke the vows he made.

AND yet he vow'd, 'till the laſt breath
Of life he ſhould reſign,
'Till fate ſhould cloſe his eyes in death,
His ſtedfaſt love was mine.

PERHAPS ſome fairer ſhepherdeſs
His faithleſs breaſt has warm'd
And thoſe kind vows and ſoft addreſs
Her guiltleſs heart has charm'd.

BUT tell the nymph, thou gentle ſtream,
If e'er ſhe viſits thee,
The treach'rous youth has vow'd the ſame,
Yet broke his faith with me.

An

An ANSWER *to an* Italian SONG, *that begins thus:*

Venere bella, per une inſtante,
Deh, mi concede le grazie tutte
Del dio d'amor, &c.

THE ſoft petition ſoon aſcends,
Nor wanders thro' the air,
Smiling the Queen of love attends
To her new vot'ry's pray'r.

ASK any thing, the Goddeſs cries,
In this propitious hour;
My breaſt is fill'd with glad ſurprize,
To hear thee own my pow'r.

To thee my charms and gentle art,
With pleaſure I reſign:
Cupid preſents thee ev'ry dart,
His conqu'ring bow is thine.

HAD I deſcrib'd my tender care
In thy harmonious ſtrain,
Adonis had been won to hear
A Goddeſs tell her pain.

The

The DESCRIPTION *of the* DROUGHT.

Tranſlated from the beginning of the XIIIth *book of* TASSO's JERUSALEM.

WHILE *Godfrey* in his active mind revolves
The martial plan, and mighty things reſolves,
Now enter'd the celeſtial *Crab*, the ſun
With beams direct, unuſual heat darts down:
The ſacred troops, for warlike toil unfit,
Drooping beneath their uſeleſs armour ſit.
Each gentle ſtar's extinguiſh'd in the ſkies,
While in their ſtead ill-boding planets riſe;
Which on the army noxious fervors ſhed,
And thro' the air a baleful influence ſpread.
Horrors on horrors riſe, a fatal night
Succeeds the fatal day's malignant light;
The fatal day's malignant light reveals
Signs of new terror, and augmented ills.
The ſun all dreadful in his riſing ſeems,
With ſanguine treſſes, and polluted beams;
With blood diſtain'd his radiant face appears,
And ſad preſages all his aſpect wears:
'Till having gain'd the zenith's lofty height,
He darts a ſtronger, and more piercing light;
Blaſts all the verdant beauty of the meads,
While ev'ry plant and flow'ry bloſſom fades.

Mountains

Mountains and valleys deſolate appear,
The cleaving hills all wither'd, curſt and bare,
The diſmal marks of heav'n's diſpleaſure wear.
The rivers at their inmoſt ſprings decay,
While horrid ſigns the fiery clouds diſplay.
The airy ſpace a ſmoking furnace ſeems,
With ſtifling vapours, and pernicious ſteams.
To cool the air no gentle gales ariſe,
Each *Zephyr* ſilent in his cavern lies;
Only the ſouth from *Afric*'s burning ſands,
With ſcorching blaſts infeſts the *Chriſtian* bands:
Nor milder breezes with the ev'ning come,
But ſultry ſtill, and all enflam'd the gloom;
While gliding fires, and comets ſtrangely bright,
Glare thro' the ſable ſhadows of the night.
The languid moon ſheds from her ſilent ſphere
No cooling dews, the thirſty ground to chear.
The flow'rs decay, each tree and verdant plant
Pine at their roots, and vital moiſture want.
From theſe unquiet nights ſleep takes its flight,
In vain the troops the drowzy god invite.
But thirſt, of all their ills, the worſt remains,
He dies who drinks, he dies whoe'er abſtains.
For poiſons mingled by the *Pagan* king,
Infected ev'ry ſtream, and bubling ſpring:
Like gloomy *Styx*, or curſed *Acheron*,
The black, contagious, troubled waves roll on.
Scarce ſilver *Siloah* glides above its ſands,
Whoſe ſtreams before ſupply'd the *Chriſtian* bands:
But now the ſwelling *Po*, that mighty ſtream,
To ſate their thirſt would ſcarce ſufficient ſeem;

Nor

Nor *Ganges*, nor great *Nile*, when all around
His rising waves o'erflow their loftiest bound.
The tempting thought of cool, unsully'd streams,
And bubling springs, the fierce disease enflames;
And he who had observ'd some crystal pool,
Or down the *Alps* a living torrent roll;
Recals the flatt'ring images again,
Which still exasperates his fervid pain.
The mightiest chiefs, with noble heat inspir'd,
Whom neither arms, nor toilsome march had tir'd,
Projected now, and gasping on the ground,
Unweildly burthens to themselves are found;
While inward fires, by slow degrees, exhaust
Their vital springs, and manly vigour waste.
The steed, late fierce, now scorns his proffer'd meat,
And faulters in his once imperious gait;
His former victories are all contemn'd,
With martial glory now no more enflam'd,
His rich caparisons no more adorn,
But as a loath'd, inglorious load are worn.

CANT. II. viii, ix.

IS it a dream? or does my ravish'd ear
The charming voice of my beloved hear?
Is it his face? or are my eager eyes
Deluded by some vision's bright disguise?

'Tis

'Tis he himſelf! I know his lovely face,
It's heav'nly luſtre, and peculiar grace.
I know the ſound, 'tis his tranſporting voice,
My heart aſſures me by its riſing joys.
He comes, and wing'd with all the ſpeed of love,
His flying feet along the mountains move;
He comes, and leaves the panting hart behind,
His motion ſwift, and fleeting as the wind.
O welcome, welcome, never more to part!
I'll lodge thee now for ever in my heart;
My doubtful heart, which trembling ſcarce believes,
And ſcarce the mighty ecſtaſy receives.

The PETITION.

YOU faireſt offspring of immortal love,
That revel in the fragrant bow'rs above,
The brighteſt products of your Maker's ſkill,
In viſions to the gentle maid reveal
Your glowing beauties, your celeſtial charms,
And free her breaſt from all the wild alarms,
The fatal ſallies of an earthly flame;
Let heav'n alone the reigning paſſion claim,
At once unfold the ſparkling ſcenes of joy,
The raptures which your happy hours employ;
While crown'd with mirth, with love and ſacred ſong,
Eternal years unclouded dance along.

Deſcribe

Deſcribe the glitt'ring natives of the ſkies,
Their roſy bloom, ſoft ſmiles, and radiant eyes;
With all your ſkill the favour'd nymph allure,
And from the arts of mortal race ſecure:
Be ſhe your conſtant, your propitious care!
O grant my wiſh, and hear the friendly pray'r!

VERSES *preſented to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs* AMELIA, *at* Marlborough, June *the* 18*th*, 1728.

YE ſylvan ſhades, ye fair enchanting ſeats,
Of peace and guiltleſs love the ſoft retreats,
Be all your flow'ry elegance diſplay'd,
To charm, with nature's pomp, the royal maid.
Let ev'ry proſpect wear a lively grace,
Clear as the blooming beauties of her face.
Ye various plants, your fragrant tribute bring,
The painted product of the lovely ſpring.
Ye whiſp'ring breezes, and refreſhing gales,
That fly, with downy wings, along the vales,
Take the ſoft muſic of *Amelia*'s name,
Breathe it to ev'ry liſt'ning grove and ſtream.
Let nature ſhow a pleaſure unconfin'd,
And ſpeak the ſenſe of *Hertford*'s gen'rous mind.

DEVOUT

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

SOLILOQUY I.

ETERNAL Maker, hail! hail pow'r divine!
The heav'ns and earth, the day and night are thine.
Matter and form to thee their being owe,
From thee, their great original, they flow:
When yet the mingled maſs unactive lay,
Thou gav'ſt it motion by thy quick'ning ray;
Chaos and night thy pow'rful mandate heard,
And light, and glorious order, ſoon appear'd.
If thou but hide thy face, the creatures mourn,
But life and pleaſure with thy ſmile return.
Thy gentle ſmile dependant nature chears,
Revives its hopes, and diſſipates its fears.
The earth and ſkies thro' various changes run;
But thou, whoſe wond'rous being ne'er begun,
Can'ſt ne'er thro' all eternity decay,
While time's ſwift flood bears all things elſe away.
By thy direction, the fair orbs above,
In perfect order, thro' the ether move;
And all that's lovely, all that's pure below,
Immediately from thy bright eſſence flow.
Fountain of life! from thy immortal flame
All ranks of intellectual beings came:
Our maker thou, our great original,
We own thy right, and thee our father call.

SOLILOQUY II.

CELESTIAL love, my ever-charming theme,
Ten thouſand bleſſings reſt upon thy name!
From the divinity thou haſt thy ſource,
And God himſelf atteſts thy wond'rous force.

SOME angel, ſpeak in your immortal ſtrain,
How love does o'er th' immenſe creator reign;
But, oh! that glorious truth what angel can explain?
You ſaw him quit the pleaſures of the ſky,
And veil the glories of the deity;
You ſaw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
Wond'ring you ſaw the world's protector ſleep;
You ſaw him wander here deſpis'd, unknown,
Without a place, to reſt his head, his own;
You knew his grief and inward agony;
You ſaw the heav'nly lover bleed and die.

VICTORIOUS love, how infinite thy pow'r!
How great thy triumph on that ſolemn hour!
The ſun, the moon, and ſparkling ſtars on high,
Stood witneſs to the vanquiſh'd deity.

STRIKE up your golden harps, ye ſons of light,
Some mighty genius the vaſt ſong indite;
And, oh! ye ſons of men, unite your voice,
Let all the ranſom'd tribes on earth rejoice;
Ye ranſom'd tribes, peculiarly from you
Unbounded thanks, and endleſs praiſe are due.
Triumph and ſhout, begin th' eternal ſtrains,
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;

To

To him that lov'd, and waſh'd us in his blood,
And made us kings, and choſen prieſts to God:
For worthy is the lamb, that once was ſlain,
Of praiſe and bleſſing in the higheſt ſtrain.

SOLILOQUY III.

WHATEVER various turns my life ſhall ſee,
Of downy peace, or hard adverſity;
Let ſmiling ſuns ſhine on my proſp'rous ways,
Or low'ring clouds obſcure my gloomy days;
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill employ
My tongue, and yield my thoughts perpetual joy:
For he is all my glory, all my boaſt,
Be ev'ry name but his for ever loſt!
My truſt alone is his almighty name,
All other aids my tow'ring thoughts diſclaim.
In God, my glorious Saviour, I'll rejoice,
And ſtill exalt him with my grateful voice.
His angels, he himſelf ſurrounds the juſt,
And guards the ſaints who in his promiſe truſt.
O taſte and ſee, how bleſt, how highly bleſt
Are they who on his boundleſs mercy reſt!
He, with indulgent care, their wants ſupplies,
And guides their ſteps with ever-watchful eyes;
His gracious ears are open to their pray'r,
And hear, with ſoft compaſſion, all their care;
When darkneſs and deſpair their ſteps ſurround,
Their gentle guide and ſuccour he is found.
Mercy and truth, thro' all his gracious ways
To human race, ſhine with diſtinguiſh'd rays.
O let my tongue on the bleſt ſubject dwell,
The wonders of his love to men and angels tell!

Angels and men their glad assent shall join,
And mix their loud applauding notes with mine.

SOLILOQUY. IV.

Too low my artless verse, too flat my lays,
To reach thy glory, and express thy praise;
Yet let me on my humble reed complain,
And mourn thy absence in a pensive strain;
My own soft cares permit me to rehearse,
And with thy name adorn thy humble verse.
The streams shall learn it, and the gentle breeze
On its glad wings shall waft it thro' the trees.
The list'ning nymphs, instructed by my flame,
Shall teach their hearts to make a nobler claim;
The swains no more for mortal charms shall pine,
But to celestial worth their vows resign.
The fields and woods the chaste retreats shall prove
Of sacred joys, and pure, immortal love;
And angels leave their high abodes again,
To grace the rural seats, and talk with men.

SOLILOQUY V.

By sighs, by gentle vows, and soft complaint,
Deluded lovers all their suff'rings paint;
Their joys in smooth similitudes they dress,
And all their grief in flowing words express?
But what are flowing words? how poor, how vain,
These high celestial ardors to explain!
Can human sounds such wond'rous things unfold,
As angels warble to their harps of gold?
O teach me all your sweet, melodious art,
To breathe the tender dictates of my heart!

To

To talk — of what — for you alone can tell
What minds enflam'd with holy tranſports feel.
You feel them, when you touch th' immortal ſtrings,
And gaze, and love, and talk immortal things;
When ev'ry bliſsful ſhade, and happy grove
Repeat the ſound, and ſoftly breathe out love.

SOLILOQUY VI.

O SPEAK! and in the muſic of thy voice
My ſoul ſhall antedate immortal joys;
The tempting calls of ſenſe ſhall all be drown'd
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs of that ſound:
Nature and ſtudious art would ſtrive in vain
To reach the charms of that victorious ſtrain.
O let me hear thee but in whiſpers break
Thy ſilence, and in gentle accents ſpeak!
Such accents as ne'er raviſh'd mortal ears,
Such as the ſoul in calm retirement hears;
When from external objects far away,
Her higheſt pow'rs the call divine obey:
That voice that to ineffable delights,
From mortal things the willing mind invites;
More charming than the notes which angels play,
When they conduct a dying ſaint away;
While raptur'd he reſigns his parting breath,
And ſmiles on all the ſolemn pomp of death.

WHEN wilt thou ſpeak, and tell me thou art mine?
O how I long to hear that word divine!
When that tranſporting ſound ſhall bleſs my ear,
Fly ſullen grief, and ev'ry mortal care;

Fly days, and hours, and meaſur'd time, with ſpeed,
And let the bleſt eternity ſucceed!

'TILL then the rolling orbs my love ſhall hear,
And let the whole creation lend an ear.
Witneſs, ye cryſtal ſtreams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the ſecret of my paſſion know;
Ye fields, ye glades, and ev'ry ſhadey grove,
The ſweet retirements, and delights of love,
I call you all to witneſs to my flame,
For you have learnt the dear inſpiring name;
In gentle echoes you have oft reply'd,
And in ſoft breezes thro' the valleys ſigh'd;
The valleys, moſſy caves, and open lawn,
The ſilent ev'ning, and the chearful dawn;
Thou moon, and ev'ry fair conſpicuous ſtar,
Whoſe ſilver rays the midnight horrors chear;
And thou bright lamp of day, ſhalt witneſs prove,
To the perpetual fervor of my love.
To heav'n and earth my tongue has oft confeſt,
And heav'n and earth my ardor can atteſt.
Angels, for you the ſolemn truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious midnight ſigh reveal;
You feel the warmth of this celeſtial flame,
And bleſs, with me, the dear tranſporting name
Be witneſs that my raptur'd vows aſpire,
To the high theme of your immortal lyre.

BUT oh! my life, my hope, to thee alone
I ſtrive to make my ardent wiſhes known;
To thee alone, to thee I would reveal
My tender cares, to thee I dare appeal.

Thou

Thou that doſt all my ſecret ſoul behold,
Peirce all its depths, and ev'ry veil unfold,
Ev'n thou, my glorious judge, thy ſelf ſhalt prove
Th' eternal witneſs of my truth and love.

SOLILOQUY VII.

CELESTIAL gift, by heav'n alone inſpir'd,
And not by man, in all his pride acquir'd,
What wonders haſt thou done? thy ſacred force
The ſkies obey, and nature turns her courſe.
At thy command the ſun has backward fled,
Th' aſtoniſh'd moon ſtood ſtill with ſilent dread.
If thou but ſpeak, the raging winds obey,
The waves divide, and leave an open way;
Thy potent breath diſſolves the rock, and brings
From ſolid marble, ſoftly-bubling ſprings;
At thy requeſt mortality is fed
From heav'n's high ſtore-houſe, with celeſtial bread;
Thy wide commands no limits can confine,
Whate'er omnipotence can do is thine.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

WHY does the ſun with conſtant glory burn?
Why does the day to guilty man return?
To guilty man, whoſe inſolence and pride
The glories of th' eternal ſun would hide?
Why do the ſtars with nightly ſplendor ſhine,
While miſts from hell obſcure the light divine?
Back to your fountain turn your lucid ſtreams,
To holier regions lend your gentle beams.

O LET me weep in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Whoſe dark receſs no light ſhall e'er invade;
Where mortal joys ſhall offer no relief,
To intermit the juſt, the ſerious grief.
O could my tears the publick vengeance ſtay,
And yet ſuſpend the deſolating day!
But ſee it comes! the threat'ning tempeſts riſe,
Preſaging darkneſs gathers in the ſkies.
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SOLILOQUY IX.

FROM thee, my God, my nobleſt pleaſures ſpring,
The thoughts of thee perpetual ſolace bring.
How does my ſoul, from theſe exalted heights
Contemn the world, and all its poor delights!
And wing'd with ſacred rapture, paſs the rounds
Of circling ſkies, and all created bounds!
Celeſtial proſpects, viſions all divine,
Unfold their glories, and around me ſhine.

THUS let me live, nor hear, nor ſee, nor know
What mortals, in their madneſs, act below.
Be thy refreſhing conſolations mine!
And I the world, with all its boaſts, reſign.
Deluding ſhews, I give you to the wind,
My ſoul a nobler happineſs muſt find.

SOLILOQUY X.

IF e'er again I find my ſoul's delight,
With love's ſoft fetters I'll reſtrain his flight;

And

And e'er I with the darling treaſure part,
The ſparks of life ſhall quit my trembling heart:
That life, which ſoon would prove a tireſome load,
Without the charming hopes to find my God.
O thou that doſt my panting breaſt inſpire
With all the ardor of celeſtial fire,
Thee I muſt find, or in the ſearch expire!
In vain the tempting world its glory ſhows,
All it can give would yield me no repoſe;
Renounc'd at once let all its proffers be,
My bliſs ſhall be completely full in thee:
Here is my reſt, my vain purſuits are o'er;
Here let me fix, and never wander more.

SOLILOQUY XI.

No change of time, nor place, ſhall change my love,
Nor from my God my ſtedfaſt thoughts remove.
The flatt'ring world, with all its tempting art,
Shall never blot his image from my heart.
Should hell, with all its ſtratagems, combine,
They could not quench an ardor ſo divine:
Their falſe allurements, nor their proudeſt rage,
Shall e'er my reſolution diſengage.
Pleaſure ſhall court in vain, and beauty ſmile,
Glory in vain my wiſhes would beguile.
The perſecutor's rage I would not fear;
Let death in all its horrid ſhapes appear,
And with its keeneſt darts my breaſt aſſail;
When breath, and ev'ry vital ſpring ſhall fail,
The ſacred flame on brighter wings ſhall riſe,
And unextinguiſh'd reach its native ſkies;

With an eternal force the heav'nly fire
Shall to its bright original aſpire.

SOLILOQUY XII.

DANCE on, ye hours, on ſoft and downy feet!
Roll ſwift, thou ling'ring ſun, and let us meet!
Come, ye bleſt moments, with a ſprightly grace!
Let the gay period ſhew its ſmiling face!
What is the day? what is its uſeleſs light,
Unleſs it ſhews me that tranſporting ſight?
No beauteous object ſmiles below the ſkies,
To charm my thought, and fix my longing eyes;
Celeſtial excellence my eyes inſpires,
And kindles in my breaſt immortal fires.
Thou bright, unrival'd object of my love,
To thee alone my ſoft affections move;
Thine are my riſing hopes, my pureſt fires,
My nobleſt wiſhes, and ſublime deſires.

SOLILOQUY XIII.

YE happy minds, that free from mortal chains,
Poſſeſs the realms where boundleſs pleaſure reigns,
That feel the force of thoſe immortal fires,
And reach the bliſs, to which my ſoul aſpires;
Who meet, unveil'd, that radiant majeſty,
Of which, to gain one tranſient glance, I'd die;
I charge you, by the boundleſs joys you feel,
My tender cares to my beloved tell;
Make all th' aſpiring inclination known,
In ſuch high ſtrains as you deſcribe your own;
In ſuch exalted numbers as explain
The ſacred flames which in your boſoms reign.

When

When all the heights of ecſtaſy you prove,
And breathe the raptures of immortal love.
O tell the glorious object, whom I prize
Beyond the chearful light that meets mine eyes,
Beyond my friend, or any dearer name,
Beyond the breath that feeds this vital frame,
Beyond whate'er is charming here below,
Beyond the brighteſt joys that mortals know,
Beyond all theſe, O tell him that I love!
Tell him what anguiſh for his ſake I prove;
Tell him how long the hours of his delay,
And what I ſuffer by this tedious ſtay;
Tell him his abſence robs my ſoul of reſt,
While cruel jealouſy torments my breaſt.
O let him know that my diſtracted mind
No real joy, while he withdraws, can find;
That all my hopes are center'd in his love,
How loſt without it, how undone I prove!
Tell him that nothing can that loſs repair,
Nor help the ſoul that diſmal ſtroke to bear,
Nothing enſues but grief, and black deſpair:
Nothing beyond my ſoul could undergo;
'Tis death! 'tis hell! 'tis all unmingled woe!

SOLILOQUY XIV.

O STAY, thou ſacred object of my love,
Nor from my longing eyes ſo ſoon remove!
Stay yet, nor let me loſe thy charming ſight!
Stay till the midnight ſhadows take their flight!
Stay till the morning ſtar's illuſtrious ray
Awakes the dawn, and leads the bluſhing day!

Stay

Stay till the ſun unveils his golden light,
And joyful birds their early ſongs recite;
Return, my life, or let me follow thee!
The world affords no ſolace now for me.
With thee I ev'ry ſmiling hope forego,
And in thy abſence no delight can know;
Thou, thou art all my happineſs below!

SOLILOQUY XV.

COME, gentle death, releaſe my ſtruggling ſoul
From thoſe dull fetters which her flight controul!
Leſs eagerly the hireling waits the cloſe
Of the long, tedious day, to find repoſe.
A pilgrim here in this deteſted clime,
I rove and ſigh away the ling'ring time.
O come, thou wiſh'd for meſſenger of peace!
The priſ'ner longs not more for a releaſe;
The wretch that under painful bondage groans,
With leſs concern his miſery bemoans.
How ſhall I bleſs the hour that ſets me free,
And gives my ſoul her native liberty!
With eager joy I'd bid the world adieu,
And with contempt its parting glories view;
To mortal vanities I'd cloſe mine eyes,
Led on by ſacred love I'd upward riſe,
And in a moment reach the bliſsful ſkies.

SOLILOQUY XVI.

ON *Libya*'s burning ſands, and trackleſs waſte,
Or *Zembla*'s icy coaſt let me be caſt;
On ſome bleak ſhore, or ſolitary den,
Far from the path, and chearful haunt of men:

However

However ſad and gloomy be the place,
Let me but there behold thy ſmiling face;
The wildeſt cave a paradiſe would be,
Celeſtial plains, and bliſsful groves to me.
Danger, and ſolitude, and loneſome night,
At thy propitious preſence take their flight.
Beauty, in all its ſoft variety,
And love, and crowding joys attend on thee.
Immortal life ſprings up, where-e'er thou art,
And heav'nly day breaks in from ev'ry part.
Thou moon, ye ſtars, and thou, fair ſun, adieu!
I aſk no more thy riſing beams to view;
For oh! the light himſelf, with rays divine
Breaks in, and God's eternal day is mine.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

BE huſh'd, ye gentle pow'rs, of harmony,
Whatever ſoothing ſounds in nature lie!
Whatever art, thro' all her wide controul
Of changing notes, has found to touch the ſoul,
Be huſh'd for ever! while my thoughts attend
That voice which might ev'n hell itſelf ſuſpend,
Lull all its anguiſh, calm its fierceſt pains,
Open its gates, and looſe th' infernal chains;
That ſacred voice, whoſe efficacious ſound
Gave motion to the ſpheres, and ſet their tuneful round.
O let thoſe charming accents from above
Breathe down celeſtial harmony and love!
Eternal joys on the ſmooth current roll,
And boundleſs pleaſure overwhelms my ſoul.

Ye angels, I reſign your tuneful choirs,
Nor envy ſeraphim their golden lyres.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

THE angels call, they call me from above,
And bid me haſten to the realms of love;
My ſoul with tranſport hears the happy doom,
I come, ye gentle meſſengers, I come!

YE minſtrels of the palaces above,
Who conſecrate your golden lutes to love;
When I am entring on the dreary plain,
Death's diſmal realms, touch the melodious ſtrain;
The charming ſound ſhall ev'ry care beguile,
And make the ſeats of deſolation ſmile.
My ſoul prepar'd by holy ecſtaſy,
Shall learn and join the chorus of the ſky.
Tho' yet a ſtranger to the ſacred fire,
The heights of love that your high ſtrains inſpire;
Some kindling ſparks within my boſom move,
Which ſhall improve in the gay worlds above.

WHEN theſe material clouds ſhall be diſpell'd,
And God in perfect excellence reveal'd;
Theſe eyes ſhall ſee thee then, and bleſs the ſight,
And in thy preſence view immortal light;
See beauty in its heav'nly pride unveil'd,
And wiſdom's boundleſs treaſuries unſeal'd;
See thee in ſparkling majeſty ador'd,
Extol'd and own'd the univerſal Lord.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

YE ſoft complaints, and tender ſighs,
That from my anxious boſom riſe,
Take wing, and reach the diſtant ſkies.
Your gentle eloquence may move
The ſacred object of my love
To heal the anguiſh of my breaſt,
Of God forlorn, and robb'd of reſt.
But oh! what ſighs, what ſoft complaint
My grief and wild diſtreſs can paint?
What lover's pains can equal mine,
While at thy abſence I repine?
Without thee pleaſure is no more,
I die till thou my bliſs reſtore.
At once thy lovely face reveal,
And all theſe gloomy fears diſpel.
My lov'd Redeemer! let that name,
Which does thy tenderneſs proclaim,
Let that thy ſoft compaſſion move,
And waken all thy former love.
Thou taught'ſt my infant lips thy name,
And didſt my firſt deſires enflame:
Recal the kindneſs of my youth,
When firſt I gave my plighted truth;
Ev'n then I felt the fire divine,
My young affections all were thine.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XX.

FAIR *Eden* loſt, my fancy oft renews,
And ſtill with grief the beauteous ſcene reviews.
But oh! nor verdant plants, nor painted flow'rs,
Nor cryſtal rills, ſweet ſhades, nor fragrant bow'rs
Excite my envy; theſe I could reſign,
Nor for the tree of life itſelf repine:
The nobler bliſs, in high converſe to rove
With friendly angels, thro' the happy grove,
Content I would forego; but oh! I mourn
Delights that ne'er to guilty man return,
Delights that guilty man could never boaſt,
Since the bleſt age of innocence was loſt;
Among the trees with God himſelf to walk,
And in ſweet converſe to his Maker talk:
The ſcenes of paradiſe appear'd more fair,
Nature rejoic'd, and heav'n itſelf was there.
O highly-favour'd, hail! how bleſt thy fate!
How much unlike thy future wretched ſtate!
O highly-favour'd, hail! the angels cry'd,
The echoing ſkies in chearful ſounds reply'd.
Roll back, thou ſun, and bring thoſe glorious views,
Thoſe envy'd joys! 'tis theſe my ſoul purſues.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

To thy high praiſes be my lips unſeal'd,
And in chaſte ſtrains celeſtial love reveal'd.
O thou bright cauſe of this celeſtial flame!
In ſacred rapture let me ſpeak thy name;
That name which ev'ry ſullen care beguiles,
That dear-lov'd name ſtill breath'd with heav'nly ſmiles;

That

That makes the wildeſt ſtorms of paſſion ceaſe,
And fills my breaſt with unmoleſted peace.
How much I love thee, thou alone canſt tell,
On thee, on thee my thoughts for ever dwell.
To all but thee my joys, my hopes are loſt;
How fair thou art to what the world can boaſt!
When I but meet a ſmile from thy bright eyes,
Nature in all her blooming glory flies;
And let the whole creation diſappear,
I have enough; for God himſelf is here!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I'LL ſpend the ſilent hours in vows to thee,
Nothing ſhall come betwixt my God and me.
No other image ſhall my ſoul employ,
No earthly pleaſure, no unholy joy.
From all the charms of ſenſual objects free,
My ſpirit diſengag'd ſhall ſpring to thee.
The whole creation I at once reſign,
I aſk no more, be thou, great God, but mine.
'Tis thou alone ſhalt fill my thoughts, to thee
All my deſire in its full height ſhall be.
Be thou my portion, my eternal lot,
And be the world in ev'ry form forgot.
In ſilence, undiſturb'd with pomp and noiſe,
Let me be ſwallow'd in immortal joys.
Full in my view place all the bliſs above,
The ſcenes of pleaſure and eternal love;
From op'ning heav'ns let ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And thy ſweet whiſpers tell me thou art mine.

DEVOUT SOLILOQUIES.

In blank verſe.

SOLILOQUY I.

O THOU! to whom the faireſt angel veils
With folded wings, the beauties of his face,
'Tis thee, 'tis thee alone my wiſhes ſeek:
For thee I'd break the fondeſt ties below,
Forget the names of amity and love,
And ev'ry gentle blandiſhment of life.

O TURN away the veil that hides thy face,
And holds the glorious viſion from my view,
Pity the agonies of ſtrong deſire,
And ſtand in open majeſty confeſt!
If when a few ſhort moments are expir'd,
And this frail ſubſtance to its duſt returns,
If thou wilt then unfold thy lovely face,
And in the heights of excellence appear;
Why wilt thou not indulge a moment's bliſs,
Diſcloſe one beam of thy unclouded light,
To chear the joyleſs gloom of mortal life?

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my ſoul,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this loneſome world;
'Tis all a diſmal ſolitude to me.

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY II.

WHERE am I? ſurely paradiſe is round me!
My ſoul, my ſenſe is full of thy perfection.
Whatever nature boaſts in all her pride,
The blooming fragrancy of thouſand ſprings
Are open to my view; and thou art all
The charming, the delicious land of love.

I KNOW not what to ſpeak! for human words
Loſe all their pow'r, their emphaſis and force;
And grow inſipid when I talk of thee,
The excellence ſupreme, the God of gods.
Whate'er the language of thoſe gods, thoſe pow'rs
In heav'nly places crown'd; however ſtrong,
Or muſical, or clear their language be,
Yet all falls ſhort of thee; tho' ſet to ſtrains
That hell would ſmile to hear, and wild deſpair,
Diſcord, and mad confuſion ſtand compos'd
In fix'd attention to the charming ſong.

WHEN wilt thou blow away theſe envious clouds,
And ſhew me all the dazzling ſcenes within?
Thoſe heav'ns of beauty and eſſential glory;
Thoſe ſights which eyes of mortals never ſaw,
Nor ear has heard, nor boldeſt thought conceiv'd.
What will theſe wonders prove? how ſhall my pow'rs
Be to their full capacity employ'd
In ecſtacy and love? how ſhall I rove
For ever thro' thoſe regions of delight,
Thoſe paths where joy ineffable leads on
Her ſmiling train, and wings the jocund hours.

COME, ye triumphant moments! come away
Thou glorious period! where I fix my eyes;
For which I hourly chide the ling'ring courſe
Of ſun, and moon, and ev'ry tardy ſtar.
Thou end of all my grief, the happy date
Of care, and pain, and ev'ry human ill!

SOLILOQUY III.

ABSOLVE the penance of mortality,
And let me now commence the life divine.
I ſicken for enlargement — Where's the bar?
Thy ſpirit is not ſtraitned, thou canſt raiſe
Thy creature to what eminence thou wilt.
Unmerited the brighteſt ranks above
Receiv'd their flame and purity from thee.

I DARE not article with the Moſt-High,
Nor boaſt, but of my wants and indigence.
Let me be poor, neceſſitous and low,
Or any thing that thou mayſt be advanc'd!
If I muſt glory, let me glory here,
That I can make no claim, nor aſk reward.
O be thy goodneſs free! give like thy ſelf,
And be thy own magnificence the rule!
Still undiminiſh'd from thy endleſs ſtore,
Eternal bounty cannot leſſen thee.

WHY ſhouldſt thou bound thy ſelf, and check the courſe
Of thy own glorious nature; which is all
O'erflowing love, and pure beneficence?

'Tis

'Tis thy delight and glory to diſpenſe
Treaſures of wiſdom, life, and heav'nly love
To ſouls that pine and languiſh after thee.

O THOU canſt never laviſh out thy ſtore!
The ſun, that from his radiant exaltation
Looks down, and bleſſes univerſal nature,
Nor from the meaneſt worm keeps back his rays,
That ſun is but a feeble type of thee.

MILLIONS of happy ſpirits draw in life
And pleaſure from thy ſmiles; yet ſtill the ſprings,
The freſh, the ever-riſing ſprings of joy
Unwaſted flow —— Thou to thy glorious ſelf
Art all-ſufficient, the ſum, the plenitude
Of thy own bliſs; and canſt thou not ſupply
The utmoſt wiſhes of created minds?

SOLILOQUY IV.

LET God himſelf, to whom I dare appeal,
Let God, my glorious judge, be witneſs here!
Unfold my inmoſt ſoul, for thou ſhalt find
No rival form, no image but thy own.
So ſure I love thee, I would ſtake my bliſs,
My immortality on this high truth.

Is this exiſtence real, or a dream?
Is light, is life, or is the ſacred name
Of virtue dear? Do I love happineſs?
'Tis ſure I do! and oh! 'tis full as ſure
I love my God. If this is not a truth,

I do not breathe, I have nor hopes, nor fears,
I know not where, I know not what I am,
But wander in uncertainty and doubt.
If this is not a truth, why have I ſhut
My eyes on all the beauty of the world?
Why have I ſtopp'd my ears to ev'ry call
Of glory and delight? why do I ſhun
The paths of pleaſure? why deſpiſe the joys,
The entertainments of ſociety?
And loſt to all in ſolitary ſhades
Give up my hours, and ev'ry thought to thee?
My God, I cry, the treaſure of my ſoul,
Give me my God, and let the world forſake me!

MY whole enjoyment in thy love conſiſts;
Nor earth, nor heav'n, nor the high heav'n above,
Abſtract from thee, can furniſh out a bliſs,
To entertain theſe infinite deſires:
No, thou art all the ſolace of my life.
Shouldſt thou but ſay thou haſt no pleaſure in me,
LO! here I am ---- but oh! the moſt undone
And wretched thing that the creation names.
For I muſt love thee ſtill; howe'er thou deal'ſt with me,
Still I muſt love thee for thy own perfections,
And languiſh for thee thro' eternal years.

SOLILOQUY V.

CAN ſome fond lover, by the charming force
Of mortal beauty held, invoke the groves,
The fields, the floods, and all the ſparkling ſtars
To witneſs his unſhaken truth and love;

While

While the frail object of his boaſted faith
Fades like a painted flow'r, and is no more:
And ſhall my heart, with heav'nly love inflam'd,
Grow doubtful, while I ſwear eternal truth
To the prime excellence, beauty divine?
Shall I proteſt with caution? ſhall my tongue
Speak with reſerve, and yield but half aſſent?

No; let me find the moſt pathetic form;
Beyond the obligations men have known,
Beyond all human ties; ſolemn as when
Some mighty angel lifts his hand on high,
And by the living God atteſts his oath.

THUS let me bind my ſoul ---- and oh! be witneſs,
Ye ſhining miniſters (for you ſurround,
And ſanctify the place where holy vows
Aſcend to heav'n) be witneſs when we meet
Upon th' immortal ſhores, as ſoon we muſt,
Be witneſs! for the ſolemn hour draws near;
That ſolemn hour, when with triumphant joy
Or exquiſite confuſion, I ſhall hear
Your approbation, or your juſt reproaches:
Your juſt reproaches if you find me falſe;
If this fond heart, enſnar'd by earthly charms,
Shall break its faith, and ſtain the ſanctity
Of plighted vows and conſecrated flames.

O THOU! to whoſe all-ſeeing eye my ſoul
Lies all unveil'd, to thee I dare appeal:
If thou art not my chief, my only joy,

Let ſacred peace for ever fly my breaſt,
And reſt become an endleſs ſtranger there.
Let no harmonious ſound delight mine ears
If thy lov'd name is not the ſweeteſt accent,
The moſt tranſporting muſic they convey.
Let beauty ne'er again attract my eyes,
Shut out the ſun, and ev'ry pleaſant thing
Its rays diſcloſe, if e'er I find a charm
In nature's lovely face, abſtract from thee.
Let all my hopes, my gayeſt expectations
Be blaſted, when they are not plac'd on thee.

O! I might ſpeak a bolder language ſtill,
And bid thee cut off all my future hopes
Of heavenly bliſs, if thy tranſporting ſmiles
Are not the emphaſis of all that bliſs.

SOLILOQUY VI.

THESE eyes have never ſeen thy lovely face,
No accent of thy voice has reach'd my ear,
And yet my heart's acquainted well with thee;
To thee it opens all its ſecret ſtore
Of joy and grief, and whiſpers ev'ry care.

I'VE known the names of father, huſband, friend;
But when I think of thee, theſe tender ties,
Theſe ſoft engagements vaniſh into air.

AMIDST the gentleſt blandiſhments and charms,
The ſmiles and flatt'ring boaſts of human things,
My ſoul ſprings forward, and lays hold on thee;

Calls

Calls thee her only portion and defence,
Nor knows a thought of diffidence or fear.

LET nature fail, let darkneſs hide the ſtars,
And cover with a ſable veil the ſun;
Unchang'd and fix'd the truth of God remains,
Nor knows the leaſt decay.---- Here let me reſt,
With full aſſurance and unſhaken faith.

O THOU unbounded, ſelf-ſufficient being!
How rich am I! how happy! how ſecure!
How full my portion in poſſeſſing thee!
One gentle, one tranſporting ſmile of thine,
Thou darling of my ſoul! contains more wealth
Than this, or thouſand brighter worlds can boaſt.
'Tis thou thy ſelf art my immediate bliſs,
My paradiſe, my everlaſting heav'n!

SOLILOQUY VII.

I LOVE thee ---- Here the pomp of language fails,
And leaves th' unutterable thought behind;
The eloquence of men, the muſes art,
Their harmony and tuneful cadence ſinks.
Whatever names of tenderneſs and love,
Whatever holy union nature knows,
Are faint deſcriptions of celeſtial fires.

BUT oh! may ſinful breathing duſt preſume
To talk to thee of love and warm deſires?
To thee! who ſit'ſt ſupreme enthron'd on heights
Of glory, which no human thought can reach?

Shall wretched man, whoſe dwelling is with duſt,
That calls corruption his original,
And withers like the graſs, ſhall he preſume,
With heart and lips unſanctify'd, to ſpeak
On ſubjects, where the holy ſeraphim
Would ſtop their lutes; and with a graceful pauſe
Confeſs the glorious theme too great for words,
For eloquence immortal to expreſs.

YET I muſt aim at ſubjects infinite,
For oh! my love-ſick heart is full of thee.
In crowds, in ſolitude, the field, the temple,
All places hold an equal ſanctity;
While thy lov'd name in humble invocation
Dwells on my tongue, and ev'ry gentle ſigh
Breathes out my life, my very ſoul to thee.

SOLILOQUY VIII.

FOUNTAIN of love, in thy delightful ſtreams
Let me for ever bathe my raviſh'd ſoul,
Inebriated in the vaſt abyſs,
The plenitude of joy; where all theſe wide,
Theſe infinite deſires ſhall die away
In endleſs plenty, and complete fruition.

O MY dear God! have I a ſingle joy,
A thought of happineſs, remote from thee?
Am I at reſt? tho' thou has crown'd my years
With ſmiling plenty, and unmingled peace.
Is not the joy, the ſolace of my life
Summ'd in thy ſmiles, and center'd in thy love?

WHAT is this vain, this viſionary ſcene
Of mortal things to me? my thoughts aſpire
Beyond the narrow bounds of rolling ſpheres.
The world is crucify'd and dead to me,
And I am dead to all its empty ſhows;
But oh! for thee unbounded wiſhes warm
My panting ſoul, and call forth all her pow'rs.
Whate'er can raiſe deſire, or give delight,
Or with full joys repleniſh ev'ry wiſh,
Is found in thee, thou infinite abyſs
Of ecſtaſy and life! --- How my free ſoul
Expatiates in theſe wide, theſe boundleſs joys!
How am I loſt to ev'ry thought but thee,
Forgetting ev'n my ſelf, forgetting all
But thee, my glorious, everlaſting theme!

THOU wilt, thou muſt return upon my ſoul,
'Till death; and after death, while I exiſt,
Ages, ten thouſand ages I will fix
My full attention on thy bright perfections.

SOLILOQUY IX.

O BLOW theſe clouds away, and let me ſee
Thoſe diſtant glories that attract my love!
I muſt be ſatisfy'd, theſe longings quench'd,
Theſe infinite deſires muſt find an object;
Or thou haſt made thy nobleſt work in vain.

THE beaſts are happy; they attain the end
Appointed for them by the courſe of nature,
They reach whate'er their ſenſes can enjoy,

Nor

Nor ſeek, nor apprehend ſuperior bliſs;
Inſenſible of thee, whoſe potent word
Call'd out their various clans from empty nothing;
Yet unacquainted ſtrangers to thy name,
Not knowing higher good, they are at reſt.

BUT man, capacious of immortal bliſs,
Purſues, unſeen, an object infinite;
And only there can find the reſt he ſeeks.

SOLILOQUY X.

MY great Redeemer lives! I know he lives!
I feel the ſacred, the tranſporting truth
Exulting in my ſoul: He lives to plead
My cauſe above (unworthy as I am!)
He there appears to intercede for me.

MY record is on high, and the bleſt Spirit
With gentle atteſtations pleads within;
Divine the voice, 'tis all celeſtial truth,
I yield my glad aſſent; triumphant hope,
And heavenly conſolations fill my ſoul.

I MUST, I will rejoice; 'tis God himſelf
Is my exceeding joy: he kindly ſmiles
And heav'n and earth look gay; while all the clouds
That conſcious guilt ſpread o'er my ſhudd'ring ſoul
Vaniſh before thoſe reconciling eyes.

YE pow'rs of darkneſs, where are all your threats?
Speak out your charge, the black indictment read?
I own the dreadful, the amazing ſcore;

But

But who condemns, when God does juſtify?
Who ſhall accuſe, when freely he acquits;
He calls me bleſt, and what malignant pow'r
Shall call the bleſſing back? who ſhall reverſe
What the Moſt-High has ſaid? --- Nor life, nor death,
Nor depth below, nor endleſs height above
Shall part me from his everlaſting love.

SOLILOQUY XI.

WHERE are the boaſts of nature? where its pride,
When reaſon looks within with humble view,
And ſanctity of judment meaſures out
My conduct by the perfect laws of God?

BUT oh! let not my crimes recorded ſtand
Before thy ſight, nor call me to account,
Thou righteous judge; for who can anſwer thee?
Can mortal man be juſt? can he be pure
Whoſe dwelling is with fleſh? If thou ſhouldſt pry
Into my ſecret guilt, I am undone;
But if thou pardon the unnumber'd ſcore,
The glory will be thine, whoſe clemency
Can know no bounds; for thou art uncontroul'd,
And abſolute in all thy ways: no rule
But thy own perfect nature limits thee.

I SINK, this empty ſhadow pays thee homage,
And vaniſhes to nothing; thou art all.
I am but vanity; this is my ſhare;
I am content; be thou alone advanc'd!
Thy grace is free, thy favours unconfin'd:

What-

Whate'er my pride can boaſt, my righteouſneſs
Can never profit thee---- The ſaints above,
The higheſt angels ſtand not unreproach'd,
Nor ſpotleſs in the preſence of thy glory.

O DO not ſtrictly mark my num'rous crimes,
Nor aſk what I deſerve, but what becomes
The grandeur of thy name, thy glorious nature,
Thy clemency, and gentle attributes:
Act thou up to th' heights of grace divine,
And be the glory and ſalvation thine!

SOLILOQUY XII.

WHEN will the journey end? this weary race,
This tedious pilgrimage of life be o'er?
'Tis guilt, 'tis error, ſhades and darkneſs all!
Some helliſh ſnare attends on ev'ry ſtep,
And I ſhall ſtumble, fall, and be undone;
If thou one moment leave thy trembling charge,
And truſt me to my ſelf, my treach'rous heart
Will give up all the boundleſs joys to come,
The ſmiles of God, the raptures of his love,
For toys, for trifles, droſs and empty dreams.
My foes are watchful; and my fooliſh heart,
Too credulous, unguarded and ſecure,
Gives eaſy entrance to the fatal arts
Of thoſe infernal pow'rs that ſeek my ruin.

BUT thou canſt break the ſnare; and hitherto
The Lord has help'd, be thine alone the praiſe!
O leave me not at laſt to bring reproach,
Or caſt a blemiſh on thy holy ways.

Thou know'ſt my folly, impotence and guilt,
What darkneſs, what depravity controuls
My nobler pow'rs; how when my riſing thoughts
Would fix on thee, this mortal part withſtands.

O BRING my ſoul from this deteſted priſon,
Enlarge it, and my tongue ſhall ſpeak thy praiſe!

SOLILOQUY XIII.

COME to my longing ſoul, that I may know
My union with thee in immortal love:
This is the ſecret language of my heart.
I dare appeal to thee, my awful judge,
Whoſe eyes can penetrate my inmoſt thought;
Thou art my firſt deſire, my warmeſt wiſh:
Theſe reſtleſs motions, theſe repeated ſighs
Are all addreſt to thee; at thee I aim,
In theſe imperfect flights, theſe upward views,
Theſe frequent glances at the diſtant ſtars;
Fain would they peirce beyond the azure veil,
And gaze at thoſe tranſporting ſights within.

PUT out your gaudy lights, ye rolling ſpheres!
Could I but ſee the brighter worlds beyond,
I ſhould with joy bid ſun and ſtars adieu,
With all the beauteous ſcenes their beams diſplay.

I'M tir'd, I'm ſick of all theſe trifling things,
The ſhow, the vain amuſements of the world;
Thou art my only joy. Again my ſoul
Atteſts its firſt, its early, glorious choice,

Under

Under my hand: behold, my preſent judge,
For thou art here a witneſs to my truth;
Under my hand I take thee for my portion,
My preſent bliſs, and all my future hope.

I CAST reproach on ev'ry lower good,
And look with ſcorn on tranſitory things;
Divide them where thou wilt; 'tis thou thy ſelf
Thy ſmiles, the full fruition of thy love
My panting ſoul purſues: not all the pomp
Or pleaſure of the ſkies, abſtract from thee,
Could make me bleſt, or fill theſe large deſires.

SOLILOQUY XIV.

THE hour muſt come, the laſt important hour,
O let me meet it with expecting joy!
Nor let the king of terrors wear a frown,
Nor bring unwelcome tidings to my ſoul.

WHEN all the ſprings of life are running low,
And ebbing faſt in death; when nature tir'd,
Trembling and faint, gropes thro' the gloomy vale,
Nor human aid can give the leaſt ſupport;
Then may the cordials of eternal love
Pour in divine refreſhments on my ſoul;
Then let him ſmile, whoſe gentle ſmiles could chear
The ſhades of hell, and ſcatter all its gloom.

FORGET me not in that important hour;
Recal theſe earneſt ſighs, look kindly o'er
The long recorded file of humble pray'r

Sent

Sent to thy gracious ſeat. Thou, who at once
Doſt paſt, and preſent, and the future view,
Give back an anſwer in that ſullen moment,
When all things elſe ſhall fail. ---- No ſound of joy,
No ſight of beauty, no delightful ſcene
Shall ought avail; nor ſun, nor ſparkling ſtars
Shall yield one gentle, one propitious ray,
To gild the fatal duſk, or chear the ſoul.

THEN let the ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe
With dawning light, and be the proſpect clear
Beyond the diſmal gulph; let darting beams
Of glory meet my view —— Be hell defy'd,
On that triumphant day: O let me give
A parting challenge to infernal rage,
And ſing ſalvation to the *Lamb* for ever!

SOLILOQUY XV.

THOU lovely object of my utmoſt hope,
Whate'er my ſoul ſtretch'd to its vaſt extent,
And wide capacity of bliſs can graſp!
I would be from this moment free from all
Terrene delight, and joy in God alone.
Here I might ſtill expatiate in the realms
Of boundleſs bliſs, and drink the ſprings of life
Unſully'd at the native fountain head.

O THOU that by a ſoft, but certain band
Of everlaſting love haſt drawn my ſoul;
Continue the attraction, bring me near,
Nor let us part for ever! ---- What words can paint

The

The horrors of that doom, that ſhould divide
My ſoul from all its bliſs? accurſt diviſion!
O be it ne'er my lot! Let dark oblivion
Extinguiſh this frail ſpark of entity,
Blot me, in mercy blot me from exiſtence,
Rather than blot me from the book of life!

WHAT pangs, what agonies would ſhake my ſoul
To take a laſt, a ſad farewel of thee;
The rage of love, an everlaſting fire,
Muſt prey for ever on the ſofteſt ſenſe,
And feeling of the ſoul ---- Rather let looſe
Thy mighty hand, and cruſh me into nothing;
At leaſt efface thy image from my heart,
Thoſe traces of an excellence divine.
Tormenting view! if ne'er to be enjoy'd,
Let me forget thee, and forget my ſelf;
Loſe all remembrance of thy favours paſt,
Nor e'er recal to mind thoſe bliſsful hours,
Spent in a ſweet communion with my God.

SHOULD theſe tranſporting ſcenes return in view,
I ſure ſhall curſe my ſelf, defy the ſaints
That in thy temple dwell, and ſee thy face:
Perhaps, this tongue (O emphaſis of woe!
The loweſt depth, the horror of damnation!)
Perhaps, this tongue urg'd with infernal rage,
With impious blaſphemies may wound thy name;
That dear, adorable, tranſporting name,
That name imprinted on my inmoſt ſoul,
That now is all my joy, my final hope!

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY XVI.

DRAW me, O draw me! then with eager haſte
Unweary'd I ſhall run the ſacred paths
Thy word directs; but if unmov'd by thee,
A lump of dull unanimated clay
As well might riſe, and mean the lofty ſky;
As well theſe cold, theſe ſenſeleſs ſtones may wake,
May find a living voice, and call thee father.

I LIVE, I move, but as thy quickning pow'r
Exerts itſelf, and animates my being;
And longer than thou draw'ſt, I cannot move.
For I am weak and vain, my nature ſunk
From its primæval rectitude and grace,
Helpleſs and deſtitute of all that's good:
But thus I humbly caſt my ſelf on thee,
Imploring ſuccour at thy gracious hands;
Imploring wiſdom, to evade the wiles
Of my infernal foes, that hourly watch
My ſteps, to tempt them into fatal ſnares,
And labyrinths of darkneſs. ---- Take my hand,
And gently lead me in the dang'rous road
Of mortal life, this gloomy pilgrimage.
My great directing light, if thou withdraw
I wander, and inevitably periſh.
And oh! 'tis endleſs ruin, deep perdition;
A loſs (diſtracting thought!) a loſs that ne'er
Thro' everlaſting years can be repair'd;
The loſs of God, and all the boundleſs joys,
Th' immortal rapture that his preſence gives.

SOLILOQUY XVII.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
The wonders of thy face; and yet unſeen
Thou doſt attract and raiſe my warmeſt love.
I live in thee, in thee alone am bleſt;
Thou art my darling thought; my ſoul exults,
It boaſts in thee, and triumphs all the day.
That thou art happy gives me perfect joy;
I am at reſt in thee ---- Let kingdoms ſink,
Thou doſt ordain their fall; or let them riſe,
Thy pleaſure is fulfill'd. Be thou ſupreme!
Be abſolute! ---- I join my glad aſſent,
With all the proſtrate angels round thy throne,
Unqueſtion'd be thy will! for thou art juſt,
And righteous all thy ways. Be thou ador'd
For ever in the heights of majeſty!
Thy grandeur fills me with a juſt contempt
For all the pomp on earth; that thou art fair
(O how divinely fair!) gives freſh delight
And tranſport to my ſoul. ---- How I rejoice
To find thee ſtill beyond ſimilitude,
Still riſing in ſuperior excellence
To all the lovely things thy hands have made:
Ev'n ſeraphim in their immortal bloom
Thoſe morning ſtars, the firſt-born ſmiles of heav'n
If once compar'd with thee, their brighteſt charms
Would fade away, and wither in thy ſight.

SOLILOQUY XVIII.

I WILL not leave thee; bid me not be gone,
Repulſe me not, for I will take no nay.
As thou doſt live, I will purſue thee ſtill,
Nor e'er let go my hold: I'm fix'd on this,
To wreſtle with thee till I gain the bleſſing.
I cannot be deny'd; thy word is paſt,
'Tis ſeal'd, 'tis ratify'd; thou art oblig'd,
Engag'd, confin'd by thy own clemency,
And ſpotleſs truth, to liſten to my call.

I COME, I enter by the ſtrength of faith
The holy place; thro' the atoning blood
I kneel, I humbly worſhip at thy ſeat:
My great requeſt is to obtain thy grace,
Thro' my Redeemer's merits. Here's the way
By which I would approach thy ſacred throne.
O let me never meet with a repulſe,
While I invoke thee by that charming name;
That name in which is center'd thy delight,
That name which at thy own command I uſe;
Nor can it be in vain — Thy word is paſt;
Nor can'ſt thou vary, or deny thy ſelf,
And change thy purpoſes, like fickle man.

THE earth ſhall change her form, the ſhining ſkies
Shall loſe their light, and vaniſh into ſhade;
But not a tittle of thy ſacred word
Shall fail the hopes of them that reſt on thee.

BE gone, ye impious, unbelieving fears!
I am a ſinner, freely 'tis confeſt,
Unmeriting the leaſt regard from thee;
But here the riches of thy grace will ſhine;
To thee immortal honour will ariſe,
When ſuch a worthleſs wretch as I ſhall ſtand
Acquitted by an act of ſov'reign will
Before thy gracious ſight; cleans'd from my guilt
By a Redeemer's blood, that healing balm
For all the wounds within. ---- In heav'nly ſtrains
My lips ſhall tell the ſtory of thy grace;
Ages ſhall in a long ſucceſſion roll,
While the bleſt theme employs my joyful tongue:
Unbounded gratitude ſhall ſwell my ſoul,
And all its nobler faculties enlarge.

SOLILOQUY XIX.

VANISH my doubts, and let me give the glory
Due to th' eternal name, by ſtedfaſt faith,
Hope againſt hope, believe above belief!
For he that ſaid, is able to perform:
His word annihilates, his word creates;
And he can open the eternal ſtores,
And pour ten thouſand bleſſings on my head.

WHY ſhould'ſt thou bound thy ſelf? why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay
The ſacred byaſs of thy glorious nature?
For thou art love ſupreme, eſſential love.
Ev'n my unworthineſs can be no bar.

Shall

Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
And check the progreſs of almighty grace?
Shall duſt and vanity obſtruct the courſe
Of thy omnipotence, and ſpoil the boaſt
Of free, of abſolute benignity?

LOVE is thy life, in its tranſcendent height
And full enjoyment; thy eternal thought,
In boundleſs wiſdom, mark'd it as the end
Of all thy glorious works; and it ſhall riſe
Triumphant and victorious over all
The obſtacles that ſeem to check its courſe.

IN this tranſporting, amiable form,
The mild, the gentle glories of thy nature,
Let me behold and meet thy gracious ſmiles:
Here I can triumph, here my hopes run high;
They know no bounds, but infinitely free
Graſp all a bleſt eternity contains.

SOLILOQUY XX.

O GOD of ages! view my narrow ſpan,
Behold how ſhort a period thou haſt ſet
The limits of my life! how like a ſhade,
A paſſing cloud my vain exiſtence flies!
Yet all my boundleſs hopes, my future views
For endleſs ages on this narrow ſpan,
This little rivulet of time depend:
And oh! how faſt the gliding current flows!
Nothing retards its everlaſting courſe;

Ev'n now my haſty moments paſs away,
For ever, O for ever they are gone!

I DIE with ev'ry breath; no calling back
The niceſt point of all my vain duration,
'Tis paſt beyond retrieve! --- but oh! there reſt
Eternal things on this important point.
This ſpan of life, this ſhort allotted ſpan
Is all I have to manage for the ſtake
Of an immortal ſoul; the glorious weight
Of heav'nly crowns and kingdoms are ſuſpended,
And oh! if loſt, can never be recalled.
This *now*, this fleeting tranſitory *now*,
Contains my all; and yet this awful truth
Sits lightly on my ſoul, and faintly moves
My drooping pow'rs to action.
Yet there's a ſtrict account that muſt be made,
When the great day, the day of reck'ning comes.
The ſolemn hour draws nigh, nor ſleeps my doom;
'Twill ſoon decide my everlaſting ſtate,
And no appeal will ever be allow'd.

SOLILOQUY XXI.

O THOU! whoſe glorious, whoſe all-ſeeing eye
Marks all the dubious paths that lie before me;
Who from my mother's womb haſt been my guide,
And led me thro' the various turns of life;
Conceal not now thy ſelf in darkſome ſhades,
But let me clearly know thy ſacred will,
To guide me thro' the wild, uncertain ſcenes
Of mortal life, and let not hell deceive me:

For

For I am wholly thine; thou know'ſt I am
Devoted to thy fear. For this my ſoul,
Whoſe ſecrets thou canſt tell, appeals to thee.
Oh! thou doſt ſee my thought's moſt diſtant aims,
And art my glorious witneſs, how ſincere,
How perfectly my will's reſign'd to thine.

BEHOLD me here attending thy commands,
With low ſubmiſſion oh! behold me here,
Liſt'ning to catch the whiſpers of thy voice;
In humble ſilence I attend the ſound,
And wait thy ſacred orders. ---- O determine,
Determine all my ſteps, and mark my path!
For I am blind, and bent to vanity.
The pow'rs of hell conſpire with my own heart
To lead me on to ſin and fatal ſnares:
But leave me not in the laſt darkſome tracks,
The cloſing part; let that be all ſerene;
Let that be ſpent in works of love and praiſe,
To fit me for the ecſtacies above.

As the aſcending ſun new glories gains,
'Till at bright noon he ſhines in full perfection;
Thus let me reach the higheſt point of virtue,
As far as frail mortality can riſe:
Then let me ſet in glory, and in ſmiles.
Victoria let me ſing: Be thine the crown,
Be thine alone, redeeming grace, the praiſe!

SOLILOQUY XXII.

I HAVE thy word, thou canſt not call it back,
I have thy oath, by thy own glorious name
Atteſted and confirm'd ---- Lord, 'tis enough!
My unbelieving fears are all ſubdu'd.

GOD of my pious fathers! who didſt ſet
Thy love on them, and chuſe their worthleſs race;
Ev'n me, of all thy family the leaſt,
To magnify thy own peculiar grace:
For thy prerogative is abſolute,
And uncontroul'd thy will; whate'er has pleas'd
Thy own unerring counſel thou haſt done.

O THINK on all thy kind and gracious words;
And what thy mouth hath ſpoken let thy hand
In ev'ry point fulfil, let nothing fail!
For thou art rich in grace, though I am poor
In merit, and can nothing claim from thee.
I dare not plead a debt; yet thou haſt ſworn,
Sworn by the glory of thy holineſs,
That thou wilt not in any wiſe deceive me.
Thou all things canſt; ev'n my unworthineſs
Can be no bar, no obſtacle to thee:
It is not what I am, but what thou art,
And what thy gracious influence can effect.

CAN duſt and aſhes plead deſert before thee?
The height of holineſs and majeſty
Can view no merit in the clay he form'd.

But

But oh! what bounds has goodneſs infinite?
What limits ſhall almighty love confine?
Who works in all things as his counſel guides,
Mov'd by his own benignity; the ſpring,
The everlaſting ſpring, from whence ariſe
All the bright ſchemes, and well-contriv'd deſigns
That love in its omnipotence could form.

YE heights ineffable, ye wond'rous ways,
Ye glorious myſteries, ye trackleſs paths
Of the great ſov'reign of the earth and ſkies;
Whate'er I am, whate'er I hope, thro' all
Futurity, in ev'ry bliſsful ſcene,
The fountain muſt be free, unbounded grace.

SOLILOQUY XXIII.

LO here I ſtand diveſted of the world!
I give its empty glories to the wind:
Forſaking all that mortals covet here,
I come to thee, atteſting thy great name,
That thou art ſingly in thy ſelf my hope,
Renouncing all things elſe, my full delight.

LET me be baniſh'd to ſome place remote,
Where no created thing could give me joy:
Let me have ſweet communion there with thee,
Breathe on me there the fragrance of thy love,
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, and let me hear
Immortal muſic, harmony divine
In thy tranſporting voice: Be this my lot,
And give the laughing world their jovial choice.

How

How poor, how empty all its joys compar'd
To thoſe ſublime, to thoſe exalted pleaſures
That break upon my ſoul, when thou doſt ſmile!

A TIME will come (O haſte the bliſsful day!)
When I ſhall ſee thy lovely face unveil'd;
When theſe bleſt eyes ſhall recreate their views
With viſions all divine, the dazzling ſcenes
Of uncreated excellence and light.

BUT now I love thee diſtant and unſeen.
I feel a flame which theſe created things
In all their pride and ſtudied elegance
Can never gratify; ſhould they aſſume
The graces of the ſkies, the higheſt bloom
Of charms immortal, and unfading life;
Yet theſe are not my God.

SHOULD angels open the eternal ſcenes,
And ſtand reveal'd before my wond'ring eyes
In all their pomp of ſplendor and perfection:
Or if beyond them there are fairer forms,
Beauties un-nam'd, and unreveal'd to men;
Where-e'er creation ends, the diſtance ſtill
Is infinite from that for which I pine.

SOLILOQUY XXIV.

WHERE fly my wiſhes? what aſpiring views
Are theſe that animate my tow'ring hopes?
What boundleſs aims does my ambition take?

'Tis

'Tis God himſelf, the great eternal God,
That ſpread the heav'ns, and kindled all the lights
That roll on high, 'tis he is all my bliſs!
My ſoaring thoughts can take no lower aim,
Thither alone my bold deſires aſcend.

YE ſplendors unconceiv'd, ye joys unknown,
Ye ſights that mortal ken has ne'er explor'd;
O when in dazzling pomp will you unfold
Your fair tranſporting proſpects to my ſoul?
This low creation gives me no delight;
The brighteſt objects ſicken on my ſenſe.
The ſun and ſtars emit their chearful rays
In vain: in vain to me the beauteous ſpring
Her blooming ſweets diffuſes thro' the air;
In vain her gay variety, her pomp
Of party-colour'd beauties ſhe diſplays:
Nothing can recreate my drooping thoughts,
Or fill the boundleſs vacancy within.

WHEN ſhall I cloſe my eyes on mortal things,
And bid theſe dark, theſe guilty ſeats adieu?
Break from this priſon, drop this hated chain,
And ſpring with full enlargement to my God?

SOLILOQUY XXV.

THE ſolemn hour draws near, when I muſt ſtand
Before the holy, the tremendous judge
Of all the earth, whoſe quick, all-ſearching eye
Views all the dark receſſes of my ſoul;
Thoſe ſecret, thoſe impenetrable deeps

To

To mortal ſearch unknown, the cloſe diſguiſe,
The ſpecious flatteries, whoſe ſoothing wiles
Impoſe, with fair deluſions, on my thoughts.
I know not what I am; miſtaken views
And partial judgment hide me from my ſelf.

O THOU that know'ſt my heart! diſcloſe its depths,
Take off the ſpecious, the deceiving maſk,
And ſhew me to my ſelf. I am undone,
If here miſtaken, flatter'd and deluded
With empty hopes, and airy expectations:
An error here will prove eternal ruin,
Remedileſs deſpair ---- O gracious Lord!
Avert the ſad preſage, the fatal doubt;
Nor leave me in this comfortleſs ſuſpenſe.
If I ſhall ſee thy glorious face in peace,
If I ſhall meet the beatific light,
And view that glorious viſion all unveil'd,
If thoſe bright hopes are not a vain deluſion,
O ſeal the bliſsful, the tranſporting truth
With ſacred demonſtration to my ſoul;
Diſpel theſe cruel, theſe tormenting doubts,
With one propitious ray! for oh! my care
Is of important weight; 'tis vaſt eternity,
'Tis boundleſs glory hangs on the event.

O COULD I know my worthleſs name is writ
Among the choſen race; that in the book
Of life (tranſporting thought!) eternal love,
And ſov'reign grace has mark'd my glorious lot!

WHERE-

WHERE-E'ER thou giv'ſt, the bleſſing muſt be free
And undeſerv'd; for who among the ranks
That ſhine about thy throne can plead deſert?
Who has preſented thee with benefits,
That he ſhould proudly claim a recompence?

SOLILOQUY XXVI.

SWEET name of Jeſus! in whoſe ſyllables
The animating pow'rs of harmony,
The ſoul of muſic dwells; thou ſhalt inſpire
My ſweeteſt numbers on the immortal ſtrings,
The golden harps of heav'n ---- My only hope!
I have no other refuge from the ſtorm,
No rock for ſhelter, no refreſhing ſhade,
No calm retreat to reſt my weary ſoul.

THOU Saviour of the ſinful race of men!
For whom deſcending from the heights of glory,
From ſongs, from triumphs, and the loud applauſe,
The ſhoutings of ten thouſand times ten thouſand,
Myriads of ſhining hoſts, thy bright adorers,
Thou deign'ſt to quit them all, and veil the form
Of radiant god-head in a cloud of fleſh.

YET haſt thou ſeen the travail of thy ſoul,
The purchaſe of thy blood? or is that blood,
(Tremendous thought!) or is that blood prophan'd,
Thy grace rejected, and thy love deſpis'd?

WHY ſhines the ſun? why are the ſtars unſeal'd?
Why ſpreads the moon her mild indulgent beams
To chear the midnight ſhades? Why keeps the ſpring
Her annual round, and with her vital ſweets
Perfumes the ſeaſons for a miſcreant race,
Ungrateful and profane! that dares blaſpheme
The awful God of nature, and of grace.

SOLILOQUY XXVII.

HOW ſlowly moves the ſun? how dull the wheels
Of nature? Roll along, ye planets, fly
In ſhorter rounds, and meaſure out my day,
This tedious day, this interval of woe!

I WAIT with longing looks, and mark the ſkies,
As men impatient for the breaking morn.
This world has nothing worth a careleſs thought;
I have no treaſure here, 'tis all above,
And there my heart in fix'd attention dwells.
With juſt diſdain I caſt a languid look
Around the vain creation; then repine
And half pronounce thoſe various products evil,
Which God himſelf approv'd, and call'd them good:
Yet independent of the ſov'reign bliſs,
They yield no ſolace, give me no repoſe.

WHAT have I here to hold my ſoul from thee?
To entertain me one ſhort, fleeting hour?
I have no friend on earth, and none would have.
I'm grown a ſtranger here, my heart diſowns

Ac-

Acquaintance here; I'm ſick of this vain world,
Its tireſome repetitions load my ſenſe:
The ſun's bright eye, in all its circuit, views
No equal entertainment, none to hold
My heart in theſe inhoſpitable realms.

YET if I muſt a ſtranger here remain,
O condeſcend to viſit theſe abodes,
And ſpeak in frequent whiſpers to my ſoul!
Let me converſe with thee, and hear thy voice;
Retir'd from men in ſome wild ſolitude
My hours would ſweetly paſs, nor ſeek delight
Beyond that heav'nly bliſs; there I could reſt
Superior to the turns of human things.

THESE eyes no more ſhould view the impious ways
Of human race; theſe ears no longer hear
The daring blaſphemies that loudly rage
Againſt that gracious mediating pow'r,
That keeps avenging thunder from their heads.

O LET me die in peace, diſmiſs me hence!
I'm but a ſojourner, a ſtranger here;
Wand'ring thro' darkſome ways and gloomy wilds,
Beſet with helliſh ſnares, and oft betray'd
By a deceitful, treach'rous heart within:
Tir'd with perpetual toil I caſt my eyes,
To yonder peaceful worlds, and long for reſt.

SOLILOQUY. XXVIII.

O THOU whoſe wiſdom leads the countleſs ſtars
In conſtant order thro' their ſhining courſe,
And ſets the blazing ſun his annual race!
All nature owns thy law; the raging winds,
And foaming billows in their ſwelling pride
Reluctant ſink at thy commanding voice.

BUT I with proſtrate homage at thy feet
Devote my will obſequious to thy ſway.
I have no choice, no conduct, no deſign,
No wav'ring wiſh that I can call my own;
For I am wholly, abſolutely thine:
And as the potter turns the ductile clay
Am I in thy almighty forming hands.
O thou canſt mould and faſhion ev'ry thought,
My paſſions turn, and make me what thou wilt:
Thy hand can trace the characters divine,
And ſtamp celeſtial beauty on my ſoul.

CREATING Spirit, ſpeak the potent word,
Let there be light! and cloudleſs day will riſe.
Diſpel the clouds of ignorance and ſin,
Baniſh whate'er oppoſes thy deſigns
Of love and grace, and freely work thy will.

CONFORM'D to thee, the harmony divine,
My ſoul would find the moſt exalted bliſs.
Were there no future hell, no penalties
To guard thy righteous laws; were there no heav'n

No

No ſparkling crowns to recompence the juſt;
Yet would my thoughts approve thy pure commands,
And find exalted pleaſure in the rules
Thy ſacred word enjoins. Could I but reach
The rectitude I wiſh, in ſerving thee
I meet a full reward, and gain the firſt,
The great deſign for which I had a being:
I breath'd at thy command; and 'tis the boaſt,
The glory of my life, to live for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXIX.

MY God, ſupport me in that gloomy hour,
When nature droops, and death's impending ſhade
With fatal darkneſs hovers o'er my head;
When honour, pleaſure, wealth, and mortal friends
Shall prove but empty names, unmeaning ſounds
And lying ſuccours to my fainting ſoul;
While hell with all its complicated rage
Shall raiſe its laſt effort to break my peace.

REBUKE the tempeſt then, and let thy voice
In gentle accents bid the ſtorm ſubſide;
And dart a beam of glory on my ſoul,
When ſhiv'ring on the darkſome verge of life,
She trembles at the firſt uncertain ſtep,
That ſets her on the ſtrange, eternal coaſt;
Where all is new, amazing and unknown,
Nor ever yet conceiv'd by human thought,
In all its energy and livelieſt flights.

THEN be the ſhore or gloomy, or ſerene,
On which the ſpirit freed from earthly chains
Shall ſet her dubious foot to meet her judge;
Whoſe doom will be exact, impartial, juſt;
And oh! when paſt, unchangeable and fix'd.

ETERNITY! amazing dreadful word!
Eternity! in vain I would explore
Thy diſtant bounds; my wand'ring thoughts are loſt,
I know not where to fix, 'tis all confuſion.

SOLILOQUY XXX.

ALMIGHTY love, thou great myſterious theme,
What eloquence of man can talk of thee?
What thought has fathom'd thy eternal depths,
Or meaſur'd out thy lengths? What angel's wing
Has reach'd thy heights? What ſeraph's flowing ſong,
In all the pow'rs of heav'nly harmony,
Can paint thy charms, and to the raviſh'd ſoul
Unfold thy beauties in their native light?

THOU art the ſplendor of the face divine,
The bliſs of angels, the delight of ſaints,
The life, the triumph, and the happineſs
Of him in whom the ſprings of joy remain.

O WHEN with ſmiles ineffable, with looks
That dart eternal ecſtaſy and life,
And all the peace of paradiſe unfold,
Wilt thou, my God, ſhine on my raptur'd ſoul?

When

When ſhall I meet their quick'ning influence,
And ſee that glorious viſion all unveil'd?
The faireſt copies of creating pow'r,
Where with tranſcendent art thy ſkilful hand
Has drawn bright beauty in her heav'nly prime,
Will fade before the ſplendor of thy face.

SOLILOQUY XXXI.

WHAT ſhall I ſpeak? how celebrate thy praiſe!
What language uſe to paint my gratitude?
The boldeſt words would poorly ſpeak the ſenſe
Of what my ſoul experiences within.

O HOW thou doſt attract my warmeſt thoughts!
How am I loſt to all delights, but thoſe
That from thy love proceed! how vain this world,
How empty all its low delights, compar'd
To thoſe divine, thoſe pure, exalted joys,
That ſparkle on my ſoul, when thou doſt ſmile!

AND yet I ſee but darkly thro' the cloud,
And catch a glimm'ring ray with eager eyes;
While thou doſt keep the fuller glories back,
And hide the ſacred ſplendor of thy throne.

O TURN the veil aſide! I can but die:
Shine out, and let the dazzling ſight o'ercome
The pow'rs of nature --- Thus I would expire,
Thus yield my ſpirit up in ecſtaſy.

IF this muſt be deny'd; yet come, my Lord,
Let me have ſuch communion with thee here,
As ſaints in holy raptures have enjoy'd;
Such as may kindle up the life divine,
Imprint the image of thy holineſs,
And feed the heav'nly flame; 'till dead to ſenſe,
And all the falſe attractions of the world,
I live alone completely bleſt in thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXII.

O LET me ſhrink to nothing in thy ſight,
And lay the boaſts of nature at thy feet!
Be all my pride abas'd to loweſt duſt,
There lie whate'er my vanity calls worth.
Corruption, miſery and guilt is all
I have to boaſt; this is indeed my own,
My rightful claim, my juſt inheritance.

BUT hence thy praiſe ſhall ſpring, thy glories riſe:
My indigence ſhall raiſe thy triumphs high.
A wond'rous inſtance of forgivlng love,
In its divine magnificence diſplay'd,
I ſhall for ever ſtand: for ever ſtand
A monument of free, unbounded grace,
That choſe a wretch like me to ſhow its pow'r;
That triumph'd in its own victorious ſtrength,
O'er ev'ry oppoſition hell could raiſe.

HOW wond'rous are thy ways, almighty love!
How much above the narrow thoughts of men!
Lord, whence is this to me? to me, ſo vile,

So

So guilty, ſo unworthy of thy grace?
When thouſands paſs unbridled to perdition,
O why am I thus graciouſly reſtrain'd?
'Tis thou haſt done it by thy ſov'reign right,
And who ſhall aſk thee why?

WHAT can I ſpeak? I muſt be ſilent here,
Or loſt in wonder, breathe imperfect ſounds;
Yet read my thought, the gratitude, the praiſe
I would return ---- for human language fails.

SOLILOQUY XXXIII.

BLEST Jeſus! 'tis thy name to which I truſt
My nobleſt intereſt, my ſuperior hopes;
Thou covert from the ſtorm, a hiding place
From the black tempeſt of avenging wrath!
I ſee my guilt, but this augments the debt
Of gratitude and love; I ſee my guilt,
But ſee it cancell'd by redeeming blood.

TRANSPORTING thought! how ſhall I ſpeak my joy?
In what gay figures paint the ecſtaſy?
O may'ſt thou reign exalted and ador'd,
Ador'd on earth as in the higheſt heav'n!
With all the ſhouting myriads round thy throne
I join my grateful voice ---- Ye glitt'ring crowds,
Receive a mortal militant below
To your triumphant choir; with you I'll bleſs
My great Redeemer's name---- tranſporting name!
'Tis graven on my heart, 'tis deep impreſt,

Immortal is the ſtamp; nor life, nor death,
Nor hell, with all its pow'rs, ſhall blot it thence.

THOU joy of angels, the deſire of nations,
The hope, the glorious hope of all mankind!
What ſhall I ſpeak? what gentle language uſe,
When thou art my tranſporting tender theme?
The tongues of angels cannot reach a ſtrain
Too ſolemn, too pathetic to expreſs
The charming ſentiments I feel for thee.

HOW dear thou art, how precious to my ſoul,
'Tis thou alone can'ſt tell --- O fairer far
Than all thy wond'rous works! what excellence
Bears thy ſimilitude? Thy father's image,
The plenitude, the brightneſs of his glory.
The eloquence of heav'n is far below
Thy worth; for thou art infinite perfection,
The fulneſs of the godhead dwells in thee.
Thine is the pow'r, the kingdom, and the glory;
All, all is thine in the high heav'ns above,
On earth, and in the deep.--- May ev'ry tongue
In bleſſing thee be bleſt; may bleſſings fall
In torrents on their heads that plead thy cauſe;
Smile on their active piety and zeal,
Strengthen their hands, and fortify their hearts,
With peace divine and holy conſolation.
Let them appear bright as the vig'rous ſun,
When tow'ring from his clear, meridian height,
He fills the ſpacious firmament with glory.

So

So let them proſper, while thy vanquiſh'd foes
In humble homage bow beneath thy feet.

FROM ſea to ſea be thy great empire ſpread,
And let the utmoſt iſles thy glory ſee:
The eaſtern kings their incenſe then ſhall bring,
And ſweet *Sabæa*'s groves ſhall bloom for thee.

SOLILOQUY XXXIV.

LOOK down, with pity, gracious Lord, look down,
From thy unbounded heights of happineſs,
On me a wretched, but a ſuppliant ſinner.
Thy times are always; mine will ſoon be paſt,
And meaſur'd out; while thine are ſtill unchang'd:
In boundleſs life, and undiminiſh'd bliſs
Thou ſitt'ſt ſecure; while all created things
In a perpetual motion glide along,
And ev'ry inſtant change their fleeting forms.

OBE not ſlack to hear! my time is wing'd,
See how my ſun declines! 'tis ſinking faſt,
And dying into darkneſs; the night is near,
The fatal night of death, when I ſhall ſleep
Unactive in the damp and gloomy grave.

THIS is th' important hour, the hour of grace
And offer'd life; ſalvation hangs upon it.
Nor let my importunity offend thee,
'Tis now, 'tis now or never I muſt ſpeed;
This day, this hour, this fleeting moment's more

Than I can boaſt, or truly call my own;
Ev'n now it flies --- 'tis gone --- 'tis paſt for ever!

BUT oh! the ſtrict account I have to give
Remains uncancel'd; yet my pardon ſtands
Perhaps unſeal'd, or not to me confirm'd.
Regard my anguiſh while I call aloud
For mercy, and a ſignal of thy love.
Before I die, O let my longing ſoul
Receive an earneſt of its future bliſs!

SOLILOQUY XXXV.

BE thou alone advanc'd! --- If there's a thought
Of favour plac'd on me, let it be all
Devoted to the Lord. May'ſt thou ſtand high
In ev'ry heart, tho' I am wholly loſt
In dark obſcurity --- Be thou advanc'd!
This is my nobleſt, my ſuperior end,
My great deſign, my everlaſting view.

O BE thy intereſt ſafe, thy cauſe ſecure!
Whatever clouds hang on my future hours
I paſs them all, thy ſacred will be done!
I am of no importance to my ſelf,
Be thou alone exalted! All my ſoul
Bows to thy grandeur, offers ev'ry thought
Of love and honour, friendſhip and eſteem
To thee; whatever kind impreſſion's rais'd
In any heart for me, let it be thine!

ALL glory be to thee! 'tis juſtly due;
Mine is but borrow'd at thy gracious hands;
My light is but a faint reflected ray,
From thee its ſacred ſource ---- O may it guide
My ſoul with conſtant energy to thee!

THOU art my boaſt, my treaſure, and my joy!
Content with thee, in ſolitary ſhades
I am at reſt, nor miſs the vain delights
This world can give, or with deceiving ſhews,
And lying viſions, promiſe to my hopes.

MINE eyes have ne'er beheld, nor heart conceiv'd
The wonders of thy face; and yet unſeen
Thou doſt attract and raiſe my warmeſt love:
The cauſe is all divine, above the reach
Of reaſon's boldeſt and moſt daring flight.

SOLILOQUY XXXVI.

O FAIREST of ten thouſand! whoſe bright ſmiles
Enlighten heav'n, and open paradiſe
In all its bliſsful and tranſporting ſcenes,
Vouchſafe me but a ſhort, a tranſient glimpſe
Of thy fair face, if I can gain no more.

FORGIVE the fond impatience of my heart,
Which dwells on thee, and has no other joy,
No entertainment in this loneſome world;
'Tis all a diſmal emptineſs to me.

HENCE

HENCE all ye clouds, ye ſeparating ſhades,
Which hide his charming face! Ye days and hours
Dance on your ſpeedy courſe, and let us meet!
Riſe thou bright morning ſtar, the joy of heav'n,
The beauty and the pride of paradiſe,
The bliſs of angels, their eternal theme,
While in high tranſports they enjoy thy ſmiles!

I MUST talk on, the glorious ſubject warms
My wid'ning ſoul; I feel immortal life,
And taſte the joys of heav'n --- Thou art my heav'n,
The land of light and love, my fulleſt hope!
I have no other wiſh in all the round
Of endleſs years. Thou from the morning's womb
Haſt ſtill the dew, the fragrant dew of youth.
Eternal bloom ſits ſmiling in thy looks,
Heav'n opens in the ſplendor of thine eyes,
And ſtreams in torrents of eternal light.

THY voice is muſic, harmony it ſelf
In its tranſporting charms --- Ye golden harps
Which angels tune, for ever ſilent lie;
Let me but hear my Lord's ſweet, gentle voice,
Breathing celeſtial ſolace to my ſoul,
And peace ineffable, the peace of God.

SOLILOQUY XXXVII.

O JESUS! let eternal bleſſings dwell
On thy tranſporting name; let ev'ry tongue
In heav'n and earth conſpire, above, below,

Where-

Where'er creation ſtretches out its bounds;
Let them with me unite to praiſe my King,
My Lord, my Life, my gracious Ranſomer!
Who bought my ſoul from hell at the high price
Of his own ſacred blood; amazing love!
Unutterable grace! Here let me fix
My ſoul in an eternal ecſtaſy.

LET me be wholly thine from this bleſt hour.
Let thy lov'd image be for ever preſent;
Of thee be all my thoughts, and let my tongue
Be ſanctify'd with the celeſtial theme.
Dwell on my lips, thou deareſt, ſweeteſt name!
Dwell on my lips, till the laſt parting breath!
Then let me die, and bear the charming ſound
In triumph to the ſkies. --- In other ſtrains,
In language all divine, I'll praiſe thee then;
While all the Godhead opens in the view
Of a Redeemer's love --- Here let me gaze,
For ever gaze; the bright variety
Will endleſs joy and admiration yield.

LET me be wholly thine from this bleſt hour.
Fly from my ſoul all images of ſenſe,
Leave me in ſilence to poſſeſs my Lord.
My life, my pleaſures flow from him alone,
My ſtrength, my great ſalvation, and my hope.
Thy name is all my truſt --- O name divine!
Be thou engraven on my inmoſt ſoul,
And let me own thee with my lateſt breath,
Confeſs thee in the face of ev'ry horror

That

That threat'ning death or envious hell can raiſe;
'Till all their ſtrength ſubdu'd, my parting ſoul
Shall give a challenge to infernal rage,
And ſing ſalvation to the Lamb for ever.

To him, my glorious Ranſomer, I'll ſing;
To him my heart ſhall gratefully aſcribe
The crown of conqueſt, his unqueſtion'd right:
While liſt'ning angels pleas'd ſhall hear me tell
The wonders of his love, the ſtrange event
Of his ſurprizing grace. ---- Tranſporting theme!
Where ſhall the ſong begin? ---- Turn back the rolls
Of vaſt eternity ---- ſtill, backward ſtill
The dazzling records turn ---- Where ſhall I find
The glorious point? where fix the ſhining date
When everlaſting love deſign'd my bliſs?

SOLILOQUY XXXVIII.

THOU who canſt make a paſſage thro' the ſea,
And find a way amidſt the rolling waves;
Thou who canſt open wide and none can ſhut,
Unfold the gates of braſs! break all the bars
Of oppoſition! let the mountains ſink,
And ev'ry valley riſe to level plains!
Be darkneſs light, and let the ſmiling ſun
Of righteouſneſs, the bright, the morning ſtar
Ariſe in all the glories of the Godhead!

SHINE out, and let the clear diſtinguiſh'd rays
Convince thy proudeſt foes, and chear the hopes
Of thoſe that love thee, love thee, tho' unſeen;

Whoſe

Whoſe wounded ears now bear the loud reproach
Of thy inſulting foes, whoſe fainting hearts
Bleed in the wide diſhonours of thy name.

O REND the ſkies! divide the firmament!
Break the long ſtanding pillars of the earth!
Let the hills tremble! let the foreſts flame,
To make thy greatneſs known! Be thou confeſt!
Be thou in full Divinity reveal'd!
And let the wreck of nature grace thy triumph!

SET open wide the everlaſting gates!
Ye heav'nly arches, lift your heads on high,
And let the king of glory in the pomp
Of majeſty ineffable deſcend!
The nations then ſhall own thee for their God,
And ev'ry tongue confeſs th' almighty judge.

WHEN ſhall theſe eyes behold that welcome day,
That glorious, happy, long-expected period?
When ſhall my voice join with the gen'ral ſhout
Of nations, languages, and tribes redeem'd?
When ſhall I hail the triumphs of that day,
When thou ſhalt riſe in the full heights of glory,
Darken the ſun, confound the brighteſt ſtar,
Blaze in the ſplendor of the Deity,
Thy Father's image perfectly expreſt?

THEN ſhall the loud, the univerſal ſhout,
'Tis finiſh'd! echo thro' the wide creation;
Loud triumphs ſound, and hallelujahs ring,

The

The glory, the dominion is the Lord's,
And God omnipotent ſhall reign for ever.

SOLILOQUY XXXIX.

THY word is paſt, look on theſe ſacred lines,
This heav'nly volume; here, great God, is writ
The records of thy truth, thy ancient works
The bright memorials of thy pow'r and love;
To thy immortal honour, to the joy
Of ev'ry ſaint, they ſtand collected here.

CONFIRM thy promis'd grace, which I have made
My boaſt, my triumph and peculiar aid.
O make me not aſham'd! for I have ſpoke
With confidence undaunted for thy name,
Thy honour and approv'd veracity.
And now I come diſtreſt, and looking round
On human helps in vain; theſe lying aids
Excite my ſcorn, I view them with contempt.
Counſel and wiſdom, friendſhip's gentle voice
Is a deceitful ſound: I dare not reſt
Below the ſkies for guidance or protection;
On thee alone, and not on erring man
I caſt my ſelf: O kindly guide my ſteps
In all the paths of righteouſneſs and peace!
On thee alone, the everlaſting rock,
On thee alone I reſt; my father's God,
My mother's early truſt, to thee I look,
O let my ſoul rejoice, rejoice in God,
Boaſt in his truth, and triumph all the day

In

In his almighty name, and gracious aid!
Be his veracity and truth my ſong!

THERE is no help, no confidence below:
But who relies on thy almighty arm,
A ſure defence ſhall find; who on thy word
Securely reſts, ſhall never be deceiv'd.

CAN the Moſt-High repent? can he recal
His ſacred oath, and make his promiſe vain?
O that be far from thee, the truth divine,
Th' eternal rectitude, whoſe plighted word
Stands firmer than the baſis of the earth!
And when its mighty pillars to the depth
Of their foundations ſink, when yonder ſkies,
Grown old, ſhall crack thro' all their cryſtal orbs;
Thou undecay'd in endleſs equity,
In glory and unſpotted truth ſhalt ſhine.

SOLILOQUY XL.

I CALL not you that on *Parnaſſus* ſit,
And by the flow'ry banks of *Helicon*,
Circle your brows with fading coronets;
While ſome romantic hero you adorn
With lying epithets, and airy praiſe:
Or ſome fantaſtic lover's fate rehearſe
In notes that with a ſoft, enticing art,
A charming, but pernicious magic draw
The chaſteſt minds from virtue's ſacred paths.

Too long inſpir'd by theſe unhappy flames,
In rural ſhades I ſung the boaſted pow'r,
And own'd the falſe divinity of love;
Reclaim'd, no longer I your aid implore,
But you, celeſtial muſes, I invoke.
Ye muſes, who above the lofty ſky
Sit crown'd with wreaths of never-fading light,
And on your ſilver lutes immortal ſongs,
Along the bliſsful ſtreams that warbling flow,
With ſoft inimitable ſkill recite;
Aſſiſt me, while with an advent'rous flight
To everlaſting glories I aſpire;
While *He*, the firſt almighty cauſe with you
In flowing numbers I attempt to ſing.
From him, like you, I took the vital ray,
Him, as the ſpring of my exiſtence, praiſe;
Tho' not with you, his happier race, allow'd
To view the bright unveil'd divinity.
By no audacious glance from mortal eyes
Thoſe myſtic glories are to be profan'd:
Yet ſafely we may in reflection meet
His ſcatter'd beams, and find in all his works
The God in ſhining characters impreſt.

I TRACE him round me now with vaſt delight,
Among the laviſh ſprings that proudly roll
Their ſilver riches o'er the painted meads:
Here ſpreading into broad tranſparent lakes,
Smooth as the face of heav'n they ſilent flow;
The ſparkling ſun the beauteous ſurface gilds,

Which

Which double glory to the ſky reflects:
Here under cloſe impending ſhades they creep,
And roll along complaining to their ſhores.
The verdant meadows, and extended plains,
In all their pride and ſpringing beauties dreſt,
The winding valleys and aſcending hills,
The moſſy rocks, the bow'rs and lofty groves,
The ev'ning cloſe, and chaunt of various birds,
The ſportive wind, and ſoftly whiſp'ring breeze,
Conſenting all acknowledge thou art far
More lovely and ſurpaſſing fair than they.

THY glory in her ſilent courſe the moon,
And nightly lamps in their obſcure ſojourn,
The morning ſtar with its bright circlet crown'd,
And early bluſhes of the day reveal.

THE circling ſun thy glory manifeſts;
Whether aſcending from the eaſtern wave,
With glancing ſmiles he chears the dewy fields;
Or mounted to the zenith's lofty height,
He blazes with tranſcendent glory crown'd;
Or down the ſteep of heav'n he rolls amain
And ends his flaming progreſs in the ſea;
From eaſt to weſt thy greatneſs he proclaims,
And thro' his radiant kingdoms ſpreads thy praiſe.

THOU rid'ſt upon the wild, tempeſtuous wind,
And flying ſtorms obey thy pow'rful voice;
Sublime on clouds thy dark pavilion's ſet,
With ſhades and gloomy majeſty involv'd.

THY hands the pointed lightnings lance around,
While peals of thunder ſhake the firmament:
At thy approach the kindling foreſts ſmoke,
And from their baſe the trembling mountains ſtart;
The rivers ebb and flow at thy command,
Obſerve their wonted courſe, or run reverſe;
At thy rebuke the frighted waves divide,
And with ſtupendous motion backward roll
Their cryſtal volumes to their inmoſt ſprings.

THOU all things canſt --- thy mighty mandates heard,
Neceſſity and nature are no more;
Th' obedient elements diſſolve their league,
And wonderful effects atteſt the God.

THUS far we trace thee by unerring lights,
But what thou art beyond is ſtill unknown;
We launch in vain into the deep abyſs,
Thro' vaſt infinity thou fly'ſt our ſearch.

SOLILOQUY XLI.

YE lagging months and years, take ſwifter wings,
And bring the promis'd day, when all my hopes
Shall be fulfill'd; when that reſplendent face,
Which yonder folding clouds conceal, ſhall dawn
With everlaſting ſmiles, ſmiles that inſpire
Immortal life and undecaying joy.
Bleſt period! why art thou ſo long delay'd?

O ſtretch

O ſtretch thy ſhining wings, and leave behind
The lazy minutes in their tedious courſe!

I CALL in vain; the hours muſt be fulfill'd,
And all their winding circles meaſur'd out;
In grief and wild complaints I yet muſt wait
The day, and tell my ſorrows to the winds;
Forlorn I thro' the gloomy woods muſt ſtray,
And teach the murm'ring ſtreams my tender theme:
The woods and ſtreams already know my grief,
And oft are witneſs to the mournful tale;
While the pale moon in ſilent majeſty
Her midnight empire holds, and all the ſtars
In ſolemn order on her ſtate attend.

THOU moon, I cry, and all ye ling'ring ſtars,
How long muſt you theſe tedious circles roll!
When ſhall the great commiſſion'd angel ſtay
Your ſhining courſe, and with uplifted hand
Swear by the dread unutterable name,
That time ſhall be no more?

THEN you no more ſhall turn the rolling year,
Nor lead the flow'ry ſpring, nor gently guide
The ſummer on with all her various ſtore;
Great nature then thro' all her diff'rent works
Shall be transform'd, the earth and thoſe gay ſkies
Shall be no more the ſame! A brighter ſcene
Succeeds, and paradiſe in all its charms
Shall be renew'd; but far the bliſsful ſtate improv'd,
And fit for minds to whom the mighty maker

Shall give the glorious viſion of his face,
Unveil'd and ſmiling with eternal love.

O INFINITE delight! my eager ſoul
Springs forward to embrace the promis'd joy
And antedates its heav'n. The lightſome fields,
And bliſsful groves are open to my view,
The ſongs of angels and their ſilver lutes
Delight me, while th' Omnipotent they ſing.
On all his glorious titles long they dwell,
But love, unbounded love, commands the ſong;
Their darling ſubject this, and nobleſt theme.
Here let my raviſh'd ſoul for ever dwell,
Here let me gaze, nor turn one careleſs look
On yonder hated world, here let me drink
Full draughts of bliſs, and bathe in boundleſs floods
Of life and joy, here let me ſtill converſe.

IT cannot be! mortality returns.
Ye radiant ſkies, adieu! ye ſtarry worlds,
Ye bliſsful ſcenes, and walks of paradiſe!
I muſt fulfil my day, and wait the hour
That brings eternal liberty and reſt.

YET while I ſojourn in this gloomy waſte,
And trace with weary ſteps life's doubtful road:
Permit me, ye gay realms, permit me oft
To viſit you, and meditate your joys.
Whether my part in this great theatre
Be joyous or ſevere, let the fair hopes,
The charming proſpect of eternal reſt

Be

Be preſent with my ſoul, mix with my joys,
And ſoften all my intervals of grief.

SOLILOQUY XLII.

I WILL not let thee go without a bleſſing;
By thy great name I enter my proteſt
Never to leave thee, till I ſee thy word
Accompliſh'd to my vows, till thou with full
And cloudleſs demonſtration to my ſoul
Reveal thy promis'd grace —— Regard my ſighs,
My ſecret pantings to be near to thee!
Wilt thou for ever fly my earneſt ſearch,
Shut out my pray'r, and keep this painful diſtance?

WHERE is the obſtacle, the fatal bar,
The curſt partition, that divides my ſoul
From all its joys? 'Tis ſin, deteſted ſin!
From hence ariſe theſe ſeparating clouds,
Theſe ſullen ſhadows that conceal thy face,
And darken all the proſpect of my bliſs.

BUT thou the fair, the bright, the morning ſtar,
Canſt with thy darting glories chaſe theſe ſhades,
And break the thick, the complicated night.
In great forgiveneſs thou wilt raiſe thy name;
And much forgiven, I ſhall love thee much,
And ſtand a glorious inſtance of thy grace:
Where ſin abounds, its luſtre ſhall abound.
My grateful heart and tongue to praiſes tun'd,
Shall tell with tranſport the amazing heights
Of love, of wiſdom, of redeeming grace.

JESUS! my only hope, my advocate,
My gracious mediator, O defend
My trembling guilty ſoul, from all the ſtorms
Of wrath divine! be thou a hiding place,
A covert from the wind, a ſafe retreat
From all the terror of avenging pow'r,
And juſtice infinite! Thy blood can cleanſe
My deepeſt ſtains, and purify my ſoul
From all its native, and contracted guilt:
In that clear fountain of immortal life
Let me be cleans'd and throughly ſactify'd.
I come a helpleſs, miſerable wretch,
And throw my ſelf, and all my future hopes
On mercy infinite; reject me not,
Thou Saviour of the ſinful race of men!

A PARA-

A PARAPHRASE *on* CANTICLES.

In blank verſe.

A DIVINE PASTORAL.

Auguſt, 1735.

CHAPTER I.

SHE.

O COME! and with thy balmy kiſſes ſooth
Theſe holy languiſhments, and let thy breath
With vital fragrance chear my drooping pow'rs:
Not ſpicy wines with their delicious ſcent,
And cordial flavour, ſo revive the ſoul.

THY name is muſic! when I mention thee
Celeſtial ſweetneſs fills the ambient air;
The liſt'ning virgins find the heav'nly charm,
Confeſs thy worth, and catch the ſacred flame.

O DRAW me with the ſoft, reſiſtleſs bands
Of gentle love, and I will follow thee
To thoſe fair chambers where my gracious king
With royal banquets feaſts my longing ſoul,
And ſeals his truth in ſacramental wine.
But who can paint the riſing ecſtaſy

His preſence gives, while on his charming face
Sit ſmiling beauty, and immortal love?

HAVE I deſerv'd this grace? my conſcious heart
Forbids the guilty boaſt; for I am black
As *Kedar*'s tents; expos'd at burning noon
The ſultry ſun has ſtain'd my native hue.
But who ſhall aſk my glorious lover why
His favours, thus unmerited, are plac'd?

CONDUCT me, thou more dear to me than life!
Conduct me where thy ſnowy flocks are fed,
In verdant meads among the living ſprings
That gently wind around their flow'ry banks:
There let me ſhelter'd in the cool receſs
Of ſome delightful ſhade repoſe at noon,
Nor ever from thy ſacred paſtures ſtray
In paths unknown, nor hear a ſtranger's voice.

HE.

THOU faireſt object that the world can boaſt!
Keep near the ſhepherds tents; thy little kids
May there ſecurely feed, and ſafely reſt,
Follow the bleating of my harmleſs flocks,
And mark their foot-ſteps on the graſſy plain.

WHAT artleſs graces on thy mein appear!
Not *Pharaoh*'s manag'd ſteeds with eaſier ſtate,
In golden reins, the royal chariot draw.
Where-e'er I gaze, new beauties charm my ſight.
The ſparkling pendants on thy bluſhing cheeks

More

More warmly glow, while from thy lovely neck
The circling chain new blandiſhment receives.

YE nymphs of *Salem*, with your niceſt art
Prepare the nuptial veſt: On braided gold
Let ſilver foliage round the border ſhine.

SHE.

WHILE at his royal board the heav'nly king
Vouchſafes to entertain his joyful gueſts,
Let all my ſpikenard yield its rich perfume:
But oh! what ſweetneſs like his roſy breath?
Not myrrhe new bleeding from the wounded tree,
Nor bleſt *Arabia* thro' her ſpicy groves
Such fragrance blows. He all the ſilent night
Shall lean his head upon my peaceful breaſt.

AS cluſt'ring camphire, with a livelier green
Diſtinguiſh'd, in *Engedi*'s vineyard ſtands,
Thus with peculiar charms thy heav'nly form
Surpaſſes all the pride of human race.
Not half ſo bright the eyes of doves as thine,
Their luſtre all ſimilitude exceeds:
Deſcription faints, when I would talk of thee.

BUT I ſhall praiſe thee in a loftier ſtrain,
When in the bliſsful bow'rs above we meet;
Thoſe glorious manſions rais'd by ſkill divine,
Where crown'd with peace and ever-verdant youth,
The jocund hours dance on their endleſs round.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER II.

HE.

A BLOOM like thine the vernal roſe diſplays
On *Sharon*'s flow'ry lawn; ſo pure a white
The fragrant lilly of the valley wears:
As theſe among the rambling briars ſhine,
My fair excels the daughters of the land.

SHE.

MY prince diſtinguiſh'd with ſuperior charms
Out-ſhines the brighteſt of the ſons of men;
As ſome tall tree, with golden apples crown'd,
Stands eminent, the glory of the grove:
Beneath his cooling ſhade reclin'd I ſate,
And ſooth'd my taſte with the delicious fruit.

ME to his houſe of banquetting the king
With gracious ſmiles invites, and o'er my head
The banners of immortal love diſplays;
Its ſacred myſt'ries unfolded there,
Emblazon'd, ſhew the triumphs of his grace.

WITH flowing bowls from life's eternal ſpring,
And heav'nly fruits refreſh my fainting ſoul;
For I am ſick of love. ---- O let me lean
My drooping head upon thy downy breaſt;
While thy left arm ſupports me, let thy right
Kindly infold me in a chaſte embrace.

HE.

HE.

JERUSALEM's fair daughters, that attend
The princely bow'rs, I charge you by the hinds,
The nimble roe-bucks, and the ſportive fawns,
(Your ſylvan joys) I charge you not to wake
My ſleeping Love, nor break her golden reſt.

SHE.

WHAT heav'nly muſic ſteals upon the dawn?
'Tis my Beloved's voice! behold! he comes,
Light as a bounding hart along the hills;
Now thro' the lattice darts his radiant eyes,
And in this gentle language calls me forth.
'Ariſe, my charmer! ſee! the morning breaks
'In roſy ſmiles; the wint'ry ſtorms are gone,
'The fragrant ſpring, with flow'ry chaplets crown'd
'Leads on her jovial train; the feather'd race
'In artleſs harmony unite their ſtrains,
'While cooing turtles murmur in the glade;
'The pregnant fig-tree ſhoots, the purple vine
'With promis'd cluſters chears the pruner's hope;
'Nature in all her vernal glory ſhines:
'Ariſe, my Fair! ariſe, and come away!'

FROM the cool grotto's of the marble rock
Come forth, my Dove, diſplay thy lovely face,
And let thy charming voice delight mine ear;
Thy voice is muſic, harmony divine,
And in thy face celeſtial beauty ſmiles.

YE keepers of my vineyard, ſpread the toils
To catch the wily foxes, that deſtroy
The ſwelling cluſters rich with purple juice.

SHE.

MY lord is mine, and I am wholly his
By purchas'd right, and voluntary vows.
Among the lillies he delights to walk,
Himſelf more fragrant, and more fair than they!

O STAY! nor leave me, 'till the morning rays
Break from the eaſt, and diſſipate the gloom:
Then if I muſt a while thy abſence mourn,
Swift as the hart on *Bether*'s airy hills
Return again, and bleſs my longing eyes.

CHAPTER III.

SHE.

'TWAS night, when on my reſtleſs bed I ſought,
But ſought in vain the partner of my cares,
For he was now withdrawn: In ſoft complaints
I breath'd my grief, but there was no reply.
With haſte I riſe, and thro' the ſpacious ſtreets
Diſtracted rove; at laſt, the nightly watch
I met, but they no conſolation give.

Not

Not far from them my weary feet had gone,
E'er the bright object of my love appear'd;
Eager I claſp'd him in my folded arms;
Then gently drew him to my mother's houſe,
The ſacred ſeat where firſt our mutual flames
With ſolemn vows, and holy rites were ſeal'd.

VIRGINS of *Salem*, by the foreſt roe,
And ſkipping fawn, I charge you not to wake
My ſlumb'ring Lord, nor break his ſoft repoſe.

SEE! where he comes from his ſequeſter'd bow'r,
And with celeſtial fragrance fills the air,
Perfum'd with all the aromatic coſt
That rich *Sabæa*'s ſpicy groves produce:
Such ſweets in clouds of holy incenſe riſe,
When eaſtern odours on the altar ſmoke.

THE regal bed a valiant guard ſurrounds;
Threeſcore the boldeſt ſons of *Judah*'s race,
With each a ſword girt on his manly thigh,
To free the night from terror and alarm.

KING *Solomon* with wond'rous art prepar'd
A chariot blazing with imperial coſt:
The frame was poliſh'd wood from *Lebanon*,
Its pedeſtals of gold, in equal height
The ſilver pillars roſe, the gay ſupport
Of purple curtains, proud with *Tyrian* dye,
The ſeat beneath was ſoftly pav'd with love.

DAUGHTERS

DAUGHTERS of *Sakm*, ſee the *Hebrew* king
Crown'd with the beauteous wreath his mother plac'd
About his temples, on that happy day
When bridal rites completed all his bliſs.

CHAPTER IV.

HE.

WHAT ſparkling language can deſcribe my fair?
Not all the various charms that nature boaſts,
In gay ſimilitudes can reach her worth.

LESS mild than her's the eyes of doves appear.
Her treſſes waving to the ſportive wind,
Look like the friſking kids on *Gilead*'s plain.
In equal rows her teeth appear more white
Than ſheep new ſhorn waſh'd in the cryſtal brook.
Her lips like threads of ſcarlet: When ſhe ſpeaks
In ſweeteſt ſounds the melting accents flow.
Her roſy cheeks glow thro' the flowing curls,
Like ripe pomegranates bluſhing on the tree.
Like *David*'s lofty tow'r her graceful neck,
Circled with gems, as that with glitt'ring ſhields.
Her breaſts, the ſeat of innocence and truth,
Harmleſs and white as twins of gentle roes,
Which in ſome fragrant ſpot of lillies feed.

'TILL

'TILL the celeſtial morn with golden beams
Diſpels the gloom, and clears the duſky ſky,
I'll haſten to the hills of frankincenſe,
And dropping myrrhe; while thro' the ſilent ſhades
Refreſhing gales their balmy breath diffuſe.

How fair thou art! how ſpotleſs in my ſight!
Return, my Love, from *Lebanon* with me
To *Shenir*'s groves, and *Hermon*'s flow'ry plain.
Look from the top of *Amana*, nor fear
The ſpotted leopard, or the lion's range.

A THOUSAND graces lighten in thy eyes;
In pleaſing chains thy captive I am held,
My Spouſe! my Siſter! ---- If beyond theſe names
Of chaſte affection, there are dearer ties,
Still thou art more to me! My raviſh'd heart
Dwells on thy heav'nly beauties, and prefers
Thy love to all the joys of ſprightly wine.
Not honey dropping from the luſcious comb
Exceeds the ſweetneſs on thy balmy lips.
The vernal ſcents of *Lebanon* perfume
Thy flowing veſt with aromatic dews.

A GARDEN well enclos'd, a fountain ſeal'd
From all unholy and profane acceſs,
Such is my Love to me: As fertile too,
As ſome fair orchard crown'd with ev'ry plant
Grateful in taſte or ſmell.--- Thro' verdant leaves
The large pomegranate's ripen'd ſcarlet glows,

While

While ſpikenard, caſſia, frankincenſe and myrrhe
Their humid odours yield: The golden bloom
Of ſaffron ſpreads its treaſures to the ſun.

BUT thou art ſweeter than the flow'ry ſpring,
Or bleſt *Arabia* when her ſpices blow;
Thy mind unſully'd as the cryſtal ſtreams
That plenteous flow from tow'ring *Lebanon.*

SHE.

AWAKE, thou north, ye ſouthern breezes riſe,
With ſilken wings your balmy vapour ſpread,
And open ev'ry aromatic bloom!
While my Beloved with his preſence glads
The ſylvan ſcenes, and taſtes my pleaſant fruits.

CHAPTER V.

SHE

I COME, my lovely Siſter and my Spouſe!
Thoſe ſpicy groves, and ever-blooming bow'rs
Invite me often to their happy ſhades;
Balſamic odours and delicious fruits
With various plenty entertain me here.

O COME, my friends, the banquet is divine!
Indulge your taſte, and recreate your ſouls
With heav'nly food, and conſecrated wines.

SHE.

SHE

UNWELCOME ſlumbers ſteal upon my ſenſe,
I ſleep, but ſtill my liſt'ning fancy wakes.
'Tis my beloved ſpeaks, I know the voice:
'My fair, my undefil'd! he gently cries,
'Unbolt theſe envious doors; 'tis I that call
'For entrance here: My locks with drizly dews,
'And falling moiſture of the night are fill'd."
'My veſture's off, my cruel tongue reply'd,
'How can I put it on? My feet new-waſh'd
'How can I groping thro' the dark defile?"

STILL at the door my injur'd lord attends,
While on the lock his buſy fingers move:
Touch'd with a ſoft remorſe, at laſt I riſe,
Flew to the door; but while with eager haſte
The faſten'd lock I ſearch'd, ſweet ſmelling myrrh
From ev'ry bolt its precious moiſture ſhed;
The rich perfume my lover's hands had left.
With joyful ſpeed the paſſage I unbarr'd,
But found my viſionary bliſs was gone.
My ſoul with anguiſh melted when he ſpoke,
And now with wild diſtraction ſees her guilt.
I call'd in vain, for there was no reply,
In vain I ſearch'd, for he was now withdrawn:
Then penſive wand'ring thro' the ſilent ſtreets
The watchmen found me, and with cruel ſcorn
Reproach my honour and unblemiſh'd name.
The ſcoffing centry took away my veil.

BUT you, bright maids of *Salem*, I adjure
By your own chaſte affections, if you find

My lord, with all your tender eloquence
Relate the anguiſh of my love-ſick heart.

VIRGINS.

INFORM us then, thou faireſt of thy ſex!
For whom thoſe melting tears are ſhed in vain;
Tell us with what peculiar excellence
Superior to the race of men he ſhines.

SHE.

AMONG ten thouſand he diſtinguiſh'd ſtands.
A ſpotleſs white with roſy bluſhes ſtain'd
Adorns his face, bright as a cloudleſs morn,
With crimſon fluſh'd. In ſhining curls his hair
Flows graceful down, black as the raven's plumes.
His eyes, the eyes of doves, ſerene and mild.
A vernal bloom upon his youthful cheeks
And balmy lips perpetually reſides.
To what ſhall I his matchleſs hands compare,
And ſnowy fingers? whence the circling gems
Receive more grace and luſtre than they give.
His well-ſhap'd legs in juſt proportion riſe
Like marble pillars on a baſe of gold.
Majeſtic and complete his form appears,
As tow'ring *Lebanon* with cedars crown'd.
Perſuaſion dwells upon his charming tongue,
And eloquence divine: When-e'er he ſpeaks
My ſoul with ecſtaſy attends the ſound.
He's altogether lovely! ---- This is he,
My friend, my life, and my eternal bliſs!

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

VIRGINS.

THOU prime of beauty! tell us where to find
Thy abſent Lord; to what ſequeſter'd ſhade
Does he retire? that we may ſeek him there.

SHE.

THE fertile gardens are his pleaſing haunts:
With balmy ſcents and juicy fruits regal'd,
On flow'ry beds he takes his ſweet repoſe.

THO' abſent now, my well-beloved's mine,
And I am his: Immortal love has join'd
Our conſtant hearts; nor place, nor endleſs lengths
Of time ſhall e'er the ſacred union break.

HE.

SEE here ſhe comes! —— but how divinely fair!
Should *Tirza* with its lofty turrets riſe,
Or *Salem*'s golden ſpires the landſcape paint,
A finer proſpect in her face I view.
Should armies march along in pompous ranks,
With enſigns ſpread, and glitt'ring ſpears advanc'd,
Her glances, yet more conqu'ring rays would dart. ——
O turn away thy bright reſiſtleſs eyes!
They overcome me with their piercing light.

AS *Gilead*'s riſing top with flocks adorn'd,
Thy temples thus the curling treſſes grace.

Not ſheep, new-waſh'd, with ſnowy twins appear
More white and equal than thy poliſh'd teeth:
Nor half ſo fair the ripe pomegranate's bluſh,
As that which glows upon thy blooming cheek.

UNNUMBER'D beauties grace *Judea*'s court,
And royal maids their ſov'reign's will attend:
But thou art one ſelected from the reſt,
Thy mother's blooming joy and only care.
The queens and virgins ſaw thy matchleſs form,
Approv'd thy charms, and bleſt thee with their ſmiles.

THY lovely aſpect, as the morning clear,
Fair as the ſilver moon, but darting light
More warm and ſplendid than the mid-day ſun!
Thy mien majeſtic, as the pompous ſhow
Of armies in a proud triumphant march!

ALONG the ſpicy groves and flow'ry vale,
Delighted with their various ſweets I walk'd,
Survey'd the ſpringing plants, the curling vines,
And fair pomegranates in their luſcious bloom.
But oh! the bleſt ſurprize, when unawares
Thy lovely form among the trees I ſaw:
Wing'd with deſire my haſty ſteps out-flew
Amminadib's light chariots in their ſpeed.

RETURN, my charming *Shulamite*, return
With me to thoſe inviting ſhades again;
Our joys the ſame as when two armies join'd
In peaceful leagues forget their hoſtile claims.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

HE.

THOU lovely offspring of a princely race,
How graceful is thy mien! Thy ſlender legs
With buſkins ty'd of ornamental coſt!
What juſt proportion ſhines in ev'ry part!
What artful hand ſuch excellence can trace!

LIKE ſummer harveſts fruitful, and as fair
As ſilver lillies in their ſnowy pride.
Her breaſts like twins of young unſpotted roes.
Her neck an iv'ry column fitly plac'd.
But what can match the ſplendor of her eyes!
Not *Heſhbon*'s limpid current, when the ſun
Reflected ſparkles on the cryſtal wave.
As *Lebanon*'s high palace, op'ning wide
In dazzling proſpect to the diſtant hills,
Such perfect ſymmetry her features boaſt.
As *Carmel*'s top with plenteous verdure crown'd,
Her head a flowing length of ſhining hair
With ſilken ringlets decks. — Th' enamour'd king,
Held by her beauty, in the gallery ſtays.

HOW fair thou art! how faſhion'd for delight!
Thy ſtature like the ſhapely palm, thy breaſts
Like ſwelling cluſters of the juicy vine:
I'll climb the palm, and with its verdant boughs
My joyful temples crown; the juicy vine
Shall with its ſwelling cluſters pleaſe my taſte.

THE

THE vernal ſweetneſs of thy roſy lips
The ambient air perfumes; while in thy voice
Celeſtial muſic charms my liſt'ning ears:
Thy voice would ſtay th' invading ſleep of death,
And with immortal rapture fill the ſoul.

SHE.

WHAT joy can equal this tranſporting thought,
That my beloved's mine, and I am his!
Come, let us to the peaceful village haſte,
There lodge at night; and at the early dawn
With thee I'll range the ſolitary fields,
Obſerve the vineyards, how their branches ſhoot,
How in its prime the freſh pomegranate glows;
Theſe pleaſing ſcenes ſhall tender thoughts inſpire,
Improve our joys, and ſooth the heav'nly flame.
Come, let us haſten to our country-ſeat,
The blooming ſeaſon in its prime appears;
The mandrakes at our gates perfume the air;
Within, what choice autumnal plenty yields,
Or early ſprings produce, fruits new and old
Of pleaſing taſte are all reſerv'd for thee.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE.

O COULD I call thee by a brother's name,
That tender title would indulge my bliſs;
While unreſtrain'd by thy ſuperior claims

I'd

I'd lead thee to my mother's rural ſeat,
And with domeſtic kindneſs treat thee there,
With ſpicy wines and ſweet pomegranate's juice;
Then leaning on thy boſom gently reſt,
While thou ſhouldſt fold me in a chaſte embrace.

YE virgin train, I charge you not to wake
My ſleeping lover from his ſoft repoſe.

HE.

COME lean, my fair, on this ſupporting arm,
The care to guide thy gentle ſteps be mine,
Along this gloomy foreſt's winding paths.
Theſe pleaſing ſcenes the pleaſing thought revive,
When firſt thy mother brought thee to my arms;
Beneath a ſpreading tree's delightful ſhade
I ſaw, and rais'd thee from the lowly ground.

SHE.

FOR ever bleſt be that auſpicious hour,
And may the ſoft impreſſion ne'er be loſt!
O ſet me as a ſignet on thy heart!
For love is ſtrong as death, and jealouſy
Relentleſs as the grave; and mine's a flame
That ſtreams, that ſwelling fountains cannot quench,
Nor all the ocean's boundleſs ſtores allay.

I HAVE a ſiſter yet obſcure and young,
A helpleſs orphan; let my gracious prince
With pity think on her defenceleſs ſtate.

HE.

HE.

IF worthy of our royal grace ſhe prove,
A palace rich with ſilver roofs we'll raiſe,
Enclos'd with doors of cedar for her guard.

SHE.

SUCH was the favour, ſo divinely free,
That firſt with gentle and propitious eyes
Beheld my humble charms, and rais'd me thus.

HE.

HIS vineyard *Solomon* to keepers lets;
But mine, entruſted to no hireling's hands,
With pleaſing toil employs my buſy hours,
And is my conſtant, my peculiar care.
With thee, my Love, converſing in the ſhades
The downy moments wing'd with pleaſure fly;
Still I could liſten to thy charming voice:
Thy fair companions too inſtructed hear
Thy gracious words, and catch the heav'nly ſound.

SHE.

MY lord! my life! my ſoul's eternal bliſs!
Haſte to my longing arms! fly like the roe,
Or bounding hart on *Bether*'s ſpicy hills!

The END *of the Firſt Volume.*

Book. 1.

Book. 2.

Book. 3.

Book. 4.

Book. 5

Book. 6.

Book. 7

Book. 8.

L.F. Boitard inv. et

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

A POEM.

In TEN BOOKS.

By the AUTHOR of *Friendſhip in Death.*

The SECOND EDITION.

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THE

History of JOSEPH.

A

POEM.

BOOK I.

An Invocation of the Divine Spirit. A Deſcription of the Temple of Molock, *in the Valley of* Hinnon, *where a Congreſs of infernal Powers are met to contrive ſome Method to extirpate the* Hebrew *Race.*

Eleſtial Muſe, that on the bliſsful plain
Art oft invok'd, to guide th' immortal ſtrain;
Inſpir'd by thee, the firſt-born ſons of light
Hail'd the creation in a tuneful flight;
Pleas'd with thy voice, the ſpheres began their round,
The morning ſtars danc'd to the charming ſound:

Yet thou haſt often left the cryſtal tow'rs,
To viſit mortals in their humble bow'rs.

Favour'd by thee, the courtly ſwain of old,
Beneath mount *Horeb* ſacred wonders told;
Of boundleſs chaos, and primæval night,
The ſprings of motion, and the ſeeds of light.
The ſun ſtood ſtill, to hear his radiant birth,
With the formation, of the balanc'd earth.
The moon on high, check'd her nocturnal car,
And liſt'ning ſtaid, with ev'ry ling'ring ſtar.
The hills around, and lofty *Sinah* heard
By whoſe command their tow'ring heads were rear'd.
The flow'rs their gay original attend;
Their tufted crowns the groves, adoring, bend.
The fountains roſe, the ſtreams their courſe withheld,
To hear the ocean's wond'rous ſource reveal'd.
The birds ſit ſilent on the branches near,
The flocks and herds their verdant food forbear.
The ſwains forgot their labour, while he ſung,
How, from the duſt, their great forefather ſprung:
A vital call awoke him from the ground,
The moving clay obey'd th' almighty ſound.

Thus

Thus ſung in lofty ſtrains the noble bard;
The heav'ns and earth their own formation heard.

But thou, propitious Muſe, a gentler fire
Didſt breathe, and tune to ſofter notes the lyre,
When royal *Lebanon* heard the am'rous king
The beauties of his lov'd *Egyptian* ſing:
The ſacred lays a myſtick ſenſe infold,
And things divine in human types were told.
Diſdain not, gentle pow'r, my ſong to grace,
While I the paths of heav'nly juſtice trace;
And twine a blooming garland for the youth,
Renown'd for honour, and unblemiſh'd truth.

Let others tell, of ancient conqueſts won,
And mighty deeds, by favour'd heroes done;
(Heroes enſlav'd to pride, and wild deſires,)
A virgin Muſe, a virgin theme requires;
Where vice, and wanton beauty quit the field,
And guilty loves to ſtedfaſt virtue yield.

Jacob, with heav'n's peculiar favour bleſt,
Leaving the fertile regions of the *Eaſt*;
(Where *Haran*, then a noble city ſtood,
Between fair *Tygris*, and *Euphrates* flood;)
From *Laban* fled, and by divine command
Purſu'd his journey to his native land.

Loaded with wealth, his num'rous camels bore
His wives, his children, and his houſhold ſtore:
Of purchas'd ſlaves, he led an endleſs train,
His flocks, and herds engroſs'd the wide champain.

The ſhepherd's art was all his fathers knew,
His ſons the ſame induſtrious life purſue.
The God his pious anceſtors ador'd,
Th' Almighty God, at *Bethel*, he implor'd:
An altar there, with grateful vows he rear'd,
Where twice the radiant viſion had appear'd;
The pow'rs of hell, the dreadful omen fear'd:
Each demon trembles in his hollow ſhrine,
The raving prieſts amazing things divine.

In *Hinnon*'s vale a fane to *Molock* ſtood,
Around it roſe a conſecrated wood;
Whoſe mingled ſhades, excluded noon-day light,
And made below uninterrupted night.
Pale tapers hung around in equal rows,
The manſion of the ſullen king diſcloſe;
Seven brazen gates its horrid entrance guard;
Within the cries of infant ghoſts were heard:
On ſeven high altars riſe polluted fires,
While human victims feed the ruddy ſpires.
The place *Gehenna* call'd, reſembled well
The native gloom and diſmal vaults of hell.

'Twas

'Twas night, and goblins in the darkneſs danc'd,
The prieſt in frantick viſions lay entranc'd;
While here conven'd the *Pagan* terrors ſate,
In ſolemn council, and mature debate,
T' avert the ſtorm impending o'er their ſtate.
Th' apoſtate princes with reſentment fir'd,
Anxious, and bent on black deſigns, conſpir'd
To find out ſchemes ſucceſsful to efface
Great *Heber*'s name, and cruſh the ſacred race;
From whence they knew, the long predicted king,
Th' infernal empire's deſtin'd foe ſhould ſpring;
Who conqu'rour o'er their vanquiſh'd force
ſhould tread,
And all their captive chiefs in triumph lead.
Th' affair, their deepeſt policy commands,
And brought them hither, from remoteſt lands;
From *Ur*, *Armenia*, and *Iberia*'s ſhores,
From *Nile*, and *Ophir* rich with golden ores,
And where the *Adrian* wave, and where th'
Atlantick roars.

Neſroth appears, his amber chariot drawn
With ſnowy ſteeds; him at the riſing dawn
The *Syrian* worſhips from his airy hills,
Whoſe vales with wealth the fam'd *Araxis* fills.

Belus forſakes his high frequented domes,
And o'er the famous plains of *Shinar* comes:
Plegor deſcends his mount; to him were paid,
With impious rites, libations for the dead.
Imperious *Rimmon* came, whoſe manſion ſtood
On the fair banks of *Pharphar*'s lucid flood.
Oſiris left his *Nile*, and thund'ring *Baal*
The rock, whence *Arnon*'s plenteous waters fall.
Mithra, whom all the *Eaſt* adores, was there;
And like his own reſplendent planet fair,
With yellow treſſes, and enchanting eyes
Diſſembling beauty, would the fiend diſguiſe.
Nor fail'd a deity of female name,
Aſtarte, with her ſilver creſcent came:
Melita left her *Babylonian* bow'rs;
Where wanton damſels, crown'd with bluſhing flow'rs,
In all the ſummer's various luſtre gay,
Deteſted *Orgies* to the goddeſs pay.

Theſe various pow'rs, their various ſchemes propoſe,
But none th' aſſembly pleas'd, till *Mithra* roſe;
(Of an alluring mein above the reſt)
Who thus th' apoſtate potentates addreſs'd.

Mankind

Mankind by willing ſteps to ruin move,
Their own wild paſſions their deſtruction prove,
But the moſt fatal is forbidden love.
Old *Jacob* boaſts a daughter young and fair,
ond *Leah*'s glory, and peculiar care:
er eyes inflame the gazing *Pagans* hearts,
ung *Shechem* has already felt their darts;
o lately ſaw her with her virgin train,
Shalem, wand'ring o'er the dewy plain.
l his youthful breaſt with mad deſire,
aud, or force, his wiſhes to acquire.
coming day he does a feaſt prepare,
e inſtructed how to hide the ſnare:
Dinah is his ſiſter's promis'd gueſt,
atient love will ſoon compleat the reſt.
damſel's wrongs her brothers will enflame
ight, with hoſtile arms, the *Hebrew*'s ſhame;
hich provok'd, the *Canaanites* ſhall join
us t' aboliſh this deteſted line.

evenge and bloody faction are my care,
ch replies, thine be the ſoft affair;
hout inſtructions thou canſt act thy part,
ell-practic'd in the nice alluring art;
phrates' banks, and *Senac*'s conſcious ſhades,
tteſt thy freedom with th' *Aſſyrian* maids:

Thy voice, applauded in the heav'nly groves,
Was there devoted to terreſtial loves:
Thy ſacred lyre to human ſubjects ſtrung,
No more with tireſome *Hallelujahs* rung;
This grac'd thy hand, a quiver hung behind,
Nor fail'd thy ſparkling eyes to charm the beauteous kind.
The bold example of thy looſe amours,
Prevail'd on numbers of the heav'nly powers;
Who vainly had the firſt probation ſtood,
Proof to ambition, obſtinately good.
Long after, I, with my aſſociates fell,
Thy friends enlarg'd the monarchy of hell;
On ſofter motives you abhorr'd the skies,
Allur'd by womens captivating eyes:
The ſons of God thus with the race of man
Were mingled; hence the giant ſtock began.
Our plot requires us now, and if it fail,
I'll, in my turn, the hated tribe aſſail;
Domeſtick faction, may at laſt prevail.
Joſeph, his doting father's life, and joy,
By well-concerted means we muſt deſtroy;
This youth, above the reſt, excites my fear,
Divine preſages in his face appear;

Officious

Officious *Gabriel*'s care to him confin'd,
Foretels a man for mighty things deſign'd:
His brethren, acted by my pow'rful fire,
Againſt his envy'd life ſhall all conſpire.
Joſeph remov'd, old *Jacob*'s greateſt prop,
The race ſhall mourn, in him, their blaſted hope.
Here *Moloch* ceas'd; th' infernal ſpirits roſe,
Crowning the double plot with vaſt applauſe.

BOOK II.

Jacob's *Daughter diſhonour'd by* Shechem, *Prince of the* Hivites. *Her Brothers revenge the Injury. The Patriarch relates to his Sons* Abraham's *Conqueſt over the King of* Elam *and his Royal Confederates. He reſcues* Lot. Melchiſedech *meets and bleſſes* Abraham. *The intended Sacrifice of* Iſaac.

YOung *Shechem* all the night impatient lay,
And ſought with eager eyes the breaking day;
With ardent longings waits the promis'd hour,
And fancies all his wiſhes in his pow'r:
Aner, his friend, improves the fatal fire,
And ſooths, with flatt'ring ſcenes, his wild deſire.
Sidonia, guiltleſs of her brother's ſnares,
To grace her lovely *Hebrew* gueſt prepares;
Who with her young companions now appears,
Too innocent for nice reſerves, or fears.

Her

Her artleſs looks, nor tim'rous, nor aſſur'd,
With eaſy charms the *Jebuſites* allur'd:
A roſy tincture paints her guiltleſs face:
Her eyes, peculiar to her beauteous race,
Sparkle with life, and dart immortal grace.
Rich orient bracelets, round her ſnowy arms,
And faultleſs neck, improve her native charms.
The *Hivite* princeſs entertains the maid,
To *Hamor*'s palace fatally betray'd;
Where, at the pomp of one ſurprizing feaſt,
She meets the luxury of all the *Eaſt*.
Her thoughts the proud magnificence admire,
The people's cuſtoms, and their ſtrange attire;
'Till modeſt rules, and the declining day,
With *Leah*'s charge forbid her longer ſtay:
But ah! too late, ſhe finds herſelf betray'd
To *Shechem*'s pow'r, a loſt defenceleſs maid;
A captive in his treach'rous courts retain'd,
By fraud ſeduc'd, and brutal force conſtrain'd,
Her name diſhonour'd, and her nation ſtain'd.

In vain with tender ſighs he ſtrives to move
The injur'd fair to voluntary love;
The ſtricteſt rules of chaſtity ſhe knew,
With all that to her great deſcent was due;

But

But what with gentle arts he fails to gain,
His wild deſires by violence obtain.

The hateful tydings reach'd her father's ears,
And almoſt ſunk his venerable years:
Her brothers rage, and for revenge combine;
But guard with ſecret guile their black deſign.

The town in feaſts conſum'd the ſecond day,
And plung'd at night in fearleſs riot lay.
The reſtleſs ſhepherds e'er the ling'ring dawn,
Each held his ſword, for horrid action drawn;
Surpriz'd the city like a riſing flood,
Rag'd thro' the ſtreets, and bath'd their ſwords in blood.
The *Hebrews* pleas'd with this ſucceſsful fate,
Sprung furious on, and forc'd the palace gate:
Fierce *Simeon* thro' the bright apartments flew,
And old and young, without diſtinction, ſlew.

Shechem, with reſtleſs paſſion ſtill inſpir'd,
Was with the charming *Iſraelite* retir'd;
And firſt by mad inſulting *Levi* found,
Without a pauſe he gave the deſp'rate wound.
Take thy diſpatch curſt raviſher for hell,
He ſaid; and down the bleeding victim fell:

His

His fatal miſtreſs turns away her eyes,
With horror ſeiz'd, and trembling with ſurprize.
The ſwains her roving vanity upbraid,
And to their tents the penitent convey'd.
Their father griev'd, reproves the bloody fact,
But *Judah* thus defends the hoſtile act.

Should they, a race uncircumcis'd and vile,
With lawleſs mixtures *Abram*'s ſtock defile?
Our wives and ſiſters in our ſight conſtrain;
While we, regardleſs of the ſhameful ſtain,
Stand tamely by, and ſcarce of wrong complain?
They firſt intrench'd on hoſpitable truſt,
And human faith; — our vengeance is but juſt.

Such juſtice never mingle with my fame,
Good *Iſrael* cries, nor ſpot my guiltleſs name!
The realms around, who idol Gods revere
Will this black deed with indignation hear;
And all their policy and rage unite,
To blot our odious mem'ry from the light.

So hell believ'd —— but heav'n a ſacred dread
Of *Jacob*'s ſons among the nations ſpread;
While he at *Bethel* with a pious flame,
Implores the great *unutterable Name.*

From

From thence to *Mamre*'s peaceful plain retires,
Where *Kiriath-arba* lifts her golden ſpires:
Illuſtrious *Arba* built and nam'd the place,
The boaſted father of the giant race;
For them deſign'd the monſtrous plan appear'd,
To heav'n the threatning battlements were rear'd.
In careleſs joys and plenty here they live,
And to the neighb'ring ſwains protection give.

Beneath the hill, on which their city ſtood,
Aſcended high a venerable wood;
The ſolemn ſhades, which gave a ſecret dread,
Conceal'd a vaulted ſtructure for the dead,
Machpelah call'd: with wondrous labour wrought;
This *Abram* of the giant nation bought:
The cave, the wood, the ſprings, and bord'ring field,
Ephron, their prince, by publick contract ſeal'd.

Here to their purchas'd right the ſhepherds drive
Their fleecy charge, and unmoleſted live;
While frequent thro' the conſecrated ground,
Inſcriptions and old monuments they found.
Where'er celeſtial viſions had appear'd,
The pious worſhippers an altar rear'd;

The

The myſtick name, to mortals long unknown,
Was deeply figur'd on the poliſh'd ſtone;
By marks engrav'd on arching rocks, 'twas ſeen,
That heavenly pow'rs had there convers'd with men.

Remote from this a lofty pillar ſtood;
This *Jacob* to the rural concourſe ſhow'd;
Here ſee, he ſaid, the memory retain'd
Of *Abram*'s conqueſt near *Damaſcus* gain'd.

To diſtant lands the *Eaſtern* rule was ſpread,
And *Jordan*'s banks a yearly tribute paid:
The king of *Sodom* firſt contemn'd the yoke,
Admah and *Zeboim* next the treaty broke.
At this the royal *Elamite* enrag'd,
The neighb'ring kings, his great allies, engag'd;
Arioch and mighty *Tidal* join their force,
Conqueſt where'er they turn attends their courſe.
The *Horims* on mount *Seir* their valour prove,
Their troops the *Emims* from their fortreſs drove.

In *Siddim*'s vale the adverſe princes ſtay,
There *Shibna*, *Bera* and *Shemeber* lay.
Amraphel early meets his doubtful foes,
And for the victory his ranks diſpoſe;

But

But ſcarce th' encounter could be call'd a fight,
So ſoon the troops of *Sodom* took their flight:
The coward race, unus'd to charge a foe,
Their jav'lins, ſwords and ſhields at once forgo.
Some ſeek the woods, and ſome a ſhelt'ring cave;
Some in the rocks their breath, inglorious, ſave;
While others plunging down fair *Jordan*'s tyde,
From the ſtern looks of war their faces hide.
Th' invaders ſheath their ſwords, and ſcorn to grace
With martial deaths the deſpicable race.
Bera alone and *Lot* ſuſtain'd the field,
But preſs'd by numbers were compell'd to yield:
Theſe with the riches of the town a prey,
To *Paran*'s hills the conqu'rors bore away.

This *Abram* heard, and gather'd on the plain
A valiant band, his own domeſtick train:
His glad aſſiſtance *Eſhcol* brings, a youth
Of publick honour, and unblemiſh'd truth;
With *Aner*, *Mamre*, dauntleſs both and young,
Brothers, all three from noble *Amor* ſprung.

'Twas night, ſecure the victor army lies,
Scornful of foes, and fearleſs of ſurprize;

By

By heav'n's command a ſudden vapour ſpreads
O'er all the hoſt, and clouds their drowzy heads;
To the high throne of ſenſe ſoft ſlumber climbs,
Slackens their ſinews, and benumbs their limbs;
The captives eyes alone its force repel'd,
Nor to the pleaſing violence would yield.

Now near the camp the brave confed'rates draw,
And by the glimm'ring fires its poſture ſaw:
The foremoſt rank, the ſwift invaders ſlew,
And ſoon the waking pris'ners heard and knew
Their active friends, that to their ſuccour flew.
Abram his nephew, he the reſt unty'd;
The ſleeping foe avenging ſwords ſupply'd:
From file to file the fearleſs brothers paſs,
And leave them breathleſs on the purple graſs.
Th' old patriarch feels new life in ev'ry vein,
And ſcatters wide deſtruction o'er the plain.
The terror grows, the claſh of arms, and cries
Of wounded men afflict the ambient skies.
Prince *Arioch*, ſtartled at the noiſe, awakes,
And from his eyes the fatal ſlumber ſhakes.
At oft-repeated calls his legions arm,
And madly haſte to meet the loud alarm;

But by a force more prevalent out-done,
On certain fate with eager ſteps they run;
Diſorder'd and amaz'd, they quit the field,
And, raving, to their unknown victors yield.

The morning roſe, and with her bluſhing light
Expos'd their damage, and inglorious flight;
The joyful ſhepherds ſeize th' abandon'd ſpoils:
And now returning from their martial toils,
A royal prieſt at *Salem Abram* meets,
With preſents, and a benediction greets
The *Hebrew* bands: —to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And bleſt be that propitious pow'r, he cries,
Who walks the cryſtal circuit of the skies;
Who hears the boaſts of mortals with diſdain,
Contemns their force, and makes their triumphs vain!
His mein was ſolemn, and his face divine,
Reſulgent gems around his temples ſhine:
His graceful robe, a bright celeſtial blue,
Trailing behind, a train majeſtick drew.
The tenth of all great *Abram* gives the prieſt,
The kings and *Amorites* divide the reſt.
All pleas'd, the gen'rous conqu'ror loudly prais'd,
And to his fame this laſting column rais'd.

The

The ſwains were liſt'ning ſtill, when *Jacob* cries,
To yonder mountain now direct your eyes;
For there a brighter ſcene of glory lies.
'Twas there the wond'ring ſun in *Abram* view'd
The nobleſt height of human fortitude;
The pious man in guiltleſs ſleep lay drown'd,
When thro' his ears thunder'd this fatal ſound.

Ariſe, and *Iſaac* on mine altar lay,
With thy own hand the deſtin'd victim ſlay.
He ſtarts, and cries, who can this thought inſpire?
Can heav'n this monſtrous ſacrifice require?

The dreadful call again ſurpriz'd his ears,
And lo! the well-known heav'nly form appears.
He bow'd, and at the purple dawn aroſe,
And with his darling to *Moriah* goes.
Aſtoniſh'd long he by the altar ſtood,
Then pil'd with trembling hands the ſacred wood;
Half dead himſelf; the wond'ring youth he binds,
Who now his ſire's ſevere intention finds.

What thoughts, he ask'd, my father, have
poſſeſt
Your ſoul? what horrid fury fills your breaſt?
Am I to hell a ſacrifice deſign'd?
Some cruel demon muſt your reaſon blind.
Th' unblemiſh'd skies abhor this bloody deed,
No human victims on their altars bleed.

'Tis heav'n, the patriarch ſaid, this fact re-
quires,
'Tis heav'n — be witneſs yon etherial fires!
Yet, countleſs as the ſtars, from thee muſt ſpring
Victorious nations, and the *myſtick King:*
'Tis paſt relief — yet by himſelf he ſwore,
Who from the dead thy relicks can reſtore;
What obſtacle ſurmounts almighty pow'r?

This ſaid, the pious youth reſign'd his life;
Bleſt *Abram* ſhook off all paternal ſtrife,
And forward thruſt the conſecrated knife.
As lightning from the skies, an angel broke,
And warded with his hand the fatal ſtroke;
When thus a voice ſtreams downward from above,
Breathing divine beneficence and love.

By

By my great ſelf I ſwear, to bleſs thy race
With endleſs favour, and peculiar grace;
Thy ſcepter'd ſons the ſpacious *Eaſt* ſhall ſway,
While vanquiſh'd kings obedient tribute pay.

Here *Jacob* ends, and to his tent retires;
Their fleecy charge the parting ſwains requires.

BOOK III.

The infernal Powers endeavour to raiſe Factions in Jacob's *Family.* Joſeph's *Dreams. His Brothers Jealouſy and Malice. He comes to* Dothan. *They confine him in a Pit while they conſult his Ruin. An Angel in a Viſion preſages to him his future Greatneſs, and warns him of the Snares of Beauty and unlawful Love. His Brothers ſpare his Life and ſell him to the* Midian *Merchants travelling with their ſpicy Traffick into* Egypt. Jacob *obſtinate in Grief refuſes all Conſolation.*

MEAN time the *Pagan* deities diſpleas'd,
To find the publick ſtorms ſo ſoon appeas'd,
Studious attempt by new malicious ways,
Among the *Hebrews* civil jars to raiſe:
Moloch already had provok'd the ſtrife,
And kindling miſchief threatens *Joſeph*'s life.

The

The lovely youth, fair *Rachel*'s boaſted ſon,
Compleatly form'd, his ſeventeenth year begun;
His mother's ſparkling eyes, and blooming grace,
Mixt with ſeverer ſtrokes, adorn'd his face.
Not he that in *Sabea*'s fragrant grove,
(As poets ſung) enflam'd the queen of love;
Nor *Hylas*, nor *Narciſſus* look'd ſo gay,
When the clear ſtreams his roſie bluſh diſplay.

In all his conduct ſomething noble ſhone,
Which meant him for a greatneſs yet unknown.
Viſions had oft' his riſing fate foretold:
The laſt to *Jacob* thus his lips unfold,
His brethren by:—when ſleep had clos'd mine eyes,
A corny field before my fancy flies;
(Still to my thoughts the yellow crop appears!)
My brothers with me reap'd the bending ears;
Induſtrious each a ſingle ſheaf had bound,
When theirs with ſudden motion mine ſurround,
And bow'd with proſtrate rev'rence to the ground.
But now my mind of rural buſineſs clear'd,
Above my head a wond'rous ſcene appear'd;

The moon and ſtars at higheſt noon ſhone
bright,
Unconquer'd by the ſun's ſuperiour light;
Methought I ſaw the gaudy orbs deſcend,
And at my feet with humble homage bend.

The ſhepherds hear his ſtory with ſurprize:
Muſt we thy vaſſals be? Proud *Aſhur* cries,
With rage and threat'ning malice in his eyes.

At *Mamre*, *Jacob* and his fav'rite ſtay,
The reſt to *Dothan*'s flow'ry meadows ſtray:
Infernal envy all their boſoms fires,
And black reſolves and horrid thoughts inſpires:
At laſt young *Joſeph*'s murder is deſign'd,
Hell with the monſtrous treachery combin'd.

He comes to *Dothan*, by his father ſent,
And heav'n alone his ruin can prevent.
Their guiltleſs prey, he ſtands without defence,
But inborn worth, and fearleſs innocence.
His Brethren's crimes, his father's hoary hairs
Were all the ſubject that alarm'd his fears.

The

The fatal ſtroke they now prepare to give,
When *Reuben*'s arts the hopeleſs youth retrieve,
By thus adviſing, — let your brother live.
A thouſand eaſy methods yet remain,
To render all his glorious projects vain;
But till we have determin'd the deſign,
To yonder pit th' aſpiring boy confine.
To him they yield, and to their tents retire,
The fiends below their own ſucceſs admire.

The night prevails, and draws her ſable train,
With ſilent pace, along th' etherial plain.
By fits the dancing ſtars exert their beams;
The ſilver creſcent glimmers on the ſtreams;
The ſluggiſh waters, with a drowzy roar,
And ling'ring motion, roll along the ſhore;
Their murmur anſwers to the ruſtling breeze,
That faintly whiſpers thro' the nodding trees;
The peaceful echoes undiſturb'd with ſound,
Lay ſlumbring in the cavern'd hills around;
Frenzy and faction, love and envy ſlept;
A ſtill ſolemnity all nature kept;
Devotion only wak'd, and to the skies
Directs the pris'ner's pious vows and eyes:

To

To God's high throne a wing'd petition flew,
And from the skies commiſſion'd *Gabriel* drew;
One of the ſeven, who by appointed turns
Before the throne ambroſial incenſe burns.

A ſudden day, returning on the night,
Vanquiſh'd the ſhades, and put the ſtars to flight;
Th' enlighten'd cave receives the ſhining gueſt,
In all his heav'nly pomp divinely dreſt;
He greets the youth, and thus his charge expreſs'd.

To morrow thou muſt leave rich *Jordan*'s ſhore,
And trace *Moriah*'s ſacred hill no more;
A great and grateful nation yet unknown,
Sav'd by thy care, ſhall thee their patron own;
But let thy breaſt impenetrable prove
To wanton beauty, and forbidden love:
This heav'n enjoins.—The wond'ring ſhepherd bow'd;
The angel mounted on a radiant cloud.

The morning now her lovely face diſplay'd,
And with a roſy ſmile diſpell'd the ſhade.

The

The faction roſe, and cloſe in council ſate,
On means that muſt determine *Joſeph*'s fate;
Nor long they ſate, for on the neighb'ring road
A train of camels with their ſpicy load,
Follow'd by *Midian* merchants travell'd by:
Heav'n marks the way, the envious brothers cry;
Whate'er th' ambitious dreamer's thoughts portend,
His hopes with theſe to foreign lands we'll ſend.

They ſtop the *Midianites*, and ſoon agree,
Reſolv'd no more his hated face to ſee.
With looks, which perfect inward anguiſh tell,
And falling tears, he took this ſad farewel.

I go to wander on ſome barb'rous clime,
May heav'nly juſtice ne'er avenge this crime!
Be ſtill indulgent to my father's age,
His grief for me with flatt'ring hopes aſſwage.

They hear, they ſee the anguiſh of his ſoul,
And ſcarce their ſtrugling pity can controul;
Touch'd with ſo ſad a ſcene, they all begin
To feel remorſe for this unnatural ſin,
And half repent; but hate and envy prove
Their victor paſſions, and repreſs their love.

They

They form a ſpecious fraud, to hide the deed
From their old ſire, and in the plot ſucceed.
Their brother's varied coat they ſtill retain'd,
And with a bleeding kid the veſtment ſtain'd;
With this to *Mamre* treach'rous *Simeon* goes,
Too well the loſt old-man the relick knows.
After a diſmal pauſe, his ſorrow breaks
Its violent way, and this ſad language ſpeaks.

My ſon!—alas, ſome ſavage monſter's prey!
Why have I liv'd to this deteſted day?
Why have I lingred thus? I ſhould have dy'd,
When thy more happy mother left my ſide,
My beſt lov'd wife:—but all my *Rachel*'s face
I could in thy reſembling features trace.
Tormenting thought!--O hide me from the light!
Its uſeleſs rays afflict my feeble ſight:
Come lead me to the ſolitary grave,
Deſpair and woe that dark retirement crave;
There ſhall I ſtretch'd upon my duſty bed,
Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.

In vain his friends attempt to bring relief,
In vain perſuade inexorable grief;
'Tis deep, and intermingled with his ſoul,
Nor time, nor counſel can its force controul.

BOOK IV.

A Deſcription of Egypt, *with the Pyramids.* Joſeph *ſold by the* Midian *Merchants to a Captain of the Royal Guards. He leads him to his Palace. Shews his Wife the handſome Captive. Her growing Paſſion for him. A young* Aſſyrian *Maid endeavouring to amuſe and divert her Miſtreſs, tells her the Story of* Ninus *and* Semiramis.

MEAN while thro ſavage woods, and deſarts vaſt,
The captive with his *Midian* maſters paſt.
At laſt rich *Egypt*'s pleaſant coaſts are ſeen,
The level meads dreſt with immortal green;
Between them fertile *Nile* directs his courſe,
And nobly flows from his immortal ſource.
Along the borders of the ſacred flood,
Aſpiring groves and ſtately cities ſtood:
Here antient *Tanais* in her height appear'd,
Before *Amphion*'s lute the *Theban* wall had rear'd.

The

The ſun's devoted city, radiant *On*,
With roofs emboſs'd, and golden foliage ſhone;
E'er skilful *Vulcan* was at *Lemnos* nam'd,
Or *Cynthia*'s darts, or ſhields for *Pallas* fram'd.

Diſtinct from theſe, on the *Peluſian* ſtrands,
Anſana crown'd with ſilver turrets ſtands;
Rais'd to its height, as old tradition tells,
By pow'rful magick, and ſecur'd by ſpells:
Th' *Egyptian* wizards here themſelves immure,
Converſe with hell, and practiſe rites impure.

Now mighty pyramids the ſight ſurprize,
On *Maſre*'s plain the ſpiral tow'rs ariſe.
Redouſa here magnificently ſhrouds
Its lofty head among ſurrounding clouds:
By *Saurid* built, the daring ſtructure ſtood
The fury of the univerſal flood.
Phacat and *Samir*'s pointed tops aſcend,
And o'er the fields their length'ning ſhades extend;
Their compaſs ſacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and ſilence reign;
No lightſome ray ſalutes them from the sky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With fickly gleams the hollow ſpace ſupply.

Here

Here antient kings, embalm'd with wondrous coſt,
A long exemption from corruption boaſt:
In artful figures ſome are ſitting plac'd,
With fruitleſs pomp, and idle enſigns grac'd;
While others ſtretch'd in ſleeping poſtures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghoſts, pleas'd with this mimick pride,
Among the breathleſs carcaſſes reſide.
But what prodigious things within were ſhown,
Were to the *Hebrew* ſtranger yet unknown,
Aſtoniſh'd at their outward bulk alone.

And now arriv'd where *Zoan*'s wall enclos'd
Imperial tow'rs, the *Midianites* expos'd
Their fragrant traffick, with the handſome ſlave:
His mind beyond his years compos'd and grave,
His aſpect ſomething ſpoke divinely great,
Something that mark'd him for a nobler fate.

A generous captain, chief of *Pharaoh*'s bands,
Admiring much the graceful captive, ſtands,
Then gives the *Midianites* their full demands.
A ſudden friendſhip in his breaſt he finds,
Experienc'd only by unvulgar minds:

Some

Some heav'nly being had prepar'd his thought,
And on his heart the kind impreſſion wrought.

Without regret, young ſtranger, follow me,
Said *Potiphar*, I now have ranſom'd thee;
From ſervitude this moment thou art free.

The youth receiv'd the favour with a grace,
That anſwer'd all the promiſe of his face.

Fronting the royal houſe, a ſtructure crown'd
With turrets ſtood, and palmy groves around;
Diſcourſing, hither thro the walks they went,
Both pleas'd alike, and equally content.

The ſeat they reach'd, when for a coſtly veſt
The maſter call'd, in this the youth they dreſs'd;
No more diſparag'd with a ſlave's attire,
His faultleſs ſhape and features all admire.
His hair, like paleſt amber, from his crown
In floating curls, and ſhining waves fell down.
Young *Paris* ſuch ſurprizing charms diſplay'd,
When firſt in gold and *Tyrian* ſilks array'd,
He laid his crook aſide, forgot the ſwain,
And bid adieu to *Ida*'s flow'ry plain.

Then

Then for his wife the captain bids them send,
And shews with boasting joy his purchas'd friend.

The fair *Sabrina*, lately made his bride,
Was in her beauty's celebrated pride.
Her large black eyes shone with a sprightly fire,
And love at ev'ry fatal glance inspire.
The swarthy lustre of her charming face
The full-blown lilly and the rose disgrace.
Her glossy hair outvy'd the raven's wings,
And curl'd about her neck in wanton rings.
Affectedly she took a careless view,
And to her own apartment soon withdrew.

Joseph belov'd and happy long remain'd,
And from his lord successive favours gain'd;
Who now at home grown prosp'rous, and abroad,
Believes his guest some favourable god:
He gives him o'er his house the full command,
Entrusting all his treasures to his hand.

Mean time *Sabrina* feeds within her breast
A secret fire, but shame its rage suppress.
When first she saw the charming *Hebrew*'s eyes,
She felt, but well dissembled the surprize;

But thro' her various arts an inward care
The languors of her penſive looks declare.

Cyrena found the change, (a *Syrian* maid
Well-born but from her native coaſts betray'd):
She ſaw the change, but led by nicer laws,
Was thoughtleſs ſtill of its reproachful cauſe.
Her voice, her eaſy wit, and eloquence,
Could hold the wildeſt paſſion in ſuſpenſe.
Attending oft her miſtreſs to a grove,
Their uſual walk, with pleaſing tales ſhe ſtrove
To entertain her thoughts, and charm her grief;
Nor fail'd her arts to give a ſhort relief.
Her native clime the pleaſing ſubject proves,
The *Syrian* pomp, their cuſtoms, and their loves;
Among the reſt *Sabrina* hears her name
Semiramis, a queen of ancient fame,
And ask'd her now the ſtory to relate;
Repos'd beneath a ſpreading palm they ſate.

BOOK V.

The Story of Semiramis, *expos'd, when an Infant, in the Fields; where ſhe is found, (covered with a rich embroidered Mantle,) by a Peaſant, who carries her to* Simma, *the chief of the King's Shepherds, by whom ſhe is married to* Menon, *the principal Commander of the* Aſſyrian *Forces.* Menon *being called to the Seige of* Bactria, *ſhe follows him in a martial Diſguiſe.* Menon *diſcovers her Sex to the King, who marries her, after the Death of* Menon.

THE maid begins.-Where fam'd *Coaspes* laves
Rich *Elam*'s borders with his ſacred waves,
Along the fields their tents the ſhepherds ſpread,
By them the King's unnumber'd flocks were fed.

The ſilent dawn was miſty yet and grey,
And hoary moiſture on the mountains lay.
Intent on rural cares, with early haſte,
A peaſant near a rocky cavern paſt;
Acroſs his path was rais'd a moſſy bed,
O'er that a rich embroider'd mantle ſpread;

This, lifted up, reveal'd a lovely child,
Which fairer than the roſy morning ſmil'd:
The wond'ring ſwain forgot his country cares,
And back to *Simma*'s houſe the infant bears.

Simma his maſter was, tho' wealthy, juſt:
The royal lands and flocks were made his truſt;
He riches ſtill amaſs'd without an heir,
And ſeeing now the child ſurpaſſing fair,
He took and bred her with indulgent care:
In nothing he controuls her growing years,
No coſt to pleaſe her boundleſs fancy ſpares.

When, by revolving moons, ſucceſſive time
Had brought her beauty to its perfect prime,
Her ſhape was faultleſs, and in all her mein
Preſaging marks of majeſty were ſeen:
No mortal e'er could boaſt ſo fair a face,
Such radiant eyes, aud ſo divine a grace.
A flow'ry wreath her beauteous temples crown'd,
Her ſnowy veſt a crimſon girdle bound:
Thus dreſs'd ſhe walks a goddeſs o'er the plains,
Admir'd and lov'd by all the gazing ſwains;
To her the fragrant tribute of the ſpring,
With am'rous zeal on bended knees they bring.

Not

Not distant far from wealthy *Simma*'s seat,
Heroick *Menon* own'd a fair retreat;
His rank, and early worth, the high command
Of all the fam'd *Assyrian* force had gain'd:
In peaceful times the chief whom all admir'd,
To prove a softer happiness retir'd;
'Twas here *Semiramis* his wishes fir'd.
With ravish'd eyes her heav'nly face he view'd,
And for the glorious prize to *Simma* su'd;
Proffer'd with sacred rites his vows to bind:
This honour pleas'd the haughty virgin's mind;
On meaner terms she had his suit deny'd;
With virtue guarded and a noble pride.
The lover finds success, but all his joys
A sudden summons from the King destroys.

Bactria revolts, *Ninus* the tydings hears,
Himself in arms to meet the foe prepares.
But three short days ungentle fate allows
Sad *Menon*, for his sighs and parting vows:
He curst his martial charge, and publick fame,
And loaths th' encumbrance of a glorious name,
Which rends him now from all the joys of life,
His lov'd *Semiramis*, his charming wife.

She hears the King's command with leſs ſur-
prize,
And, *Menon*, baniſh all your care, ſhe cries.
We cannot——'tis impoſſible to part,
Love with heroick courage fires my heart.
To follow you thro' raging ſeas I'd go,
O'er burning deſarts, or perpetual ſnow.
By your example led, I ſhall not fear,
The flying arrow, or the pointed ſpear;
Pierc'd with a fatal dart, were *Menon* by,
'Twould be a ſoft, an eaſy thing, to die.
Th' event be what it will, with you I'll run
To certain death, nor any danger ſhun;
Be witneſs to my vows thou radiant Sun!
Nor can th' advent'rous deed my conduct ſtain,
Secure with you the ſecret ſhall remain;
I boldly can defy all other eyes,
In threat'ning armour, and a martial guiſe.

New pleaſure fills the hero's breaſt, to find
Such beauty, love, and ſteadfaſt virtue join'd.
A thouſand kind tranſporting things he ſaid,
A thouſand vows of laſting paſſion made:
Then for a rich habiliment of war
He ſent, and dreſs'd himſelf the ſmiling fair.

A coſtly

A coſtly helmet glitter'd on her head,
On which a dove its ſilver pinions ſpread;
A plume of whiteſt feathers danc'd above,
With every trembling breath of air they move.
Th' embroider'd ſcarf that o'er her armour flow'd,
With dazling flames of gold and ſcarlet glow'd.
Her hand a javelin ſhook with mimick pride,
A painted quiver ratled by her ſide.
Her height and mein adorn the warlike dreſs,
More vig'rous rays her charming eyes expreſs.
The courſer, of his beauteous burden proud,
With golden trappings bounded thro' the crow'd.

Menon, of *Syrian* arms the grace and pride,
Kept near the lovely maſquerader's ſide.
On *Dura*'s plain the *Babylonian* force
In ranks attend their mighty leader's courſe.
While *Ninus*, graceful as a martial god,
Exalted on his glittering chariot rode.

The *Bactrians* their approaching foes diſdain,
Reſolv'd their fortreſs bravely to maintain;
And long the town with matchleſs courage held,
And oft' to flight th' *Armenian* troops compell'd:
Till bold *Semiramis*, who danger ſought,
And fearleſs in the foremoſt ranks had fought,

Obſerv'd a rock, which o'er a caſtle lean'd;
The *Bactrians* this were careleſs to defend,
Believing it from all acceſs ſecure:
She finds a path among the cliffs obſcure;
Then with a choſen band intrepid gains
The top, and ſoon the unguarded fort obtains.
The town thus made the fierce beſieger's prey,
To her they gave the conqueſt of the day.
All prais'd the youth, (for ſuch ſhe was believ'd,)
Her bold addreſs each party had deceiv'd;
But *Ninus* moſt her fortitude admires,
He views her blooming youth, her race enquires.

Menon in dotage loſt, with fooliſh pride,
No more the fatal ſecret ſtrives to hide;
Nor once imagin'd this unlucky boaſt,
The joy of all his future life muſt coſt.
Ninus with other eyes her beauty views,
In other terms his gratitude renews.

To *Babylon* return'd, he yet conceal'd
His growing flame, by *Menon*'s worth withheld;
Too well he with a ſad reflection knows,
What to his counſel, and his ſword he owes;
Theſe gen'rous ties at firſt his love oppoſe:

But

But nothing can th' encreaſing rage reſtrain;
By gentle means he yet his end would gain.

Menon, he ſaid, my wiſhes to procure,
I'll give thee cities, and a boundleſs ſtore
Of gold, and precious gems, and for a bride,
A blooming Princeſs to the crown ally'd:
All this, and more, to gain her love I'll give;
Without *Semiramis* I cannot live.

Reſenting *Menon*, with a handſome pride,
Refus'd his offers, and the ſuit deny'd.

The ſofter ſex he next attempts to gain;
She too rejects his paſſion with diſdain.
What now avail the glories of the *Eaſt?*
Nor wealth, nor empire can procure his reſt.
Tir'd with unheeded ſighs, and fruitleſs pray'r,
He tries more rig'rous means to eaſe his care;
And threatens thus: with my deſires comply,
Or ſoon prepare to ſee your hero die.

From *Menon*, this ſhe hides, who leſs ſevere
Obſerves her to the am'rous King appear:
His fondneſs with the jealous paſſion grows;
No joy, no lightſome interval he knows,
The mingled frenzy gives him no repoſe.

She

She falſe! he cries, my fair, enchanting wife!
And can I yet protract this wretched life;
This anxious heart, with hopeleſs grief oppreſs'd,
In death's cold ſhade ſhall find perpetual reſt.
He ſaid; then all the hoſtile ſtars defy'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his ſide.

A long adieu! *Semiramis*, he cries;
With thoſe lov'd accents on his lips he dies:
She hears the parting groan, and to his ſuccour flies.

Sunk on the floor ſhe ſees her lover bleed,
Himſelf the author of the barb'rous deed;
But true to love, and virtue's ſtricteſt laws,
She neither knew, nor could ſuſpect the cauſe.
Seiz'd with a ſudden horror and ſurprize,
She faints, and near the breathleſs carcaſs lies;
Her frighted women to her reſcue haſte,
And wake the doubtful ſpark of life, at laſt.
A hollow groan enſues; with feeble ſight
She meets the day, and loaths the flaſhing light.
A ſteadfaſt ſorrow in her face appears,
Above the ſoft relief of female tears;
Silent as death, her words no utt'rance find,
To tell the inward anguiſh of her mind:

A fixt

A fixt, ſedate, and rational deſpair
Compos'd her looks, and ſettled in her air.

In ſuch a ſullen calm the billows ſleep,
So ſmooth an aſpect wears the gloomy deep;
While treach'rous winds their gath'ring breath
refrain,
Preſaging tempeſts on the troubled main.

Th' impatient prince with juſt reſpect attends
Her ebbing grief, and long his flame ſuſpends;
And long her ſtedfaſt thoughts relentleſs prove
To proffer'd empire, and inviting love:
Till fate it ſelf her ſtubborn heart inclin'd
To take a crown, by all the ſtars deſign'd,
And fill a ſphere proportion'd to her mind.

Ninus was now of ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt,
With ſov'reign rule and brighter pleaſure bleſt;
But ah! how ſhort a boaſt has mortal joy?
What ſudden ſtorms the flatt'ring calm deſtroy?
What human privilege, what lawleſs pow'r
Can one ſhort day retard th' appointed hour?

Thrice thro' the midnight ſilence, from the
ground,
The ſtartled monarch hears a warning ſound;
Thrice

Thrice *Menon*'s ghoſt, a frowning ſpectre ſtands,
And ſeems to beckon with his airy hands.
A ſudden faintneſs ſeiz'd his trembling heart,
While haſty life retires from every part;
Speechleſs and pale his eye-balls roll in death,
While with reluctant pangs he yields his breath.

The mournful princeſs to his merit juſt,
With wond'rous pomp interr'd the royal duſt:
High on a mount his ſepulchre ſhe plac'd,
With marble ſpires, and pointed arches grac'd.
She bids farewel to love's deceitful flame;
Reſolv'd to leave behind a glorious name,
In coſtly ſtructures of immortal fame.

A lofty dome to *Belus* firſt ſhe built:
The inward roof with dazling ſilver gilt;
The God was faſhion'd in a wond'rous mould,
With perfect art; his bulk was maſſy gold;
His ſacred utenſils were all the ſame,
While fragrant oils in golden ſockets flame.

Old *Babel* next with boundleſs coſt ſhe wall'd;
And *Babylon* the ſpacious city call'd;

Its

Its bounds with forts and battlements were crown'd,
And compaſs'd in an endleſs tract of ground,
Valleys and level'd hills the vaſt extent ſurround:
Where fronting ranks of palaces were ſeen,
With ſtreams, and groves, and painted meads between.
Euphrates in its courſe the town divides,
While thro' the midſt his ſtately current glides.
Around the place a hundred gates unfold,
Thro' which a hundred glitt'ring chariots roll'd;
Which all for ſtate attend the queen's commands,
When ſhe her progreſs makes thro' diſtant lands.
Reſolv'd to viſit now the neighb'ring *Medes*,
Her train ſhe o'er the lofty *Sagris* leads.
At pompous *Ecbatana* now ſhe ſtaid,
And all her own magnificence diſplay'd.
Gay projects here employ'd her active mind,
Gardens, and feats of pleaſure ſhe deſign'd;
Luxurious nature with her art combin'd.

Not far from thence a plain extended lay,
With ſtately groves and flow'ry verdure gay;
The ſpreading palm, the cedar, and the pine,
Arching above their mingled branches join.

Semiramis

Semiramis now turns an ancient flood,
With matchleſs labour, thro' the charming wood;
The plenteous ſtream in various rills divides,
While marble bounds confine the chryſtal tydes.
In marble baſons of an equal row,
Myrtle, and balm, and flow'ry *Caſſia* grow.
Prodigious rocks intire were hither brought,
Smooth arches thro' their craggy ſides were wrought:
Here artificial hills, their ſummits rear,
For ſhade retiring grotts around appear.
In various bloom the valleys ſtood below,
From far the beauteous *Syrian* roſes glow.
All that perfumes the bleſt *Sabæan* fields
Grows here, with all that ſacred *Nyſa* yields.
Here breath'd the fragrant *Calamus*, and *Fir*,
Cinnamon, *Frankincenſe*, and weeping *Myrrhe*.
Shrill birds among the ſpicy branches ſing,
Their warbling notes along the valleys ring:
The winds and waters with a gentle noiſe
Double the ſound, and anſwer ev'ry voice.

The Queen awhile had theſe diverſions prov'd,
And then her court to *Babylon* remov'd:

But

But ah! what heights of happineſs are free
From fickle chance, or certain deſtiny?
The princeſs finds a ſwift decay controul
The uſual force, and vigour of her ſoul;
Nor ſtruggling nature could its force repel,
While heav'n and earth the publick change foretel.

She from the oracle enquires th' event,
The flatt'ring prieſts this pleaſing anſwer ſent:
That from the Gods ſhe drew her heav'nly race,
And ſhortly muſt th' immortal number grace.
Pleas'd with the glories of her future ſtate,
She yields without reluctance to her fate.

Cyrena ends her tale; the cloſing day
Withdrew its ſplendor, and forbid their ſtay.

BOOK VI.

Joſeph's *Miſtreſs at laſt diſcovers her criminal Paſſion to him, but is repuls'd. She complains to her Nurſe, who vainly tries the Force of Spells. She is ſent by her Miſtreſs to* Harpinus. *His Cell deſcrib'd. He conſults the Planets, and flatters her with Succeſs, till finding the* Hebrew *Youth inflexible to all her Charms, ſhe falſely accuſes him to his Maſter, by whom he is confined to a Priſon.*

STILL with impatient love *Sabrina* pines,
And now to ſpeak the fatal truth deſigns;
Sooth'd by her own indulgent hopes, which trace
A ſecret paſſion in the *Hebrew*'s face.
He ſighs, and when he thinks himſelf alone,
Oft ſeems ſome new misfortune to bemoan,
In foreign accents, and a tongue unknown.
Her vanity an explanation found,
And put a ſenſe on every flatt'ring ſound.
Forgetful of her nuptial vows and fame,
She fondly thus betrays her guilty flame.

If

If yet my torments are to thee unknown,
If yet my ſighs the myſt'ry have not ſhewn,
Inſenſible, — let this confeſſion prove
The ſtrange exceſs, and grandeur of my love.
Yet had I ſtill my wild deſires ſuppreſt,
Had not thine eyes an equal flame confeſt.

Let me be puniſh'd with the laſt diſdain,
He ſaid, if e'er I harbour'd thoughts ſo vain!
I ne'er *Sabrina*'s favour ſo abus'd,
Nor once your virtue in my heart accus'd.
Should I perfidious (heav'n forbid!) offend
My gen'rous maſter, — I might ſay my friend;
Let ſcandal ſink my name, when ſo unjuſt
I prove, ſo falſe to hoſpitable truſt!

Thus with a modeſt turn he would reclaim
Her am'rous frenzy, and conceal her ſhame;
Nor waits her leave, but haſtily withdrew.
Careleſs her limbs upon a couch ſhe threw,
And curſt her folly with a thouſand tears;
Till *Iphicle* her artful nurſe appears:
Of ſo much grief ſhe preſs'd to know the cauſe,
At laſt the ſecret from her miſtreſs draws.

You wrong, the *Beldam* cries, your own desert,
For you have charms, the youth a human heart.
Your beauty might a savage breast inspire,
At sight of you the coldest age takes fire.
But where's the wonder that a bashful boy
Should, at the first address, be nice and coy?
He loves no doubt, and languishes like you,
But fears th' ambitious motive to pursue:
Nor shall your utmost wishes want redress,
I have a draught that gives divine success;
Nepenthè, which th' immortals quaff above,
These sacred drops rewarded *Chemis'* love.

When *Totis*, by his death, the full command
Of *Misraim* left in fair *Charoba*'s hand,
The rich *Gebirus* from *Chaldea* came
With foreign pomp to seek the royal dame.
Chemis adorn'd his train, whose charming face
Allur'd a goddess of the wat'ry race;
On *Nilus'* banks the young *Chaldean* stood,
When lo! *Merina* rising from the flood,
Her chariot set with pearl, the wave divides,
Softly along the silver stream she glides.
Her robes with pearl and sparkling rubies shine,
Her brighter eyes express a light divine.

Nor

Nor from her humid bed the blooming day
Has e'er aſcended with a clearer ray.
Her ſmiles the raging tempeſts could appeaſe,
Allay the winds, and calm the ſwelling ſeas.
She leaves her chryſtal vaults, and coral groves,
Her liquid kingdoms, and immortal loves,
And o'er the graſſy meads with *Chemis* roves.
At parting gave him this celeſtial ſpell,
Which every good procures, and can each ill repel.
My mother from this youth derives her line,
And this ſhe left me, as a gift divine,
By all her anceſtors preſerv'd with care;
One heav'nly drop ſhall baniſh your deſpair.

Her flatt'ring nurſe's charm ſhe vainly tries,
For *Joſeph* ſtill her hateful paſſion flies:
But obſtinate in love, to gain her ends,
To fam'd *Anſana Iphicle* ſhe ſends.

Harpinus there an uncouth dwelling own'd,
Planted with yew and mournful cypreſs round;
Whoſe ſhadows every pleaſing thought controul,
And fill with deep anxiety the ſoul.
Hither black fiends at dead of night advance,
The horned *Serim* thro' the darkneſs dance:

From earth, from air, and from the briny deep
They come, and here nocturnal revels keep.
From gloomy *Acherusia*, and the fen
Of *Serbon*, and the forest of *Birdene*;
From *Ophiodes*, the serpent isle, they come,
And *Syrtes*, where fantastick spectres roam;
From *Chabnus*, and the wild *Pfebarian* peak,
Whose hoary cliffs the clouds long order break.

In hellish banquets, and obscene delights,
The curst assembly here consume the nights.
The sick'ning moon her feeble light with-holds,
In sable clouds her argent horns she folds;
The constellations quench their glimm'ring fire,
And frighted far to distant skies retire.

Amidst these horrors, in his ecchoing cells,
And winding vaults, the Necromancer dwells:
Passing from room to room, the brazen doors
Resound, as when exploded thunder roars.
The day excluded thence, blue sulphur burns,
With frightful splendor, in a thousand urns.
The wizard here employs his mighty spells,
And great events by divination tells;
Inscribing mystick figures on the ground,
And mutt'ring words of an unlawful sound;

Which

Which from their tombs the ſhiv'ring ghoſts
compel,
And force them future ſecrets to reveal.
The ſtars he knew, when adverſe, or benign;
When with malignant influence they ſhine,
Or, darting proſp'rous rays, to love incline.

The nurſe a pleaſing anſwer here obtain'd,
And thus *Sabrina*'s drooping thoughts ſuſtain'd.
The third ſucceeding day ſhall crown your love,
And every am'rous ſtar propitious prove.

Sabrina feeds the while her guilty flame,
And now the third appointed morning came;
When for the favour'd youth in haſte ſhe ſends:
The meſſage with reluctance he attends.
Silent ſhe ſits; while waiting her commands,
Fix'd at a formal diſtance long he ſtands.
Her eyes ſtill fix'd on *Joſeph*'s beauteous face,
A cloſe contempt, and inward hatred trace;
Yet deſp'rate to compleat her own diſgrace.

Ungrateful youth! ſhe cries, too well I find
By theſe cold looks, thy unrelenting mind.

Thy ſavage temper, and unconquer'd pride,
By words of ſacred import thou wouldſt hide.
Thou talk'ſt of holy ties, and rules ſevere,
Pretending ſome avenging God to fear.
What God, alas! does cruelty command?
Or human bliſs maliciouſly withſtand?
Such thoughts as theſe the heav'nly powers arraign,
Efface their goodneſs, and their juſtice ſtain.
Would they the gen'rous principle controul,
Who gave this am'rous byaſs to the ſoul?
What nature is, they made it: nor can bind
With ſervile laws the freedom of the mind:
Were this our lot, happy the brutal kind,
That unmoleſted thro' the foreſt rove,
Licentious in their choice, and unconfin'd in love!
Virtue! — a meer imaginary thing!
Torment it may, but can no pleaſure bring.
Honour! — 'tis nothing but precarious fame,
For empty breath, for a fantaſtick name.
Wilt thou my ſoft entreaties ſtill deny,
And ſee me languiſh, and unpitied die?
Conſent at laſt to love's enchanting joys,
While pleaſure calls thee with her tempting voice:

Theſe

Theſe folding curtains ſhall our bliſs conceal,
That no intruding eye our theft reveal.

Deluded fair! the noble youth replies,
Could we ſome artful labyrinth deviſe
To hide our ſin, and far from mortal ſight
Retire, involv'd in all the ſhades of night;
Yet there,--expos'd to heav'n's unclouded view,
Its vengeance would our treachery purſue;
Diſtinguiſh'd plagues would ſoon our guilt expoſe,
While all your ſex's glory you muſt loſe.
To *Potiphar* alone your vows belong,
In him a tender lover you muſt wrong.
For me, where ſhould I hide my hated face,
Could I be conſcious of a crime ſo baſe?
No, let me thro' the yawning earth deſcend,
Rather than with ſuch inſolence offend
The laws of God, and kindneſs of my friend!
My Maſter's favours, endleſs to recite,
When I with ſuch ingratitude requite;
When with a thought ſo horrid and prophane,
My faith and ſpotleſs loyalty I ſtain;
Let wrathful lightnings flaſhing round my head,
And bolts of raging thunder ſtrike me dead!

Let execrations, and eternal ſhame
Deſtroy my peace, and blaſt my hated name!

Theſe words with ſuch an awful air he ſpoke,
Celeſtial virtue ſparkling in his look,
His haughty miſtreſs all her hopes reſign'd,
And felt a diff'rent frenzy ſeize her mind:
Aſſiſting fiends the helliſh thought ſuggeſt,
And blot the tender paſſion from her breaſt.
A crimſon ſcarf with ornamental pride
Was o'er his graceful ſhoulders looſely ty'd;
This furiouſly ſhe ſnatch'd, while from th' embrace
He frees himſelf, and quits the hated place.

She call'd aloud, her voice *Cyrena* hears,
And entring ſaw her well-diſſembled tears.
A tale of proffer'd violence ſhe feigns,
And of the *Hebrew*'s arrogance complains.
Alarm'd at her repeated calls, ſhe ſaid,
The monſter left his curſt deſign, and fled.
His ſcarf the truth confirm'd; her Lord the while
Returns; her words his eaſy faith beguile:
Blinded with rage he calls the injur'd youth,
And thus upbraids his violated truth.

How

How canſt thou, wretch! belie a mind ſo baſe,
With that undaunted air, and guiltleſs face?
Hypocriſy ſo ſteady and compleat,
A villain, cautious as thy ſelf, might cheat;
No wonder then thy practic'd ſaintly ſhews
Should on my honeſt artleſs mind impoſe.
My ſoul entire to thee I did reſign,
Except my bed, whate'er I had was thine.
In fetters let th' ungrateful ſlave be ty'd,
Some gloomy dungeon ſhall the monſter hide.

Dungeons he ſaid, and chains I can defy,
But would not, curſt with your diſpleaſure, die.
This ſad reflexion aggravates my fate:
How ſhall I bear my gen'rous maſter's hate?
Oh ſtay! at laſt my vindication hear,
While by th' *Unutterable Name* I ſwear,
My thoughts are all from this injuſtice clear.
He ceas'd, and ſtill *Sabrina*'s ſhame conceals,
Nor one accuſing word her fraud reveals.
Now to a damp unwholſome vault convey'd,
Joſeph in ignominious chains is laid.

BOOK VII.

An Angel visits Joseph *in Prison, and in a prophetic Vision shews him his own Advancement, and the future Fate of his Father's Posterity, their Bondage and miraculous Deliverance. The Keeper of the Ward convinc'd of* Joseph's *Innocence; treats him with great Esteem. The Dreams of his fellow Prisoners; and* Joseph's *Interpretation.*

'TWAS night, and now advanc'd the solemn hour;
The keeper of the prison, from his tow'r,
Astonish'd, sees a form divinely bright,
Smile thro' the shades, and dissipate the night;
With streaming splendor tracing all the way,
It enters where the new-come pris'ner lay.

Some God, he cries, who innocence defends,
Some God in that propitious light descends.
This stranger sure, whate'er the fact can be,
Alledg'd against him, from the guilt is free.

The

The ſacred viſion to the youth appears,
His ſpirits with celeſtial fragrance chears.
His heav'nly ſmiles would ev'n deſpair controul,
And with immortal rapture fill the ſoul.
His youthful brows a fair *Tiara* crown'd
A folding zone his gaudy veſtments bound,
Embroider'd high with *Amaranthus* round.
Such wings th' *Arabian* Phœnix never wore,
Sprinkled with gold and ſhading purple o'er.
Beneficent his aſpect and addreſs,
His lips ſeraphick harmony expreſs;
His voice might ſtay th' invading ſleep of death,
While theſe ſoft words flow with his balmy breath.

From the unclouded realms of day above,
From endleſs pleaſures, and unbounded love,
From painted fields deck'd with immortal flow'rs,
From bliſsful valleys, and etherial bow'rs,
I come, commiſſion'd by peculiar grace,
With great preſages to thy future race.

This *Gabriel* ſpoke; the pious *Hebrew*'s breaſt
Prophetick flame and pow'r divine confeſt:

An

An awful ſilence, and profound ſuſpence,
Clos'd the tumultuous avenues of ſenſe;
The heav'nly trance, each wand'ring thought confin'd,
Collects the operations of the mind,
While *Gabriel* all the inward ſcene deſign'd.

Before him, rais'd to high dominion, all
His humble brethren in proſtration fall;
His joyful eyes again his father ſee,
He takes the bleſſing on his bended knee.
Vaſtly in numbers *Jacob*'s ſons encreas'd,
Poor vaſſals by th' *Egyptians* are diſtreſs'd,
And by a royal tyrant's yoke oppreſs'd:
To heav'n they cry, an aid that never fails,
Heav'n hears the cry, the potent pray'r prevails.

A mighty prophet, by divine command,
Does bold before the raging monarch ſtand,
And brings his great credentials in his hand.
Acroſs the ground his wond'rous rod he throws;
The rod transform'd a moving ſerpent grows,
Unfolds his ſpeckled train, and o'er the pave-
ment flows.

A dazling

A dazling train of miracles enſue,
Which ſpeak the prophet, and his miſſion true.

The ſprings, the ſtanding lakes, and running flood,
His pow'rful word converts to reeking blood;
The wounded billows ſtain the verdant ſhore,
Advancing ſlowly with a mournful roar.
Infernal night her ſable wings extends,
And from the black unbottom'd deep aſcends:
The ſeer denounces plagues on man and beaſt;
Contagious torments ſoon the air infeſt;
Aloud he bids a ſudden tempeſt riſe,
On rapid wings the ſtorm obedient flies;
Th' extended skies are rent from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings flaſh, and dreadful thunders roll.

Nor yet th' obdurate King the God reveres,
Whom ev'ry element obſequious fears;
Till vengeful ſtrokes of pow'r confeſt divine,
With clear, but terrible conviction ſhine.

The night was cover'd with unuſual dread,
While ev'ry ſtar malignant influence ſhed.

Pale

Pale ſpectres thro the ſtreets of *Zoan* roam,
From ſepulchres amazing ecchoes come;
While, like a flaming meteor, down the skies,
With threat'ning ſpeed the fatal angel flies.
Reluctant juſtice, with a grace ſevere,
Sits in his looks, and triumphs in his air.
A creſted helmet ſhades his awful brows;
Behind his military veſture flows,
And like an ev'ning's ruddy meteor glows.
He graſps his ſword, unſheath'd for certain fate,
Deſtruction, death, and terror on him wait:
Mortal the ſtroke, inviſible the wound,
While dying groans with mingled ſhrieks reſound.
From houſe to houſe the dreadful rumour runs,
While wretched fathers mourn their firſt-born ſons.

Th' alarm'd *Egyptians*, at the breaking day,
Hurry the ſacred multitude away:
But *Pharoah* ſoon his daring ſin renews,
Blaſpheming loud the reſcu'd ſlaves purſues;
The fearful tribes ſtand trembling on the ſhore,
The foe behind, a raging ſea before.

Their

Their glorious chief extends his pow'rful wand,
And gives the mighty ſignal from the ſtrand;
Th' obedient waves the mighty ſignal take,
And parting crowd the diſtant ſurges back;
On either hand, like chryſtal hills, they riſe,
Between a wide ſtupendous valley lies:
With joyful ſhouts the grateful *Hebrews* paſs,
Nor does the harden'd foe decline the chaſe;
Till heav'n's command the watry chain diſſolves,
And in the whelming deep their pride involves.
While *Iſrael* thro the deſart take their way,
Led by a cloud which marches on by day;
But reſting chear'd th' encamping hoſt by night,
With lambent flame, and unexampled light.

Where lofty *Sinah* ſhades the neighb'ring plain,
Commanded now the ſacred tribes remain;
Prepar'd with myſtick rites, to hear with awe,
Their Saviour God pronounce their future law:
Cloſe bounds the mountain guard from all approach,
That raſhly none the hallow'd place might touch.

Reluctant

Reluctant see th' appointed morning rise,
And fiery splendors glow around the skies.
While from th' etherial summit God descends,
Beneath his feet the starry convex bends.
His radiant form majestick darkness hides,
While on a tempest's rapid wings he rides.
The trembling earth his awful presence owns,
The forest flames, the cleaving desart groans,
Each river back his wand'ring current calls,
And rushing down the subterranean falls,
To the profoundest caves affrighted flies,
Reveal'd and bare each sandy channel lies.
Their stately heads the antient mountains sink,
And to a level with the vales would shrink;
Again secure in their primæval beds,
Beneath the waves would hide their fearful heads.
Old *Sinah* quakes at the tremendous weight,
That press'd with awful feet his cloudy height;
Obscur'd with blackness, shades, and curling smoak,
Prodigious lightnings from the darkness broke;
While raging thunders round the welkin fly,
Th' etherial trumpet sounding loud and high.

Adoring

Adoring low the pious nation bend,
And now the ſolemn voice of God attend:
The angel ſhifts the ſcene, and leaves the reſt
Inimitable all, and not to be expreſs'd.

The curtain'd *Tabernacle* next he paints,
Nor colours for the gay pavilion wants;
The golden altar, with attending prieſts,
Their ſacred pomp, and inſtituted veſts.
Then brings the favour'd tribes where *Jordan* flows,
And all the well-known bord'ring landskip ſhows.

An airy conqueſt on *Bethoron*'s plain,
The warlike ſons of *Jacob* now obtain:
Before the troops a glorious leader ſtands,
A painted jav'lin ballanc'd in his hands;
He boldly thus the rolling orbs commands.

Thou ſun! to lengthen this victorious day,
With ling'ring beams on lofty *Gibeah* ſtay:
And thou, fair morn! retard thy haſty flight,
And gild the vales of *Ajalon* at night.

This ſaid, the flying army they purſue,
And all the *Amorean* kings o'erthrew.
The promis'd land entirely gain'd, they ſpread
Their peaceful dwellings round *Moriah*'s head.

But with the night the pleaſing viſion flies;
Gabriel unſeal'd the youthful prophet's eyes,
His ſenſes from the heav'nly trance releas'd,
And all the ſacred agitation ceas'd.
The thoughtful keeper early to the vault
Deſcends, and thence the injur'd pris'ner brought;
Treats him with kindneſs, and a juſt regard,
And gave him all the freedom of the ward.

Of *Pharaoh*'s ſervants two were here detain'd,
The ſteward, who his table did command,
With him that fill'd the royal cup with wine;
Suſpected both as traitors in deſign.
Joſeph, obſerving a dejected air
Sate heavy in their eyes, with friendly care
Enquires the cauſe, which freely both reveal,
Myſterious dreams of the paſt night they tell.

And

And thus the firſt :— Methought a bulky vine
Grew up unprop'd, three waving branches ſhine
With purple grapes, and to my hand incline :
I preſs'd the tempting fruit without controul,
Then gave to *Pharaoh*'s hand the flowing bowl.

The next begins :— Three caniſters replete
With royal viands, and luxurious meat,
Oppreſs'd my drooping head, while birds of prey
With direful croakings ſnatch'd the food away.
Unhappy man ! thy dream from God was ſent,
The *Hebrew* ſaid, and full of black portent :
The third returning day ſhall bring thy doom,
When thou a prey to vultures ſhalt become.

Then to the firſt, theſe joyful comments found ;
Before the ſun has twice fulfill'd his round,
Thou with thy former honours ſhalt be crown'd.
But in the triumph of thy proſp'rous fate,
Kindly remember my unhappy ſtate,
Who by the blackeſt falſhood here am ſtay'd ;
To this the man a courtier's promiſe made.

BOOK VIII.

Joſeph's *Miſtreſs languiſhes in Sorrow and Remorſe for her Treachery: which ſhe confeſſes in the Agonies of Death.* Pharoah's *prophetic Dreams interpreted by* Joſeph. *His Grandeur and Marriage with the Daughter of an* Egyptian *Prieſt.*

BUT now *Sabrina*'s guilty fire returns,
Her boſom with the raging paſſion burns:
She with a female tenderneſs relents,
And all her former cruelty repents.
By her accus'd, in chains the captive lies,
For whom ſhe fondly languiſhes and dies.
Tormented, and enrag'd, ſhe often curſt
Her pride, her folly, and revengeful luſt.
A deep remorſe, from conſcience of her ſin,
With conſtant horrors vex her ſoul within.
Her thoughts ten thouſand racking torments feel,
Yet in her treach'rous crime obdurate ſtill.
Her life and youthful ſpirits melt away,
Her beauty withers with a ſwift decay:

By

By day ſhe wildly raves, conſumes the night
In thoughtleſs watchings, and imagin'd fright;
While airy terrors glide before her ſight.
Pale ghoſts with wide diſtorted eye-balls ſtare,
And burning ſpectres thro' the darkneſs glare.
Till forc'd by fate, and torments more intenſe,
To vindicate ſuſpected innocence,
To *Potiphar* the hidden truth ſhe tells,
And all the faithleſs myſtery reveals.

And now he comes — inſulting death! ſhe cries,
Perpetual darkneſs ſwims before my eyes.
If there are Gods that human things regard,
My monſtrous crimes will meet a juſt reward.
Oh ſacred virtue! at thine awful name
I ſtart, and all my former thoughts diſclaim;
For thou art no fantaſtick empty thing,
From thee alone unmingled pleaſures ſpring.
The world, the boundleſs univerſe I'd give,
My firſt unblemiſh'd honour to retrieve:
'Tis vainly wiſh'd!--to ſome ſtrange realms below,
Some dark uncomfortable coaſts I go.

She ſpoke, and gaſping in the pangs of death,
With ling'ring agonies reſign'd her breath:

While *Joſeph* by the courtier was forgot;
Till fate the period of his freedom brought.

Th' *Egyptian* monarch from a ſhort repoſe,
And troubled viſions, with the morning roſe.
T' explain the doubtful omens in his breaſt,
He ſummons ev'ry planetary prieſt:
Their orders which to diff'rent ſtars belong,
Were ſoon aſſembled, a ſurprizing throng;
Sullen their looks, and varied was their veſt,
A wild Devotion thro' the whole expreſs'd.

One wore a mantle of a leaden hue,
Trailing behind a ſweeping length it drew;
With *Poppies*, *Aconite*, and *Hellebore*,
Mandrake, and *Nightſhade*, ſtrangely figur'd o'er;
A treble twiſt of ſerpents curling round,
With monſtrous ornament the foldings bound.

With ſome a verdant foreſt ſeem'd to move,
Their flowing robes with palmy branches wove.
With panther's, bears, and every ſavage beaſt
Expreſs'd in lively colours, ſome were dreſs'd.
On others eagles ſpread their wings, on ſome
Appear'd the Oſtrich' hieroglyphick plume;

While

While others wore a painted crocodile,
With all the monſtrous progeny of *Nile*.

Naſar, a youth vow'd to the morning-ſtar,
With budding roſes had adorn'd his hair.
His raiment of ineſtimable coſt
Glitter'd with pearl, an imitated froſt.
O'erſpread with landskips wrought in miniature,
Surprizing ſcenes the raviſh'd ſight allure:
Clear fountains, flow'ry walks, and myrtle groves,
Peacocks with gaudy trains, and ſhining doves.

The prince with anxious looks relates his dreams,
The doubtful ſages ſearch their heav'nly ſchemes;
But all their ſtars were mute, the meaning flies
In trackleſs darkneſs, and obſcure diſguiſe.

The bearer of the cup did now reflect
On his paſt danger, and his baſe neglect;
And thus his royal maſter he addreſs'd:
Be *Pharaoh*'s bounty, and my guilt confeſt.
When with my fellow criminal detain'd,
We by thy juſtice in the ward remain'd,

A *Hebrew* youth, unjuſtly there confin'd,
From nightly omens which perplex'd the mind,
With clear conviction did our lot unfold;
My honour, and the ſteward's doom foretold.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the night,
His cell has glitter'd with etherial light;
For highly favour'd by th' immortal Gods,
To viſit him they left their bright abodes.

Joſeph, unfetter'd, they from priſon bring,
By heav'n-inſpir'd, he ſtands before the King;
Who thus repeats his dream: Methought I ſtood
On the fair borders of our ſacred flood:
While, curious, I ſurvey'd the ſpreading ſtream,
Seven bulky oxen from the river came,
Fat and well-favour'd: o'er the verdant mead
They proudly rang'd, and on the paſture fed;
When juſt their number roſe, of aſpect ſour,
Ill-ſhap'd, and meagre, who the firſt devour.
The ſcene was chang'd, when ſpringing in my walk,
Seven blades of corn adorn'd one bending ſtalk
Ripen'd and full; when lo! a ſecond rears
His blaſted top, with ſeven unfruitful ears;

This

This ſwallow'd greedily the former ſtore,
As the lean oxen did the fat before.
I woke with great anxiety oppreſs'd,
And for the meaning ev'ry God addreſs'd.

The Almighty God o'er earth and skies ſupream,
The youthful prophet cries, has ſent this dream
To *Pharaoh*, which diſcovers future things;
What changes on the world his pleaſure brings.
With one intent the ſacred viſion came,
Of both the hidden meaning is the ſame.

Seven plenteous years begin their joyful round,
The fields with boundleſs harveſts ſhall be crown'd;
Then ſeven unproſp'rous years ſhall theſe devour,
And leave no remnant of the former ſtore.

But that the people and the king may live,
This counſel heav'n commiſſions me to give,
That waſteful luxury ſhould be reſtrain'd,
And wiſe intendants thro' the realm ordain'd:

Let

Let theſe againſt the threat'ning ill provide,
Lay up the corn, and o'er the ſtores preſide.

This youth by ſome propitious pow'r was ſent,
The prince replies, our ruin to prevent:
Then bids them an imperial veſtment bring,
And from his finger draws a coſtly ring:
And this, he ſaid, a ſacred pledge ſhall be
Of thoſe bright honours I reſerve for thee.
My pow'r, my kingdom I to thee reſign,
The ſov'reign title only ſhall be mine;
To thee my nobleſt favourites ſhall bow,
Our guardian God, our great preſerver thou!

His ſecond chariot then the king ordains
Should be prepar'd: white ſteeds with ſcarlet reins
The triumph drew; they champ the golden bit,
And ſpurn the duſty ground with airy feet.
On high with princely pomp the youth was plac'd,
With marks of pow'r, and regal enſigns grac'd.
Gay heralds, *bow the knee*, before him cry,
The crowd adore him as he paſſes by:

Nor

Nor here the royal favours were confin'd,
Great *Pharaoh*'s daughter is his bride deſign'd.

The night had twice in ſable triumph reign'd,
And twice the circling light its empire gain'd;
When from his high apartment *Joſeph* ſees
A lofty temple, thro' the waving trees,
To *Iſis* vow'd: He from the gilded dome
Raviſh'd beheld a beauteous virgin come.
An artleſs modeſty improves her face,
An elegant reſerve, and matchleſs grace,
A roſy tincture in her cheeks appears,
Lovely as that the blooming morning wears:
Her eyes a ſprightly blue; her length of hair
Diſhevel'd hung, like threads of ſilver fair.
Long ſtrings of jet and pearl, in mingled twiſts,
Adorn'd her well-ſhap'd neck, and ſlender wriſts.
Her robes were heav'nly azure, ſprinkled o'er
With ſtars; a creſcent on her breaſt ſhe wore.

The wounded *Hebrew* for the virgin ſigh'd,
And felt a growing paſſion yet untry'd:
Her lovely image, on his mind impreſs'd,
Had fix'd her empire in his yielding breaſt.

But

But oh! what anguiſh did his ſoul invade,
When he was told, the lov'd enchanting maid
At *Iſis* holy ſhrine devoutly bow'd,
A virgin prieſteſs to the goddeſs vow'd?
This, this, he cry'd, muſt all my hopes con-
found,
Helpleſs my grief, incurable my wound!

Mean time the fame uncontradicted goes,
That he th' *Egyptian* princeſs muſt eſpouſe.
Pain'd and diſtreſs'd, he hears the ſpreading news,
And dreads the offer, which he muſt refuſe,
Or with diſſembled vows the imperial maid
abuſe.
Aſenah's pow'r (that was the prieſteſs' name)
Would in his breaſt admit no rival flame.

The royal maid no leſs unhappy prov'd,
Who long illuſtrious *Orramel* had lov'd;
An *Ethiopian* prince, whoſe faultleſs face,
And ſhape exceeded all the tawny race.
His features nobly turn'd, his piercing eyes
Sparkl'd like ſtars amidſt the gloomy skies;
At once they dazled, and engag'd the ſight
With awful luſtre, and imperious light.

Black

Black as a midnight cloud, his yielding hair
In eaſy curls waves to the gentle air.

The princeſs, pain'd with ſecret diſcontent
Her father's purpoſe labours to prevent;
In vain! the king obſtructs her young deſires,
But firſt the pleaſure of the gods enquires.

Juſt *Potiphera*, an unblemiſh'd prieſt,
His piety ſincere, but ill addreſs'd,
While fragrant incenſe round the temple ſmokes,
Oſiris from the monarch he invokes.
The fiends, in hopes to croſs the great deſign,
And awful will of providence divine,
With penalties forbid the king's intent,
The *Hebrew*'s future greatneſs to prevent:
Then nam'd the fair *Aſenath* for his bride,
And blindly with eternal fate comply'd:
Effecting heav'n's predeſtinated ends,
While *Joſeph*'s ruin envious hell intends;
Nor doubts the young idolatreſs would prove
His ſnare, and ſoon ſeduce him with her love.

The prieſt, yet trembling, near the altar ſtands,
And dreads the ſacrilege the god commands.

My daughter nam'd! he cries, to *Iſis* vow'd
By myſtick rites, which no reverſe allow'd!
It muſt be ſo! — The gods pronounce it fit,
The prieſt his will, the king muſt his ſubmit.
The maid reluctant leaves the holy ſhrine,
But yields obedience to the pow'rs divine.
The gift as heav'n's the joyful youth regards,
Which thus bright virtue crowns, and ſacred truth rewards.

BOOK IX.

The ſeven plenteous Years; with the enſuing Years of Scarcity. Joſeph's *Character as Regent over the Land of* Ægypt. Jacob *diſtreſt with the Famine ſends his Sons thither for Corn* Joſeph *diſcovers his Brethren, but is unknown of them: Pretends to ſuſpect them as publick Spies, and keeps them three Days in Priſon; at laſt ſends them back, with a Charge to bring their younger Brother with them, and detains* Simeon *as an Hoſtage till their Return.*

THE jocund years, with ſmiling plenty crown'd,
In ſhining circles, now advanc'd their round:

Unbounded

Unbounded crops reward the reaper's toil,
And ruſtick pleaſures chear the banks of *Nile*.
The *Hebrew*, late advanc'd by royal grace
With dignity and ſplendor fills his place,
Still watchful for the publick good, with care
Reſtrains exceſs, by penalties ſevere,
While juſtice, truth, and temp'rate virtue, reign'd
Amidſt the height of plenty thro' the land:
His prudent ſway, the grateful people bleſs
In all the calm ſerenity of peace.

But ſoon the ſmiling years their period run,
A gloomy æra now its courſe begun:
Pale famine comes, with her malignant train,
Dries up the ſprings, and taints the fertile plain:
The trees decay, each flowr, and balmy plant
Pine at their roots, and vital humor want:
No pearly moiſture on the meadow lies,
To fan the air no gentle breezes riſe.
The languid moon ſheds from her ſilent ſphere
No cooling dews, the thirſty earth to chear.
A ſultry night enſues a ſcorching day;
While diſmal ſigns the fiery clouds diſplay.

Nor *Egypt* mourns alone her blaſted ground,
Pale famine ſtalks thro' all the regions round:

Moriah's plain, and *Hermon's* flow'ry hill
Wither'd and bare, the hot contagion feel:
That fertile climate by peculiar grace,
Design'd the lot of *Abraham's* future race.
Where long with peace, and fatal plenty gay,
The pagan princes bore imperial sway,
Their crimes not full: — While *Jacob* sojourn'd here
A stranger, as his great forefathers were:
The common fate he shares, with famine press'd,
And for his num'rous family distress'd:
He sends his sons, by heav'nly conduct led
To *Ægypt's* plenteous granaries, for bread:
Domestick wants, require their utmost hast,
And *Zoan's* regal tow'rs they reach at last.

With soft *Assyria*, now in all her pride
Of wealth and grandeur, *Pharoah's* palace vy'd:
More honour'd still the rising fav'rite grew,
No bounds, his royal master's kindness knew:
His graceful person, charming to the sight,
Majestick, yet more mild than morning light:
His virtues every grateful tongue employ,
The people's boast, their wonder, and their joy.
All private views, were to his soul unknown,
He made the kingdom's welfare still his own:

Th'

Th' oppreſſor's wrongs, are by his power redreſs'd,
He guards the orphan, ſuccours the diſtreſs'd,
His fame to diſtant countries flies abroad,
While *Ægypt* names him as her guardian god.
Aſſiduous ſtill, his officers attend
Where neighb'ring ſtates, their num'rous envoys
ſend;
Who for themſelves, and pining race implore
The food of life from his abundant ſtore.

Among the foremoſt of the ſuppliant crowd
The *Hebrew* ſwains with low ſubmiſſion bow'd;
With ſtern regard each kindred face he views,
Their ſight, the late deteſted ſcene renews;
Their parting malice and inhuman rage
To juſt revenge his ſwelling thoughts engage.

Long ſilent, in a gloomy pauſe he ſtands;
At laſt their country, buſineſs, name, demands.

My lord, thy ſervants, (with a modeſt grace,
Judah replies) are all of *Hebrew* race:
Twelve brethren late, a joyful father's boaſt,
Till one, by ſome unhappy chance was loſt;
The youngeſt with his aged ſire remains
The darling, which his drooping life ſuſtains:
To purchaſe corn we come, our falling breath,
And infant race, to ſave from ling'ring death.

Thy tale (he ſaid) unfolds its own diſguiſe,
By *Pharoah*'s ſacred life, you all are ſpies:
Then to the guards with ſtern command he turns,
While yet reſentment in his boſom burns;
In cloſe confinement be theſe men retain'd,
Till we ſome knowledge of their plot have gain'd.
With juſt remorſe, and ſecret horror ſtruck,
The conſcious *Hebrews* at each other look,
In foreign accents, to the guards unknown,
Their length of unrepented ſin they own;
Joſeph, not yet withdrawn, their language hears,
And haſts away, to hide the guſhing tears.
Oh! we are guilty of our brother's blood,
Tho' heav'n th' intended fratricide withſtood:
With unrelenting hate, for ſordid gold,
The gentle youth to *Midianites* we ſold
A ſlave, and ſuch perhaps he ſtill may live;
Almighty God, the monſtrous crime forgive!
Unmov'd we ſaw the anguiſh of his breaſt,
In mournful looks, and flowing tears expreſt:
Unmov'd, and loſt to nature, virtue, ſenſe,
Unmov'd we heard his tender eloquence.
Such beauty, innocence, and blooming grace
Would have ſubdu'd in wilds a ſavage race.

What

What caves, what dungeons, ſhould ſuch monſters hide?
We ſtand condemn'd, and Heav'n is juſtify'd.
When *Reuben*, who the barbarous fact diſclaim'd,
In theſe ſad terms their former malice blam'd;
Would heav'n your flowing tears might waſh away
The bloody ſtains of that deteſted day;
Its horror, with eternal grief, I trace;
The ſoft impreſſion of my brothers face,
Dwells on my heart, the tragick ſcene I view,
The mournful object is for ever new.
Methinks I ſee the anguiſh, the ſurprize,
The melting ſorrow in his lovely eyes,
While kneeling, pleading all the tender claims
Of kindred blood, he ſingly call'd your names,
And one by one invok'd—what power I had
Was all employ'd, to ſave the guiltleſs lad.
His filial love, and goodneſs free from art,
Touch'd every tender motion in my heart,
When for his drooping father's hoary age
He try'd your ſoft compaſſion to engage:
I hear his cries, while round his ſuppliant hands,
Without remorſe you ty'd the cruel bands;

My ſoul is wounded with the farewel groan,
When to the yawning pit, you forc'd him down.
What helliſh frenzy did your boſoms fire
Againſt ſuch youth and virtue to conſpire?
What was his mighty crime? — a childiſh dream,
A ſleeping fancy's viſionary ſcheme:
His blood's aveng'd — while here we lie confin'd,
Our wretched offspring are with famine pin'd.
Their eldeſt brother's juſt reproach they own,
And humbly now addreſs th' eternal throne,
With penitence ſincere they inly mourn,
While thrice the day and tedious night return.
Mean time the thoughtful regent in his breaſt
The firſt vindictive motions had ſuppreſt,
When early for the *Hebrew* train he ſends,
And kindneſs in a ſtern diſguiſe intends;
Conducted to his preſence, proſtrate all
(As once their ſheaves before his ſheaf) they fall.
The pow'r that ſits above the ſtars I fear
(He ſaid) nor ſhall you find injuſtice here,
To prove that you have no clandeſtine view,
Nor hoſtile aim, but are to honour true,
One of your kindred number left behind,
Th' attending guards ſhall as an hoſtage bind;

Secure

Secure from wrong, the captive ſhall remain,
If at ſet limits you return again:
But be forever exiles from the place,
Nor ever hope again to ſee my face,
Unleſs you bring your youngeſt brother here,
No more on *Egypt*'s fatal coaſt appear;
Be this a proof your words have no diſguiſe,
Or you by *Pharoah*'s ſacred life are ſpies.

Alas, my lord, in tents thy ſervants ſleep,
(The ſwains reply) our herds and bleating ſheep
Engroſs our humble cares, no martial claims
Diſturb our minds, no wild ambitious aims;
Strangers to pompous courts, the flow'ry field,
And tuneful grove, to us their pleaſures yield;
Unenvy'd there, ſecure from noiſe and ſtriſe,
In harmleſs eaſe we ſpend a peaceful life;
Our coſtlieſt banquets in ſome balmy ſhade,
With nature's ſimple luxury are made;
No dreams of grandeur, no aſpiring thought,
Thy ſervants to the *Memphian* limits brought;
Diſtreſs'd with famine, to this friendly ſhore,
We came, your kind aſſiſtance to implore.

This ſaid, they find themſelves diſmiſs'd at laſt
With full ſupplies, and to their country haſt.

When

When ſcarce arriv'd before their father's tent
His buſy thoughts preſag'd ſome ſad event;
The captive ſon was miſs'd — his fears t' expel,
Th' unpleaſing truth in ſoothing words they tell'
With temper, every circumſtance he hears,
Till the fond prop of his declining years,
His *Benjamin* was nam'd — that cruel part,
In ſpight of all their well-meant flatt'ring art,
With piercing anguiſh wounds his inmoſt ſoul,
No pleas of reaſon can its force controul.
His hoary head with weighty ſorrow preſs'd,
Dejected ſunk upon his penſive breaſt.
The careful trav'llers now their ſacks unty'd,
Surpriz'd, their coin reſtor'd again they ſpy'd.
What can theſe myſt'ries mean, good *Jacob* ſaid,
What fatal ſtorm is breaking o'er my head?
Why is my life prolong'd? of bliſs bereft?
Joſeph is not: — my ſingle comfort left,
To diſtant climes an exile you would bear,
Againſt me all theſe ſad events appear;
But know, the flame of life ſhall quit my heart
'Ere with the lovely blooming youth, I part.
Content we then muſt ſacrifice our lives,
Our guiltleſs offspring, and our tender wives,

(*Judah*

(*Judah* replies) condemn'd to periſh here,
And ne'er again on *Egypt's* coaſts appear:
The man, the mighty ruler of the land,
With eyes to heav'n addreſs'd, and lifted hand,
The man proteſted with a ſolemn grace,
Not one of us ſhould ever ſee his face,
Nor other proof our innocence ſhould clear,
Unleſs we brought our youngeſt brother there
And why, would you that needleſs truth make known,
Or that you had a younger brother own?
The anxious parent ſaid.— Alas could we,
Reuben replies, the conſequence foreſee?
Or had the certainty been fully known,
Could we, with ſpecious lies, the fact diſown?
Or ſtraitly queſtion'd, by a man ſo great,
Conceal our publick or domeſtick ſtate?
Indeed he roughly talkt, but ſtill there broke
Some ſecret pity thro his fierceſt look;
However dark the paſt events appear,
We've nothing from ſuch clemency to fear;
Where'er with eaſy ſtate he paſs'd along,
His virtues eccho'd thro the ſhouting throng:
Then, why my honour'd ſire, theſe vain delays?
Paternal cares a thouſand ſcruples raiſe;

Your

Your *Simeon* bound, a ſlave unranſom'd lies,
Our time's elaps'd, and we condemn'd for ſpies:
Commit your darling to my faithful hand,
Of me again the ſacred pledge demand.
Two lovely boys, adorn'd with every grace,
Secure I leave as ſureties in his place;
If any negligence my honour ſtain,
Without compaſſion let them both be ſlain.
Half yielding now he ſtands — their houſhold ſtraits,
Judah with artleſs eloquence repeats.
With faltring ſpeech, and anguiſh in his eyes,
Then go in peace, the vanquiſh'd patriarch cries:
Celeſtial providence your ſteps attend,
And angel guards from every ill defend;
With doubl'd money for your corn advance,
Perhaps the reſtoration was a chance:
But take ſome grateful preſent in your hand,
The balmy products of your native land:
And be th' eternal majeſty implor'd
(The God my great progenitors ador'd)
To grant you favour in the ruler's ſight,
And bring your injur'd innocence to light:
But know, if miſchief ſhould the lad attend,
My hoary hairs down to the grave you ſend.

BOOK X.

The Hebrews *return with their youngeſt Brother into* Ægypt. Joſeph *treats them with great Kindneſs and a ſplendid Entertainment; but ſtill he conceals his Relation to them. At laſt they are diſmiſt with plentiful Supplies of Corn; but the Steward, as commanded by his Lord ſecretly, conveys a Silver Cup into* Benjamin's *Sack. After they are gone out of the City, he purſues and charges them with the pretended Theft; and at laſt he finds it in* Benjamin's *Sack. They return with great Conſternation, when* Joſeph *diſcovers himſelf to them.*

THeir father's bleſſing on their knees they take,
And now to *Memphis* quick advances make,
Where ſafe arriv'd, but fearful of their doom,
To *Joſeph's* ſteward haſtily they come,
Diſcloſe in humble terms their late miſtake,
And render doubl'd all the money back.
Your father's God (he ſaid) your coin reſtor'd,
'Twas juſtly paid, then leads them to his lord.
Theirgifts, with proſtrate homage they preſent,
His gracious ſmiles their riſing doubts prevent:
Forgetful

Forgetful of himſelf, with eager haſt,
He forward ſtept, and *Benjamin* embrac'd:
His heart expands with ſympathetick joy,
While in his arms he folds the wondring boy;
Fond nature ſtruggles with the vain diſguiſe,
A brother ſparkles in his radiant eyes:
Scarce all his grandeur from the gentle youth
(With mutual rapture touch'd) conceals the truth;
And half diſclos'd the kindred ſoul appears,
Till *Joſeph* flies to hide the ſwelling tears,
That melting love and ſoft ſurprize excite,
But recollected, ſoon returns in ſight.
Conducts them now into a ſpacious hall,
Where well-born ſlaves, obſequious to the call,
To luxury inur'd with artful care,
A ſplendid banquet inſtantly prepare;
Embroider'd carpets, cover all the ground
While fragrant oyntments ſpread their odours round,
Large ſilver lavers, with officious care,
The gay attendants round the circle bear.
And now, with coſtly fare and ſparkling wine
Of various ſorts, the loaded tables ſhine,
Beneath, a glittering canopy of ſtate
In *Tyrian* robes the graceful regent ſate;

With

With all the bounty of a royal feaſt
He nobly entertains each *Hebrew* gueſt:
Their hoſtage freed the mutual joy compleats,
In order plac'd, they take their deſtin'd ſeats:
With ſprightly wines, and ſocial converſe gay
In guiltleſs mirth they ſpend the fleeting day.

In calm repoſe ſupinely paſt the night,
Till riſing with the morning's roſy light,
They haſt away, with full proviſions ſtor'd,
In every ſack (as order'd by his lord)
Their coin, the ſteward ſecretly convey'd,
A ſilver cup in *Benjamin*'s was laid.

Secure the ſuburbs utmoſt bounds were paſt,
When with a feign'd concern and anxious haſt,
He overtakes the hindmoſt of the train,
And thus accoſts them in an angry ſtrain.

How could you thus, ungrateful and unjuſt,
Againſt the rules of hoſpitable truſt,
Combine, the conſecrated cup to ſteal,
By which my lord does ſecret things reveal.

With what ſtrange meaning is thy language fraught,
Surpriz'd, they cry, we're guiltleſs, even in thought,
And by th' immortal God, we dare proteſt,
Such black deſigns are ſtrangers to our breaſt

Our

Our coin unask'd exactly we reſtor'd,
How ſhould we then abuſe thy injur'd lord,
And baſely, gold or ſilver, from him ſteal,
While recent favours yet our thanks compel?
If ſuch enormous guilt our boſoms ſtain,
Vaſſals for life thy ſervants ſhall remain;
The wretch, convicted of a crime ſo high,
Unpity'd here before thy face ſhall dye.
Content, he ſaid, and ſearch'd their burdens round;
At laſt, the cup in *Benjamin's* was found:
With wild deſpair, their folding veſts they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.
The regent here, but oh! how chang'd they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking, in an alter'd tone,
What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dreſs and learning ſhine,
A man like me, muſt certainly divine.
Proſtrate they fall, while *Judah* for the reſt,
With mingled ſighs their mutual grief expreſs'd.
What can I ſay? —how ſhall thy ſervant ſpeak?
In what pathetick words my ſilence break?

What

What energy of language ſhall I find,
To paint the wild diſtraction of my mind?
Juſtice divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthen'd ſcore of ſins;
Our ſecret crimes, this rigorous ſtroke demand;
And ſelf condemn'd, we here thy vaſſals ſtand.
No, — crys the gracious regent, only he
With whom the cup was found, my ſlave ſhall be;
Return in peace, your needleſs fears reſign,
This youth, a publick criminal, is mine.
When *Judah* thus, (ſtill gently drawing near)
Be pleas'd, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumſtance repeat,
And for my father's hoary age intreat.
Two lovely boys, the pleaſure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife,
The elder *Branch*, by an untimely death,
Snatcht from his arms, long ſince reſign'd his breath;
The youngeſt, who does now his care engage,
The ſingle prop of his declining age,
The conſtant theme of every pleaſing thought,
Your ſtrict command, my lord, has hither brought:

Our ſire, (thy ſervant,) long refus'd to grant
The preſſing ſuit, till forc'd by meagre want,
And juſt concern, to clear our injur'd truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.
But oh, what killing anguiſh pierc'd his heart,
When thus compell'd with *Benjamin* to part:
With all the eloquence that filial love,
Could ere inſpire to calm his fears I ſtrove;
But all in vain, on diſmal thoughts intent,
If miſchief ſhould his blooming life prevent,
My hoary hairs, he ſaid, with grief oppreſs'd,
Muſt to the gloomy grave deſcend for reſt.
And I, unhappy, whither ſhall I go
To ſhun that dark diſtracting ſcene of woe?
My father's wretchedneſs I cannot ſee,
Depriv'd of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became my ſelf a ſurety for the lad,
And muſt again the precious pledge reſtore,
Or ſee my aged parent's face no more.
My lord, you ſeem to have a tender heart,
(Tho ſometimes forc'd to act a rig'rous part)
This firſt, unfortunate offence forgive,
Or let thy ſervant here a vaſſal live,

A bondſlave, in my youngeſt brother's ſtead,
Condemn'd no more my native ſoil to tread.
No longer *Joſeph*, could his tears controul,
Or hide the ſoft emotions of his ſoul;
Relenting ſigns, the watchful *Hebrews* ſaw,
In haſt he bids th' attendants all withdraw.
I am your brother *Joſeph*, then he crys,
With tears and melting goodneſs in his eyes,
That brother you to *Midian* merchants ſold
On *Dothan*'s plain — nor need the reſt be told.
The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
And, with diſorder'd looks, each other view.
He then demands — how fares my honour'd
ſire?
Confus'd and mute they farther off retire;
A guilty ſhame on every face was ſpread.
Come near, my brethren, then he mildly ſaid,
Reflect not on your ſelves, with thoughts ſevere,
'T was not you, but God, that ſent me here;
His goodneſs rul'd the circumſtance and place,
To ſave the ſtock of *Abraham*'s ſacred race;
Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
While deſtitute of hope the careful ſwain,
Shall neither ſow nor reap — the burning ſoil,
Untill'd ſhall lye, or mock his fruitleſs toil;

But heav'n has ſent me here, to ſave your lives,
Your infant offspring, and your tender wives.
Th' *Egyptian* king, in every virtue great,
Ordains me ſecond ruler in the ſtate;
The ſtrength, the pow'r, the wealth of all the land,
Without reſtraint, are truſted to my hand.
Return, and in my father's ears relate
The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my ſtate;
Tell him, I long his hoary age to greet,
And throw my ſelf in raptures at his feet:
Let him come down to *Goſhen*'s healthful air,
His whole domeſtick charge ſhall be my care.
Diſmiſs your fears — this painful ſilence break!
You ſee a friend! you hear a brother ſpeak!
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more diſguis'd with grandeur, or with art!
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You'll find the prints of nature in my face!
Then claſping round his youngeſt brother's neck,
No longer ſtrives the guſhing tears to check;
The friendly ardor throws off all diſguiſe,
While nature ſits triumphant in his Eyes;

Nor leſs delight tranſports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodneſs, innocence and truth;
In mutual ſympathy their ſouls were ty'd,
And more by virtue then by birth ally'd.

Saluting then the reſt, with mild addreſs,
He clears their doubts and ſoftens their diſtreſs;
Converſing freely, now they quit their fears,
While *Pharaoh*, pleas'd, the new adventure hears;
And in his clemency, and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy ſome ſelected place
Should be aſſign'd on *Goſhen*'s rich champain
His father's num'rous charge to entertain.

The regent, now impatient of delay,
With coſtly preſents ſends the men away,
But with a ſparkling *Babylonian* veſt
His youngeſt friend was grac'd above the reſt.

Make haſt, he ſaid, to bring my father down,
Tell him I live, and be my greatneſs known;
Take waggons, for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpleſs children to convey;
Nor care to gather up your needleſs ſtores,
The wealth of *Zoan*'s plenteous land is yours.

At *Hebron* ſoon their ſpeedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;

Where

Where ſcarce arriv'd, at once they all relate
The welcome news of *Joſeph*'s proſp'rous ſtate.
Why would you mock my woe with airy ſchemes,
(He fainting ſaid,) of gay fantaſtick dreams?
But ſoon the loaded carriages appear,
Recall his life, his drooping ſpirits chear.
My *Joſeph* lives! (tranſporting truth) he cries,
I'll ſee his face and cloſe my aged eyes:
Content, reſign theſe poor remains of breath,
And gently reſt in the calm ſhades of death.

F I N I S.